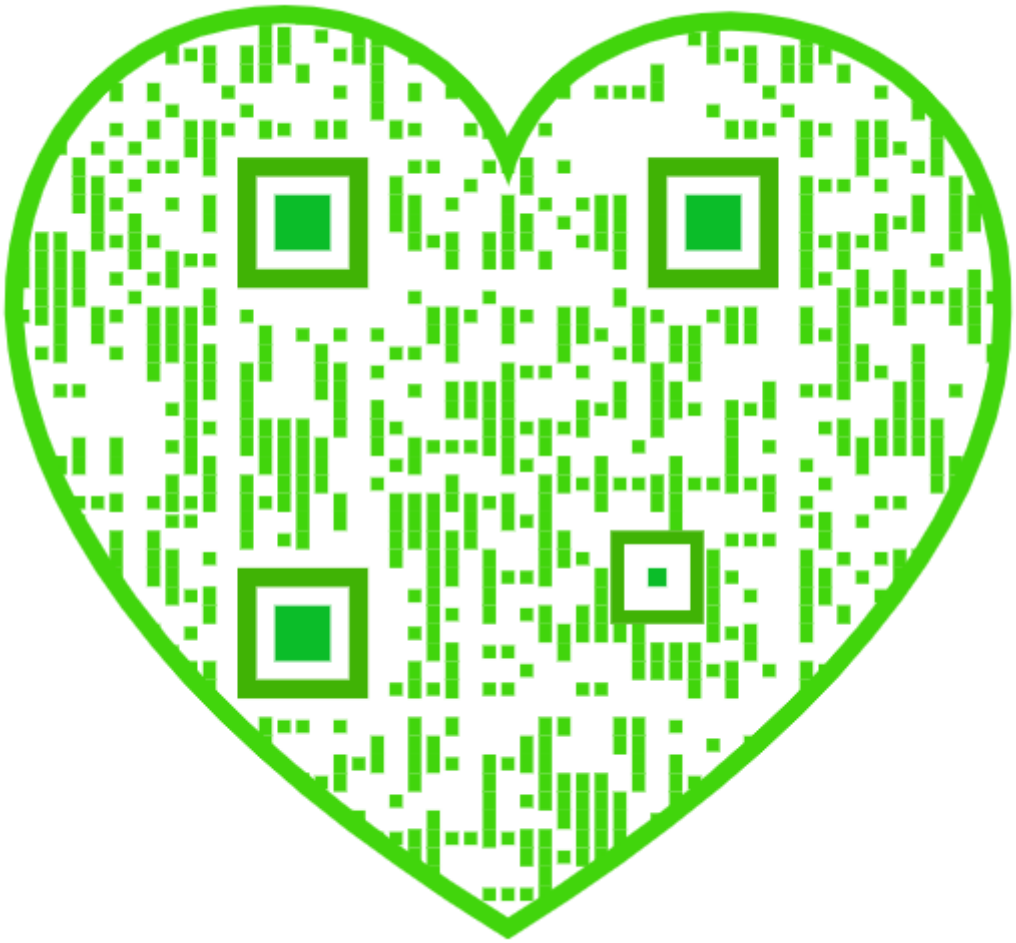
YOUNG FOLKS HISTORY OF THE REVOLUTION

EVERETT TOMLINSON



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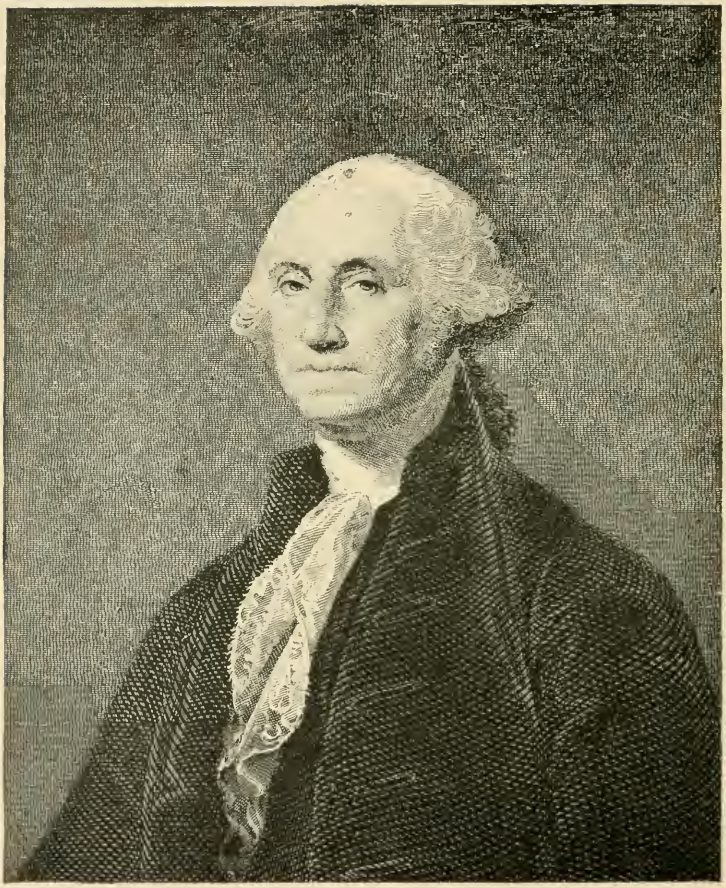
A Short History of the American Revolution



GEORGE WASHINGTON

(From a painting by G. Stuart)

Young Folks' History

of

The American Revolution

BY

EVERETT TOMLINSON

NEW YORK
DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & CO.
1903

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PREFACE

THIS work has grown out of the desire frequently expressed to the writer when he has been lecturing on the American Revolution, that in some way the experiences of the people as well as the deeds of the armies in that trying period might be presented to the present generation. After many consultations, and with some hesitation, the author has given to the public this narrative, in which the course of the armies in the various campaigns is followed and, at the same time, many of the forgotten or ignored experiences and deeds of the common people are also incorporated. Of late in the very excellent histories of this struggle of our fathers there has been a tendency to look upon the deeds of the leaders as constituting the war of the Revolution, and the experiences of the people themselves have been pushed somewhat into the background.

Without detracting from the soldiers it would seem to be but just to recognize the heroism, the devotion, and the sacrifices and experiences of the people, who apart from the army were ofttimes compelled to bear witness to their faith by a devotion that in other lines has transformed a martyr into a saint. While the armies were fighting the battles of the new nation, the lonely farmers or the scattered bands of the hardy pioneers afforded glimpses of the struggle that was then going on which were as true tests of patriotism and as evident expressions of the life of the nation as were the conquests won by the regiments.

So in writing this narrative I have endeavoured to incorporate some of these ignored or forgotten events as being as much a part of the history of the Revolution as were the various campaigns. Indeed, to a few of these occurrences I have given a little more space than I would have done had they relatively received the attention which was their due.

The common acceptance of certain traditions does not of itself always establish their truthfulness or importance, and the fact that poets have glorified their own heroes or conceptions ought not to close our eyes to other deeds that perhaps were of greater importance historically.

The continued, and, indeed, the steadily increasing, interest in this portion of our history is one of the marked tendencies of our times. Other wars have been fought and other heroes for a time held the attention of the people. But this time of beginnings, when the very principles upon which our national life has rested were being formulated, retains a charm all its own.

The philosophy of the events of that time, the study of the principles which were moving men of all classes, the detailed following of the military movements, are no part of this work. It is rather (at least it has been the aim of the writer) to present a narrative of the events which constituted the long struggle and to present a reasonably correct picture of what was being done by the soldier and the patriot — the men and the women who dared to rebel against the strongest power on earth, and having determined to have a land of their own, were willing to pay the price which was demanded.

EVERETT TOMLINSON.

ELIZABETH, NEW JERSEY.

House in which the Declaration of Independence was written (Philadelphia)

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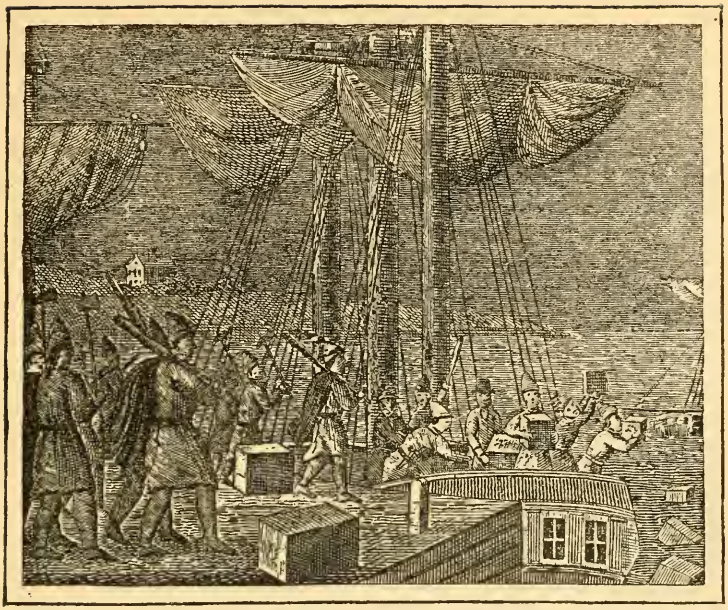
Washington's Coach-and-four



The Boston Tea-party

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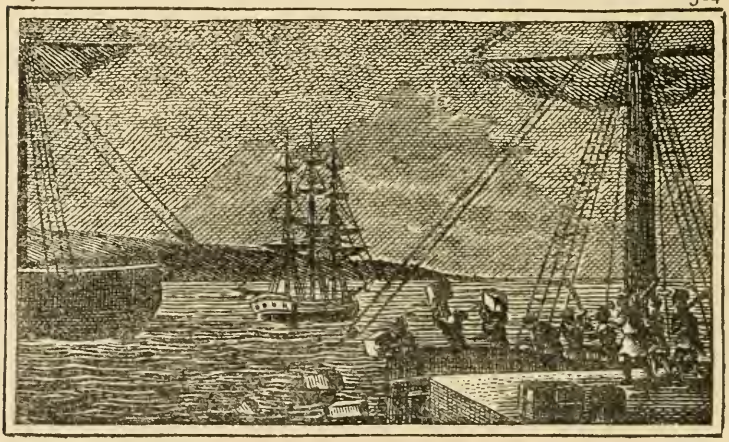


Throwing the Tea overboard in Boston Harbour

A SHORT HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

CHAPTER I

THE PEOPLE IN AMERICA

Why did the colonies in America rebel against England? What was the cause of the struggle which has now become famous? What was it that led to the Declaration of Independence and made the men on this side of the great ocean fight so desperately for almost a decade against the nation to which they were joined by ties of blood and the traditions of many generations?

The answer is to be found in the very facts which, when we first think of them, seem to have been the strongest of reasons for holding the two nations together. It was just because the people in America were so like those in England that they could not agree. There was the same sturdy feeling of independence in both. There was the same unwillingness to be ruled by others, and the same determination to hold to what they believed to be their rights in America that was to be found in England herself.

The earliest stories of old England are of the wars of the natives to prevent the Romans from ruling them. The Picts and Scots seemed never able to learn just how to give up, no matter how severely they might be beaten by

the men who tried to conquer them. The hardy Saxons never tired of fighting back the Danes and the huge Norsemen who were constantly landing on their shores, and even when King William won his victory over Harold in the battle of Hastings, the only way by which he was able to make the conquered people stay conquered was to remain in England himself.

This same spirit was just as strong among the people who afterwards crossed the sea and came to the shores of America as it had been on English soil. The men in the New World loved the mother country. They never tired of telling their children of the glories and beauties of the home from which they had come. Her heroes were their heroes, and her rulers were also theirs. In the very telling, however, they unconsciously appealed to the natures which, though perhaps asleep, were nevertheless alive, and had made England great, and were certain to produce results just as great wherever the sons of England went.

We are usually told that the unjust taxation which a few of the foolish rulers of England imposed upon the colonies was the cause of the outbreak. The Stamp Act and the tax on tea are said to have been the laws against which the determined people in America rebelled and at last brought to pass the separation which made of the struggling colonies a free and independent nation. These laws were unjust, it is true, but were they, after all, the real cause of the American Revolution?

When a man throws a lighted match into a powder magazine, we are accustomed to say that the match was the cause of the explosion that followed. Was the true cause in the match or in the powder? The same man might throw a hundred matches into a pile of rocks, but

no serious results would follow from his actions. There is nothing in a rock that can explode. So there are peoples who can be taxed and ruled, sometimes very unjustly, but they never rebel. It may be that even England herself has treated some of her dependent subjects at times much more harshly than ever she did America, but no trouble, or at least no serious trouble, arose. But in the American colonies there was much of the same feeling that has made the mother country herself so bold and independent. There was the same strong will and dauntless courage and love of having their own way, because they had no doubt that their way must be the best, that they had received from their own fathers and mothers. They were simply a people who could not be ruled, but if there was ruling to be done, they preferred to do it themselves.

It is said that there could not be two Cæsars in Rome. No more could there be two rulers for people of the Anglo-Saxon race. And so, just as when a boy is ill with the measles and the eruption on his skin appears, we know that the red blotches come on the surface only because of the disease that is already in his system; so we also know that it was not the matter of a few apparently insignificant laws that caused the strong-willed Americans to rebel. The rebellion, or independence, or whatever we choose to term it, was already in the very nature of the settlers, and the unjust taxation was only the cause of its asserting itself. They were *born* to be free, to be an independent and not a dependent nation.

It is true there were settlers in America from other nations than England. The Dutch, the Swedes, and the French and Spanish, and other peoples had their settlements here; but though they were by no means fond of

obeying other laws than those they had made for themselves, still the English was the prevailing nation, and English blood was that which coursed in the veins of the most of the seaboard colonists.

Then, too, the success which had attended the efforts of the colonists had only served to increase their feeling of confidence in their own power. They had driven out or overcome the savages (not always by the best or most just of means), and had felled the trees and cleared the land, and they could not forget that it was by the labour of their own hands that all this had been done.

In 1760 they had sent more than five millions of dollars' worth of produce to England alone; and their trade with other nations, although this was forbidden by Parliament, was by no means small. In 1639, in Cambridge, the first printing-press had been set up, and newspapers and books were soon common. Six colleges had been founded, and were already doing much in connection with the numerous schools to enlighten the people. Harvard had been founded in Massachusetts in 1638; William and Mary in Virginia in 1692; Yale in Connecticut in 1700; the College of New Jersey (Princeton) in 1746; the University of Pennsylvania in 1749; and King's (Columbia) in New York in 1754. The preachers were men of unusual power, and all together the people in the new land were already profiting by their success in trade, the benefits of their schools, colleges, and churches, and the circulation of their newspapers and books.

The motives, too, with which many of the settlers had come to America had intensified their own feeling of independence. Some had left the Old World because of the persecution they had suffered for their religion; and there

STEUBEN
PULASKI
LA FAYETTE
KOSCIUSKO
DE KALB

is no one thing that makes people bolder than a strong religious faith. Others had come to seek possessions that should restore their families to wealth and position. The very difficulties which had been overcome had served to strengthen the feeling of self-reliance and to make the victories they had won the sweeter, for hardships are sure incentives to enthusiasm. The sight of a burning building, the peril of a stricken army, the sufferings and dangers of a contest, are after all the appeals to which men most readily respond. So the meeting of dangers, the overcoming of difficulties, and the conquest of a new land had developed the qualities of heart and soul in the hardy colonists until the people were almost as rugged as the rugged country they had subdued.

In justice to both sides engaged in the struggle, it must be said that some of the claims put forth by the English were not without a foundation of truth. They had provided a large navy to protect the trade of the colonies, though they had demanded that all the trade should come to them. It was their daring explorers and their capital that had opened up the lands in the New World. English soldiers had been sent for the protection of the settlers, and the mother country had ever been quick to respond to the calls for help that came across the sea. Particularly did they make much of the part the regulars had taken in holding back or driving back the Frenchmen who had been plotting to gain the recently settled lands for Louis of France. It was only just that the colonies themselves should bear the burden of the taxation which must in part pay the expenses of the French and Indian War, waged, as they claimed, in behalf of the colonists themselves.

Such demands the Americans did not dispute, though

Franklin declared that, in the French war, the colonists had "raised, paid, and clothed nearly twenty-five thousand men — a number equal to those sent from Great Britain, and far beyond their proportion. They went deeply into debt in doing this; and all their estates and taxes are mortgaged for many years to come in discharging that debt." Parliament had on several occasions acknowledged the truth of this claim of Franklin, and had even voted sums of money to be paid the needy colonists for their labours and privations, but the necessity of raising more money for themselves had made the rulers forget largely the justice of the plea. Money must be had, and money they would have, too, and the colonies must raise what they were pleased to call their share.

So the taxation came about which revealed even to the colonists the strength and determination which were theirs. The Englishmen were thinking mostly of how the money was to be raised and the Americans be compelled to pay it. They had never a thought of serious rebellion; for though the colonists might complain and there might even be some sharp words spoken, and perhaps more or less trouble in the beginning, in the end the taxes would be paid, and such a thought as that the Americans would really rebel never seemed to have entered the minds of the obstinate men who were the advisers of King George.

On the other hand, it was the principle at stake, and not the money which they were called upon to pay, that roused the American men. When England asked them to pay or requested their aid, they were prompt to respond, for the love of the land from which they or their fathers had come was strong. But when England declared it to be her "right" to tax and govern the colonies as she chose,

then every sentiment of antagonism was instantly aroused. What might be given gladly would not be yielded when it was demanded as a right. There should not be "taxation without representation."

It was in this wise that the beginning of the long struggle came about. Probably few, if any, on either side had any conception of what the end was to be, and indeed many of those who were the boldest in resisting the payment of the taxes were very pronounced in their declaration of love and loyalty to England. But the spirit of the people when once aroused carried them far on their way; and though several times during the long contest that followed, the rulers of England promised to grant the requests of the colonists and so put an end to the war, how little the taxes had really had to do with it all became apparent when such offers were declined and the struggle continued. Independent men were fighting to become an independent nation, and the strength of their characters manifested itself in the fierceness of the contest.

CHAPTER II

THE BEGINNINGS OF THE TROUBLE

The bitter feeling in the colonies had begun when, more than a hundred years before the Revolution, Parliament had passed the first of what came to be known as the Navigation Acts. This was in 1651, and by these laws the people in America were forbidden to trade with any other country than England, or to receive any ships of foreign nations within their harbours.

This action of Parliament had been aimed at New England more than at any other settlements in the New World, for the people of these colonies were even at that early time beginning to engage in commerce. It was an easy matter to build a ship from the timber cut from the forests that abounded, and then to make a cargo of the lumber which remained after the vessel was completed. It was a common practice for the men, and even the boys, who dwelt in some little seaboard hamlet to work together all through the winter in building a schooner, and then when the spring came, a crew would be made up, the vessel would be loaded with lumber and such other articles as the sparsely settled region afforded, and the roughly contrived boat would sail away for some port in the West Indies or elsewhere, the cargo would be exchanged, and with the new wealth on board, the schooner would sail for home. Very frequently the cargo on the return voyage

would consist of rum and molasses, and after it had been disposed of in Boston, the proceeds would be divided among all those who had had a share in the enterprise. Boys and even old women as well as men were accustomed to bring their small contributions, and even poultry and all sorts of valuables were offered, so that when the vessel started on its voyage it would contain a motley collection that would surprise the captain of a modern vessel if he could behold it. These ventures were frequently very profitable, and many a fortune had its foundations laid in the shrewd dealings of these thrifty people.

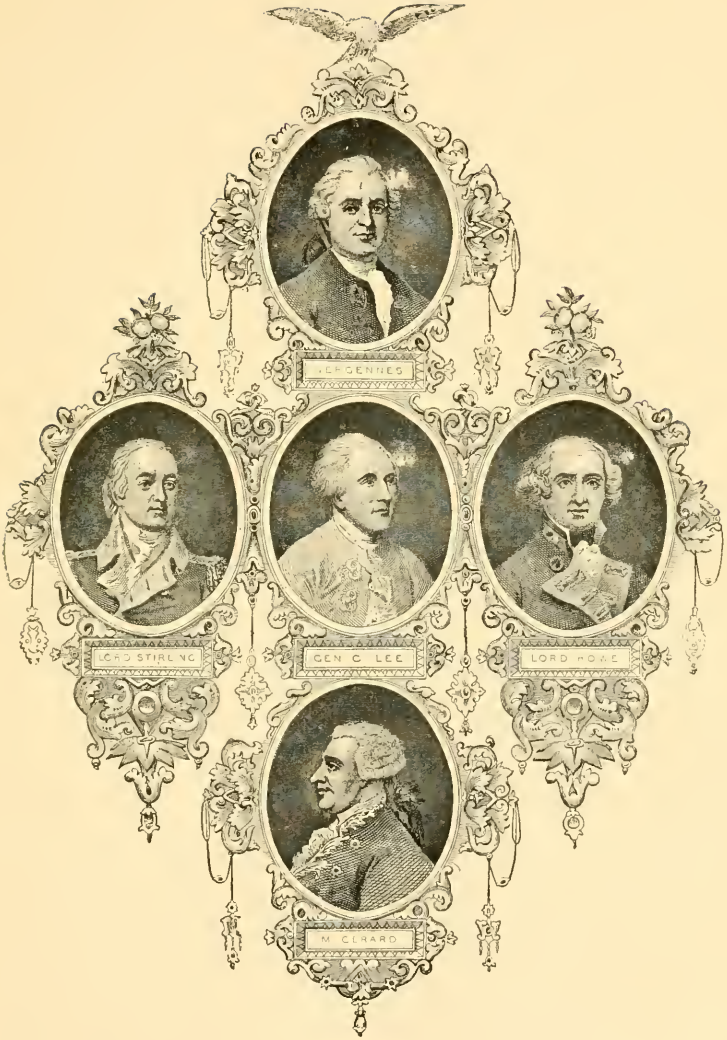
This navigation act was therefore very unpopular with the New England people, and with the Virginians, who also suffered from it, and it soon became a dead letter. The revenue officers became careless, and it was an open secret that a bribe was seldom refused, so that the trade with foreign countries went on just as if there had been no laws against it. They had also given slight heed to the laws against manufacturing in the colonies, so when, more than a hundred years after the hated laws had been passed, England seriously began to enforce them, the colonists, who had not thought very much about the matter, and had apparently cared less so long as they were left to themselves, suddenly realized that the mother country was claiming the right to tax her colonies just as she chose, and that they themselves had really nothing to say about it.

It was in 1764, when England first declared she had this right. Perhaps her rulers wanted to see just how the people would feel about it in America, for they waited a year before they passed the act which has since become famous and is now known as the Stamp Act.

George Grenville, who was practically the head of the British government, had prepared the act himself, and it was passed by Parliament in the spring of 1765, and was to go into effect on the following November. Newspapers and almanacs could not be published in America, no papers used in lawsuits could be had, not even a certificate of marriage could be given, unless these stamps, to be had only from the British government, were placed upon them.

The declaration that the old navigation acts would now be enforced was bad enough, but this Stamp Act was worse, and made the colonists furiously angry. Then when Parliament decided to send British soldiers over here to see that the new laws were obeyed, fuel was added to the fire; for in addition to their hatred of the soldiers, they knew that the redcoats were to be paid from the money received from the sale of the stamps, so that in reality the Americans were paying the soldiers who were forcing them to obey laws that they hated and declared to be unjust.

Just as soon as word was received in America, it seemed as if the people had been waiting for that one event to bind them together. In every colony the men prepared to resist, though of course at this time they had no thought of becoming independent of England. It was the law and only the few foolish and obstinate rulers that they hated, and indeed it is well known to-day that all through the war of the Revolution the heart of the great English people was really with the struggling colonists. But the Americans were just as angry as if they had had no friends across the sea. There were mass meetings held, and such eloquent men as Patrick Henry of Virginia and


DEGENNES
LORD STIRLING
GEN C. LEE
LORD HOWE
M. GERARD

James Otis of Massachusetts greatly stirred the people by their burning words. The speakers were on fire, and the audiences ready to take fire, so that it is no wonder that flames speedily burst forth. What a pleasure it would be to us to-day if only we could have heard the words and seen the excited crowds. We have some of their speeches, but they are only words. All the excitement, anger, and determination of the men cannot be handed down.

Just as fast as the different assemblies of the various colonies met, they declared that Parliament had no right to tax the colonies and the people here never would submit. Organizations of men called Sons of Liberty were formed to help the resistance. And then, what angered and astonished Lord North and King George more than all else, just as soon as the stamps were sent over here, they were seized and burned by what the English called mobs. If they really were "mobs," they were very orderly ones; for they went quietly about their work, and no other property suffered any damage. The stamp officers themselves were so frightened by the anger of the people that they very quickly resigned. And so it came to pass that when the day in November, 1765, came, when the Stamp Act was to go into effect, the law fell flat for the simple reason that there were no stamps to be sold and no stamp officers to sell them.

In Virginia, Patrick Henry had introduced a series of resolutions in the Assembly, that declared the people of America were free-born men and would remain free, or die in the defence of their liberty. Some of the Tory members shouted "Treason!" and called upon him to stop, but the young orator was too excited to heed them, and

most of the men felt just as he did. In Massachusetts, James Otis had suggested that a circular should be sent to all the colonies, and that each colony should send delegates to a general congress to be held in New York to devise and consider what further could be done to resist the hated act.

All except four of the colonies at once agreed to the proposal, and sent delegates to the congress which was held in New York on the 7th day of October, 1765. Virginia had no representatives there, for her governor had succeeded in breaking up the Assembly, and so none could be appointed. But Patrick Henry's resolutions had been printed, and scattered through the colony, and every one understood just how the people felt and what they were willing to do. Georgia, North Carolina, and New Hampshire were the other three colonies that had no one to represent them in New York, but their people were as strongly stirred as were those of the others.

There was a British fleet off the city at the time when this congress met, and General Gage had a force of regulars there, but neither guns nor redcoats could stop the angry Americans. They passed resolutions and declared what they believed the rights of the colonies to be, and united in a petition to the king and Parliament to respect those rights. The language of the congress was very mild, much milder than that which the people were using; but if Lord North had only stopped to think of what the meeting itself was, he might have read between the lines and seen the danger that was threatening.

Very naturally the action of the American people surprised England and her rulers, who had never a thought that the colonies would take their deeds so seriously.

The friends of America, and particularly the English manufacturers, who had no desire to have their goods rejected by the buyers in America, because of the unjust tax, pleaded for a repeal of the hated law, and so strong were their protests that within a year the Stamp Act was repealed. Parliament still declared that it had a *right* to tax the colonies if it chose to do so, and as the Americans now thought they had nothing more to fear, they made no formal protest, although some of them, including the New York Assembly, still refused to provide supplies for the British soldiers that had been quartered upon them, and others were having constant quarrels with their governors who had been appointed by the crown. For the most part, however, the colonists declared themselves to be "loyal subjects of the king — God bless him!"

They still continued to plead for a representation in Parliament, declaring that then, when they had a voice in making their own laws, no possible trouble could arise between the mother country and her children across the sea. Many of the prominent Englishmen were in favour of granting this request, and declared that it was only just and reasonable; but the king was a very obstinate man, and said that he would never yield to such a demand, and would soon show his rebellious subjects in America that they would be brought to terms in a manner that would convince them that it was never wise to dispute the will of their divinely appointed ruler. What would have been the effect if the just request of the Americans had been granted and they had secured a representation in Parliament we may never know, but in all probability the history we are reading would have been of a very different character from that which it now is.

Matters became more quiet after the repeal of the Stamp Act, but only for a brief time. In 1767, Parliament passed an act that angered the Americans even more than the previous law had. A tax was now to be placed upon the tea and some other articles which were exported to America; revenue commissioners were to be sent to the colonies, and aided by the redcoats they were to punish any who refused to pay the tax; and the New York Assembly was forbidden to make any more laws until it should provide supplies for the British regulars, as long before it had been ordered to do.

The effect of this new act was immediately evident. The people began to understand that it was tyranny they were resisting. There was no more talk of sending representatives to Parliament, and some of the bolder men, like John Adams of Massachusetts, though they did not talk it openly, began to believe that there was no hope of relief so long as the colonies remained joined to the mother country.

Without any formal action the most of the people quietly resolved that they would neither buy nor drink any more tea if it had to be bought of England and the detested tax upon it paid. It is true there were two parties in America,— the one in favour of resisting the new law being known as the Whigs, and those who believed the king could do no wrong, and that whatever he commanded must be right, known as the Tories. The Whigs, however, so greatly outnumbered the Tories, that it almost seemed as if the entire nation was aroused.

For a number of years now everything seemed to be going from bad to worse. In North Carolina, the people had had so severe a quarrel with their royal governor that

they had shut him up in prison and declared they could and would govern themselves. Another governor they drove out of the colony. In Boston, the British revenue collectors had seized John Hancock's sloop *Liberty*, but this action had made the people so angry that they chased the officers until they were compelled to take refuge in a frigate at that time anchored in Boston harbour. General Gage and four British regiments were then stationed in the town, but the people did not appear to be very greatly alarmed by the presence of the redcoats. There was constant quarrelling and frequent street fights, and even the boys joined in the fray, pelting the soldiers at times with their snowballs. One day, the 5th of March, 1770, the soldiers became so angry that they fired on the people, killing three and wounding many others. This was known as the Boston Massacre, and served to increase the hatred and anger of all the colonists still more.

In 1772, a number of Rhode Island men captured and burned the *Gaspee*, one of the king's boats that had been collecting the revenue from the ships that had entered Providence. In New York City, there had been fights between the people and the soldiers who were sent there for the help of the revenue officers, and, indeed, all over the colonies the same spirit of resistance seemed to be becoming bolder and bolder.

Parliament called the people "rebels" when it learned of these deeds, but calling names did not appear to have much effect. Those who had burned the *Gaspee* were ordered to be sent to England for trial, but as it was necessary first to catch the men before they could be sent, there was necessarily a failure to obey the command.

Learning that the Americans were not greatly alarmed

by threats, Parliament tried a new plan. The East India Company, which sent most of the tea to America, was not becoming very rich now that the determined people simply refused to drink their tea, or if they did drink any, they were very certain that it came from Holland and not from England, and they added their pleas that something might be done to bring about a better condition of affairs. So Parliament took off all the taxes that had been imposed on goods sent to America, except that on tea, and this they thought they had fixed all right when arrangements were made with the English tea merchants in 1773 to send cargoes of tea to America at a price that was threepence lower than that which had before been paid. The tax of threepence, or about six cents on a pound, still remained, but at the new price not only was it thought that no more tea would be bought of the Dutchmen, but that at this price the Americans would buy the English tea and pay the tax when the price was no higher than it had been before the tax had been placed upon it.

It was a shrewd plan, for what the king wanted was mainly to get "his rebellious subjects in America" to acknowledge his *right* to tax them if he chose to do so; but it failed to work. The people in New York, Philadelphia, and some other places just refused to permit the tea ships to land their cargoes, and sent many of them straight back to England with the same load they had brought over here.

At Boston, they tried to do the same thing, but there were so many of the king's soldiers there that the officers would not permit the tea ships to leave the harbour. This angered the people so much that they had what has since been called "The Boston Tea Party." A band of men,

quietly and in perfect order, having disguised themselves as Indians, boarded the ships, and on December 16th, 1773, threw the tea, consisting of 340 chests, into the harbour.

There was another "Tea Party" held not long afterward, which was just as remarkable as the one in Boston, although not much was ever made of it. Perhaps there was no one to "write it up" as the New England men did of their "party." The East India Company, not being willing to give up the attempts to have their tea used in America, and having failed at Boston, sent some ships down the shore, thinking perhaps that Philadelphia would not prove to be quite so obstinate as the New England town had been. The vessels ran up the Cohansey Creek in New Jersey, where it was thought the cargo could be quietly and safely landed, and the tea carried into the towns without any disturbance having been aroused. But the young Jersey men were as bold as the Boston men, and perhaps even a little bolder, for in broad daylight, without even stopping to disguise themselves as Indians or as anything else, they seized the tea on board the vessels in the Cohansey Creek, and, making a pile of it, had a bonfire that must have delighted the hearts of the small boys of that day.

Of course, the revenue officers were very angry, and as the young men who engaged in the deed were known (two of them were young preachers), they tried to have them indicted; but as the sentiment of the people of the region was too strong to be resisted, it was found impossible to bring a charge against them, and as the war itself broke out not long afterward, the matter was dropped for greater things.

The feelings of the people were daily becoming more

strongly aroused. The newspapers also had no small share in fanning the flame, and the words they figuratively hurled at one another and at the people that opposed them were such as would seem very strange to us to-day. For example, in the *Pennsylvania Gazette*, a strong Whig paper, there appeared for a year the picture of a snake broken into ten pieces, and underneath it were the words, "Unite or Die." This design was copied and used by others of the patriotic papers, some substituting "Join or Die" for the motto of the *Gazette*, but the effect upon the readers was the same.

Rivington's *Royal Gazette* of New York was the most prominent Tory paper, and one of its writers referred to the cut in the *Pennsylvania Gazette* as "a scandalous and saucy reflection." He, in turn, was answered by one who signed himself "New Jersey," and in his reply dropped into poetry: —

> "That New England's abused, and by sons of sedition,
> Is granted without either prayer or petition;
> And that 'tis 'a scandalous saucy reflection'
> That merits the soundest severest correction,
> Is readily granted. 'How came it to pass?'
> Because she is pestered by snakes in the grass,
> Who by lying and cringing, and such like pretensions
> Get places once honour'd disgraced with pensions.
> And you, Mr. Pensioner, instead of repentance
> (If I don't mistake you), have wrote your own sentence;
> For by such *snakes* as this New England's abused
> And the head of the serpents, you know, must be bruised."

Mr. Rivington himself, the editor of the *Royal Gazette*, was a very courtly man, exceedingly genial and pompous in his manner, a very strong Tory, and was trusted implicitly

by the officers of the king. One time, when he had had something in his paper, expressive of his supreme contempt for the rebels, the words were shown Ethan Allen, the bold, rough soldier who afterward captured Ticonderoga. Allen was so angry when he read the abusive words that he declared he would "lick Rivington the first opportunity he had." Word of his intention was brought to the Tory editor, who prepared himself to receive his visitor. The story of that meeting is related by Mr. Rivington himself.

"I was sitting, after a good dinner, alone, when I heard an unusual noise in the street and the huzza from the boys. I was in the second story, and, stepping to the window, saw a tall figure in tarnished regimentals, with a large cocked hat and an enormous sword. He came up to my door and stopped. I could see no more. My heart told me it was Ethan Allen. I was certain the hour of reckoning had come. There was no retreat. I shut down my window and retired behind my table and bottle of madeira. Mr. Staples, my clerk, came in paler than ever, and, clasping his hands, said: 'Master, he is come. I know it. He entered the store and asked if James Rivington lived here. I answered, "Yes." "Is he at home?" he said. "I will go and see," I replied; and now, master, what is to be done?' 'Show him up,' I said. There was a fearful moment of suspense. I heard him on the stairs, his long sword clanking at every step. In he stalked.

"'Is your name James Rivington?' he demanded.

"'It is, sir, and no man could be more happy than I to see Colonel Ethan Allen.'

"'Sir, I have come—'

"'Not another word, my dear Colonel, until you have taken your seat and a glass of old madeira.'

"'But, sir, I don't think it proper —'

"'Not another word, Colonel. Taste this wine; I have had it in glass for ten years.' He took the glass, swallowed the wine, smacked his lips, and shook his head approvingly.

"'Sir, I come —'

"'Not another word until you have taken another glass, and then, my dear Colonel, we will talk of old affairs, and I have some droll events to detail.'

"In short, we parted as good friends as if we never had cause to be otherwise."

So Ethan Allen, the captor of forts, was himself taken, but the incident shows the feelings of the people, and, perhaps, the power of the press at the time. Certainly it shows the power of James Rivington, the editor of the most prominent Tory paper.

Not only the newspapers, but also the pulpits, were now doing their part to stir up the people, who apparently did not require very much arousing. The lawyers, orators, and writers were becoming bolder every day. The strain could not be endured much longer, and at last the tie that had bound the two countries together was snapped. Blood was shed, though the *first* battle was not fought at Concord and Lexington, as we have sometimes been told. It took place far from New England soil, and the determined men who entered the action were aroused not only by the Stamp Act and the tax on tea, but by the four acts which Parliament, now angry and acting as foolishly as most angry people do, soon passed. "The Four Intolerable Acts," as they were called, became the last that the English king inflicted upon the colonies; for though he did have other acts passed afterward, they had no effect upon

RETREAT OF THE BRITISH FROM CONCORD

(From a painting by Chappel)

America, which had virtually though not openly cast off the ties that bound it to old England, and before the fighting patriots themselves were fully aware of what they were doing, they had become an independent nation, though as yet they could not be said to be a free people.

CHAPTER III

THE FIRST BLOODSHED

It was in North Carolina, May 16th, 1771, when the first real battle between the colonists and the forces of the king took place. During the troubles with the French, the people of North Carolina had been very true to their own rulers, and not only had they furnished many men for the war, but at times had voted large sums of money for the soldiers. Their loyalty, however, had apparently not been appreciated, and long before the passage of the Stamp Act they had been becoming angry and restless. The men in the North were in reality contending more for the principle than they were from any personal suffering they had been compelled to undergo. But in North Carolina the people were suffering greatly from the personal injustice and oppression of the officers of the king. The judges were corrupt. The public officers did not seem to care for anything except obtaining by every means in their power the largest sums of money possible from the people, who for the most part were poor, and all together there was scarcely a man in the colony who had not suffered from the rapacity of those who were in control.

When the Stamp Act itself had been enacted, the North Carolina men had been as bitter in their opposition to it as had their Northern friends. To make matters still worse, Tryon, who afterward became the loyalist governor of New

York, was, in 1765, made governor of North Carolina, and a more vain, arrogant, and unjust man probably never had been known before in the New World. Colonel Ashe, who, at the time, was the energetic speaker of the lower house of the North Carolina Assembly, and well knew the feeling of the people, informed Governor Tryon that the Stamp Act would be resisted to the very last, and furthermore, that it ought to be resisted, too. The governor dismissed the Assembly; but when in January, 1766, the sloop of war *Diligence* sailed up the Cape Fear River with its stamps on board, Colonel Ashe himself was one of the men who marched at the head of the local militia to Brunswick, where the sloop had come to anchor, and boldly declared that the stamps must not be landed.

Tryon meanwhile had directed the men who had been appointed to distribute the stamps to go to the *Diligence* and apply for them. As soon as they learned that the officials were coming, the resolute militia-men left a part of their force to guard and watch the sloop, and the others, taking with them one of the boats that belonged to the *Diligence*, started for Wilmington. They put a flag in the boat, then placed the boat on a cart, and with the mayor and many of the prominent men of the town in the procession, to say nothing of the small boys, marched through the streets with Colonel Ashe still at their head. They marched straight for the governor's house and then began to shout and call for James Houston, who was the stamp master, to appear. Very naturally he did not long delay, and as soon as he came out of the house, the crowd hurried him to the public market place, where the frightened man declared, taking a solemn oath, that he never again would have anything to do with stamps.

The old records inform us that he took the oath "voluntarily," but the crowd of excited men were not perhaps just the best judges of that. At all events, they were apparently satisfied, and after giving three cheers after the manner in which all true Americans have ever expressed themselves when all their words have been used up, they led the frightened man back to the house of the governor, and then dispersed, doubtless feeling very well satisfied with what they had accomplished.

Governor Tryon was frightened when he found out what the people had done, and as he was a man who wanted to be popular in spite of his cruelty and tyranny, he thought he would make every one good-natured again if he gave a great barbecue. He had an ox roasted for the occasion and barrels of beer provided; but the very first thing the men did when they came was to throw the ox into the river, and pour all the beer on the ground. Not satisfied with that, they proceeded to make fun of the governor, and that he could never forgive; so he called upon his friends, including some of the officers of the *Diligence*, to stand by him, and there was a disturbance which almost might be called a riot, that lasted for seven days, during which one man was killed. What course events might have followed, of course we do not know, but the repeal of the hated Stamp Act served to calm the North Carolina people, and for a time everything seemed to be quiet.

But the peace did not last long. The men were becoming more and more restless, and finally the Sons of Liberty, under the leadership of a Quaker named Herman Husband, who had refused to take off his hat and bow low before the governor when he chanced to meet him, drew up a written complaint which also called for a general meeting

of delegates of the people to discuss the condition of affairs and consider what might be done. This was considered only fair and reasonable, and so a meeting was held; but as not so many delegates were present as was desired, another meeting was called.

At this second meeting it was declared that the "Sons of Liberty would withstand the Lords in Parliament," for so ran the preamble of the resolutions, and measures were adopted which practically declared that the people of the colony could, and would if it became necessary, govern themselves, at least as far as the civil laws were concerned. That was the beginning of what was known in North Carolina as The Regulation, or The Regulators, which became a very strong body and had much to do with the history of the colony.

How vain and foolish Governor Tryon was, was never better shown than by a demand he made at this time upon the Assembly, which for the most part was made up of men who were willing tools in his hands. He told the Assembly that he wanted twenty-five thousand dollars voted, with which to erect a palace "suitable for the residence of a royal governor." The money was voted, and also fifty thousand dollars additional, and so the royal residence was erected at Newbern. The angry people, who already were paying taxes that were very heavy, were made still more angry by this extravagance. They declared that Lady Tryon, the governor's wife, and her sister were the ones who had demanded the fine house that they had been compelled to pay for; and the anger became still greater.

Lady Tryon, who must have been a very fascinating woman, if half the stories told of her are true, tried to make peace with the people by giving grand balls and

many great dinners in the palace. Some of the people of course accepted the invitations to be present on these occasions, but the very luxury they witnessed usually made them forget what a good dinner they had had, and so they went away feeling more angry still.

The Regulators now began to make themselves felt, and they assembled in such force that the governor was alarmed and sent word to them that if they would disperse he would call a meeting to talk over the troubles of which they complained; and as the people had not yet lost all confidence in him, they consented very readily. It was not long, however, before they learned of their mistake; for Governor Tryon sent a force of thirty horsemen to arrest Herman Husband and William Hunter, the leaders of the Regulators, and before the surprised people were fairly aware of what was being done, they learned that these two men had been cast into jail. This action roused all the men of the region, and under the leadership of Ninian Bell Hamilton, a sturdy old Scotchman seventy years old, they marched to Hillsborough to free the two men who had been confined in the prison there.

The governor's men, when they learned of the coming of the Regulators, were frightened, not knowing just what the determined men would do. However, they very quickly decided to set the two prisoners free, and then just as the angry people came to the bank of the stream on which the town was located, the leaders of the governor's men came to the opposite side. There taking his stand, the leader, who was a man by the name of Fanning, and very much hated by the North Carolina people for his injustice and cruelty, held up a bottle of rum in one hand and a bottle of wine in the other, and called out to Hamilton not to

come any nearer, but to send a horse for him to use in crossing the river, as he wanted to treat him and have a friendly talk.

The sturdy old Scotchman was not to be cajoled by any such foolishness as that, and it would seem as if Fanning might have learned that the "treats" given by Governor Tryon and his wife had had the effect only of still further increasing the rage of the determined people. At all events, Hamilton not only refused the proffered refreshments, but declined as well to send over a horse for the official to use, and shouted, "Ye're nane too gude to wade, and wade ye shall if ye come over!"

So the governor's men waded across the stream, which was not very deep, but at first their bottles and words were alike rejected. Finally, when others too had crossed the river, after a promise had been given that if the Regulators would disperse, every grievance of which the patriots had complained should be redressed, the assembly yielded and dispersed.

Within a day or two a petition was drawn up in which the matters of which they complained were set forth; but to the surprise of the Regulators, the angry governor refused to pay any attention to it, and told the colonists that they ought to be content with the privilege they had of paying taxes. It is true that he tried to flatter and cajole the people, but when he sent his officials to collect the taxes, those servants of the governor were very glad to get away without having any of their bones broken, to say nothing of not having been able to collect any of the money said to be due for taxes. Then the governor held court, declaring that justice should be measured out to all —to his own officials if they had done wrong, as well as

to others. He had marched through the country at the head of the troops he had collected, but the people were not very badly frightened and were also not very backward in showing how much they detested Tryon and his menials.

At last the court was held. How deeply interested the North Carolina colonists were is apparent from the fact that more than three thousand people assembled near the courthouse at the time of the trial, though they were so quiet that Tryon ought to have perceived that it was like the lull before the storm. At the trial, the Quaker, Herman Husband, the leader of the Regulators, was acquitted, and Fanning, the governor's right-hand man, was fined one penny on each of the seven charges of extortion brought against him. Indeed, the governor promised to pardon all the Regulators except thirteen, for even then it seemed as if there was something magical in that number. Some of the English writers delighted to make fun of the Americans for cherishing the number thirteen as they did, and one writer in particular afterward declared that General Philip Schuyler was bald on the top of his head except for thirteen hairs which his good wife, Mistress Catherine Schuyler, carefully preserved and braided into a queue every morning. We can afford to let them laugh to-day, for the thirteen colonies have shown that instead of there being anything to fear in the number thirteen, as some people have superstitiously believed, perhaps it is the best of all numbers.

Governor Tryon, however, had no thought of magic or superstition when he left only thirteen of all the Regulators to suffer for daring to rebel against his authority, for he was hoping that his clemency would be appreciated and

WASHINGTON TAKING COMMAND OF THE ARMY AT CAMBRIDGE, 1775

(From a painting by M. A. Wageman.)

order would be restored in the colony. But order was not restored, though there were few organized outbreaks. The people steadily refused to pay the unjust taxes, and drove away the collectors and even beat some of the more bitter Tories. Indeed, it must be said in all fairness that the Regulators committed many acts of which doubtless their leaders were afterward heartily ashamed. This was due not to the desires or plans of the leaders, but to the fact that in every movement of the kind there are always some men drawn into the excitement from no other motives than a desire to make trouble and, perhaps, a hope of gaining something for themselves in a time when laws are being broken and property is changing owners.

At one time the Regulators assembled in force and declared they were marching to set Herman Husband free, for they had heard that he had been cast into jail again. The governor hastily put his palace in a condition to withstand an attack, for he believed the angry men would now lay hands upon him, and the frightened assembly voted him two thousand dollars to expend in raising troops; but the Regulators disbanded without doing any damage, and so peace was apparently once more restored.

But it was only apparently, for as soon as Tryon understood that he was not really to be attacked, he at once issued a proclamation forbidding any one to sell powder or shot until he should give permission. This was the most foolish thing he could have done, for it only made the Regulators furiously angry. So angry were they that Tryon felt that now he must do something more to assert his authority and restore quiet in the regions where he had heard the Regulators were making a deal of trouble; and at last, with some artillery and baggage wagons and

three hundred trusty militiamen, the governor set forth from Newbern in the spring of 1771. His little army received reënforcements from the Tories on the march, and his friend General Waddel was ordered to collect more men and join the governor's forces. While the governor was waiting for some powder to be sent him, some of the Regulators blackened their faces and fell upon the men who were carrying the powder to the governor, and after their attack *there was no powder to be sent on.*

They fixed a trap for General Waddel, too; for they sent him a message while he was marching, that it would be better for all concerned if he would turn back in his tracks. A good many of his men did so, but the general and a few of his men managed to get away and at last joined the governor's army.

As soon as Tryon heard of what had happened to his friend, he started with his force toward the Allamance, where he understood the Regulators had assembled and were waiting to meet him. On the 15th of May, 1771, the Regulators sent word to him suggesting that matters might still be adjusted, and demanded an answer within four hours. Governor Tryon promised to send one at noon on the day following.

As we know, the governor was a very vain and stubborn man. He utterly failed to understand the people of the colony, but at this time he was made very angry by hearing that Colonel Ashe, who had at one time opposed him, but was now on his side, and several others whom he had sent out as scouts, had been taken by the Regulators and severely whipped. Not even the leaders of the patriots approved of this act, and the only excuse that can be given is that the Regulators were very angry that one who had

been their champion should now have joined the side against which they were contending, and that is really no excuse at all.

Without waiting for the hour to come when he had promised to give the Regulators a reply to their demands, Tryon and his little army crossed the Allamance before it was fairly light on the following morning, and marched swiftly and silently toward the camp of the Regulators until he was distant from it about a half mile, and then he formed his line for battle. Aware that the militia were upon them, and still being very desirous of avoiding bloodshed, some of the Regulators advanced to Tryon's lines and begged that the pleas of the patriots might yet be considered and that no fight should be permitted.

Tryon was too angry to be reasonable, and sharply declared that he would now receive nothing but an unconditional surrender. Indeed, he went still further, and held as prisoners some of the men who had come to him for the conference. One of these was so indignant at such treatment that he told Governor Tryon to his face just what he thought of him, which was certainly a very foolish thing to do, no matter how just his anger may have been; for it is usually better to suffer wrong than do wrong, and never yet has one wrong made another wrong right.

Truth was the very thing that the vain governor least loved, and so enraged was he by the outspoken words, that he seized his gun and before any one realized what he was about to do, he had shot the prisoner, who fell dead at his feet.

Probably Tryon would have given much to recall the act as soon as it was done, but that was impossible. The

Regulators had seen the murder, and now they were almost beside themselves with rage. When the governor sent a flag of truce to them, they fired upon the men who bore it. In vain did their leaders beg of them to disperse. They were like madmen in their rage, and the worst of it was that they had too much justice on their side to make them willing to listen even to counsels that afterward they knew to be wise.

Tryon's rage had instantly returned when he beheld his men shot down. With a voice choked with passion he turned to his soldiers and shouted, "Fire!"

The militiamen hesitated. The men before them were friends and neighbours. Some of their own blood relatives were in the ranks. It might be all well enough to differ in opinion, and even to go to law over their quarrels, but not yet were they ready to shoot down their own friends and kindred.

Doubly furious when he perceived that his command was not obeyed, Tryon rose in his stirrups and glanced back at his men. Just then a loud derisive laugh came from the Regulators, and a shout daring him to fire upon them was heard.

This was more than the vainglorious governor could endure. Shouting to his followers, he said, "Fire! Fire on them or on me!"

A volley immediately was poured into the ranks of the Regulators, and the cannon were brought into the action. The sturdy patriots returned the fire, and evidently Tryon was their target, for his hat was carried from his head by a ball.

Perhaps sobered by his own peril, he once more sent forward a man with a flag of truce, but the Regulators

were in no mood to listen, and the bearer of the flag was shot. There was a forward rush of the patriots, and they even seized some of the cannon; but as no one knew how to fire them, they were useless on their hands.

The fight was now begun in earnest. The Regulators were fighting, every man for himself, for Herman Husband, who, up to this time, had been their leader, now declared that his Quaker principles would not permit him to enter a battle. Men fell dead or wounded upon every side. There were cries and cheers, and, for a time, the patriots held their places behind a ledge of rocks to which they had retreated. At last they were driven from this shelter, and the battle was ended. The Regulators had had nine of their number killed, and the militia had lost twenty-seven, and large numbers on each side were wounded.

After the engagement Tryon became more savage and brutal than ever. His cruelty found free play as he confiscated property, burned houses, destroyed crops, and offered rewards for the bodies of the Regulators "dead or alive."

What the end would have been we cannot say, but Tryon was just then sent away to be governor of New York, and Josiah Martin, his successor, was a man of peace, and soon quiet was restored in the colony.

But the first real battle of the Revolution was that fought between the forces of Governor Tryon and the Regulators, near the Allamance in North Carolina, on the 16th of May, 1771.

CHAPTER IV

THE RESORT TO ARMS

Although the events recorded in the preceding chapter occurred at a time earlier than some we have already described, they form a link in the chain that ought not to be forgotten, in spite of the fact that they have been ignored for the most part by those who have written of the Revolution. North and south, east and west, the entire people were becoming more enraged with every passing month.

In 1774, the "four intolerable acts of Parliament," to which reference has already been made, were passed; and the effect of them was to make even those who had been hopeful of a peaceful issue, almost despond. Parliament, which was unaware of the true state of the feeling in the colonies, and was ready to do what the king and his foolish advisers wished, now became angry too; and angry men are fit neither to make laws nor to obey them when they are made.

So it happened that the "four intolerable acts" were passed. The first of these was known as the Boston Port Bill, and forbade all vessels either to enter or leave Boston harbour. It was confidently expected by the British that this new law would so trouble the New England people, whose commerce, as we know, had all the time been steadily increasing, that they would be brought to their

senses, and when their pockets were affected, they would give up their foolish rebellion. Its effect, however, was directly opposite, as it only made the New Englanders still more angry at their rulers.

The second act was the Massachusetts Bill, which changed the charter of that colony, taking from the people the right to select their own rulers, and bestowing it upon the agents of King George. The effect of this was to anger all the other colonies as well as Massachusetts, for now no one knew when the same method might be applied to every one.

The third act was the Transportation Bill, which ordered that any American who should "commit murder" in resisting the officers in enforcing the laws of "the gracious king," should not be entitled to a trial in his home, but should be sent across the ocean, and should be tried in England. As every one thought he knew just what the result of such a trial would be, very naturally the act increased the bitter feeling of every independent man in the colonies.

The fourth act was the Quebec Bill, which was to make of all the country east of the Mississippi and north of the Ohio a part of Canada. This act did more than any or all of the others to unite the colonies in the struggle. They had helped to win this very territory from King Louis of France. They had furnished men and means for this war, and more than all, the king himself had given the land to them, and they did not like this taking back a gift once bestowed, which among the colonists was known as "Indian giving."

The excitement of the people now rose to the highest pitch it had as yet attained. So outspoken were many of

the assemblies of the colonies that the royal governors dismissed them, fearful of what the effect of their bold words might be. But such acts could not quiet the people. By many, the day when the port of Boston was closed was observed as a day of fasting and prayer. Everywhere men were talking of the tyranny of their rulers, and finally, almost as by common consent, a Continental Congress was called to consider what could be done to help the suffering Americans.

So it came to pass that the First Continental Congress assembled at Philadelphia, September 5, 1774. Every colony except Georgia had delegates in the body, and the people of Georgia were thoroughly in sympathy with the act. Her royal governor, however, had succeeded in preventing the appointment of delegates, and so Georgia was the only colony without representation.

It was a marvellous gathering of men that met in Philadelphia in that First Continental Congress. Even the leaders of Parliament acknowledged that much, and some of them declared that the debates and papers were superb. Peyton Randolph of Virginia was chosen president of the body, and such men as John Adams, Samuel Adams, George Washington, Lee, Dickinson, and a host of others, whose names are worthy of remembrance, were also there.

For four weeks the congress deliberated and debated with a dignity and seriousness that were worthy of the assembly, and, at last, as a result of it all, a new "declaration of rights" was made, and it was declared that the colonies ought to be permitted to govern and to tax themselves. It commended the people of Massachusetts for the stand they had taken, and sent Paul Revere to Salem as the bearer of their message. It drew up an agreement which

THE CAPTURE OF FORT TICONDEROGA

(From a painting by A. Chappel Pinx!)

was called the Articles of Association, whereby the people pledged themselves neither to buy nor to sell goods to England until Parliament should revoke the acts to which attention was called, whereby the rights of the colonies were taken away. Now the cry was changed from "No taxation without representation" to "No legislation without representation"; and then last of all, after calling for a new session of Congress in the May following, the assembly adjourned until that time.

Benjamin Franklin was sent to England to present the plan of Congress to Parliament, but he was refused permission to speak there, and soon sailed for home without accomplishing anything. Instead of listening to the appeals, Parliament went still farther and forbade the New England fishermen from fishing near Newfoundland. It was also voted to increase the force of regulars at Boston to ten thousand men, and after blaming General Gage for not having done more, William Howe was chosen in his place as commander-in-chief of the British forces in America.

Howe had boldly declared his opposition to what the king and Lord North were doing. Indeed, he was himself for peace, and all through the long war that followed, Sir William Howe was ever ready to bring the struggle to an end by granting more than his rulers had been willing to yield. But when he was appointed to the new position he could not refuse to serve, and as his brother Richard at the same time was appointed Admiral of the British fleet in America, the two brothers came across the sea. There is no doubt that Sir William believed that he would be able to bring about a settlement of the troubles, for he came, as Lord North smoothly said, "not only with a sword, but

also with an olive branch." How sadly even the good-hearted Sir William Howe was deceived the events which rapidly followed, proved.

Meanwhile in America the determination to resist was becoming stronger. Particularly in Massachusetts, where it was feared serious trouble would first break out, men were meeting on the village greens and drilling as soldiers. There was a tension in the very speech of the people. Powder and arms had been collected, and it was understood that twenty thousand "minute-men" were ready to respond to a "minute's" call, and march at a "minute's" warning. These men were sturdy farmers and farmers' boys for the most part, and had become so skilful in the use of their muskets and rifles, that as marksmen they were probably much superior to the regulars in the ranks of General Gage in Boston. Of course they had no uniforms, and when it came to military tactics the well-disciplined regulars laughed heartily at their awkward movements.

Nevertheless, General Gage was in no pleasant frame of mind, in spite of the large number of soldiers in his command. He had come to understand the temper and feelings of the colonists, and openly declared that he must have more men, if he was to deal with them successfully, a statement that made Lord North and others of the king's advisers laugh heartily. Not for one minute did they conceive of the rough farmer boys being able to stand before the well-dressed, well-trained, and well-equipped soldiers of King George III. General Gage was so worried, however, that he began to erect fortifications on the "neck" that joined Boston to the mainland; and as the reports of the doings of the country people became worse, he sent out his spies to find out, if possible, just what was going on.

When, one time in the spring of 1775, he heard through his spies that the minute-men had collected a supply of military stores at Concord, a little village about twenty miles distant from Boston, he ordered eight hundred of his regulars to march to the place and destroy all the powder there, and with that order the war of the American Revolution really began.

This force was to march very quietly and go in the night, so that the minute-men might not be able to learn of his plan until it was too late to save their stores; but the friends of the colony were as watchful as the British general himself, and by the time the force had started, the people were aware of what was going on. All through the night men went riding through the country, stopping at the scattered farmhouses and rousing the inmates with the startling cry, "The regulars are coming." Signals were also displayed, bells were rung, and when, just at sunrise on the eventful morning of April 19, 1775, the British marched into Lexington, a little village on the road between Boston and Concord, they were surprised to discover about sixty minute-men assembled there on the village green.

Doubtless the redcoats laughed when they beheld the motley company. They were not very well dressed, not all of them were armed, and such an idea as that these men would really dare to stand before them never once entered their minds.

The leader of the regulars, Major Pitcairn, roughly ordered the "rebels" to disperse. When to his surprise and disgust he perceived that his command was not obeyed, he angrily ordered his men to fire. The sound of their volley rang out, there were a few shots fired in response,

and then the minute-men scattered, leaving eight of their companions dead upon the village green. This was the shot that was "heard around the world." The struggle which lasted for eight years had at last begun, though it did not seem at the time as if the little handful of farmers, who had fired and then fled before the regulars, had done very much, after all. But then, who does realize that any deed is very great at its beginning?

The victorious British, leaving Lexington, marched on to Concord; others of the minute-men were there, but they could not stand before the redcoats, and were speedily dispersed. Then, when the stores had been destroyed, the British prepared to return to Boston.

By this time a large force of the minute-men had been drawn to Concord. Church bells had been ringing, messengers had been sent in every direction, and it seemed as if all the people of the region came up in arms. At first the redcoats marched along the country road in good order. They had done the duty assigned them, and soon would be back among their comrades, and the minute-men had been taught a good lesson, or so they believed.

But from behind the barns and trees, from the rocks along the roadside, from the very houses themselves, which the returning regulars passed, came the shots of the minute-men. They were good marksmen, and their aim was deadly. Man after man dropped from the ranks of the British, and no return fire seemed to avail against the concealed men who attacked them. And their numbers were increasing, too. The British lines were not keeping up their orderly march now. Every man was beginning to fear that he was the target of the hidden enemy, and before they had gone as far back on their way as Lexington, they were

actually running. Just think of it, British regulars *running* from a lot of countrymen and farmers!

At Lexington, 900 men from Boston, with cannon, met the retreating redcoats, and under their protection, the wearied soldiers stopped for a brief rest. So completely worn out were they that it is said they cast themselves at full length upon the ground and lay there "with their tongues hanging out of their mouths like dogs after a chase."

As soon as the regulars started again, the minute-men started after them, still firing from behind the sheltering trees and stone walls. Even down to the waterside did the angry countrymen follow their enemies; but as the ships of war were anchored there, the regulars found a shelter under their protecting guns, and, as the night drew near, the battle, if battle the struggle might be termed, was ended. Not more than 400 of the minute-men had been engaged in the fight at any one time, but so deadly had been their aim that in killed, wounded, and missing the British loss had amounted to 273. The loss of the minute-men has been variously stated from 88 to 103.

So the Revolution had fairly begun, although few realized it at the time. The soldiers of King George had used powder and balls to assert their rights over the rebellious colonists, and the colonists had replied in kind. This was war, and having once begun, neither side was likely to give up until victory should decide the issue of the contest.

CHAPTER V

THE CHOICE OF A COMMANDER

It was a bold stand which the hardy Americans had taken. If they had been thoroughly united themselves it would have been different, but the New England men had been so eager and determined that they had not waited for others to join them but had gone ahead on their own responsibility. In all the thirteen colonies the entire population was only about 2,600,000,[1] and though this may seem like a very small number from which to draw forces to contend against King George, we must not forget that the people of Great Britain were also much fewer in number than they are to-day.

As soon as the result of the battle between the minute-men and the regulars was known, the angry colonists began to start for Boston to join their bold fellow-patriots. Israel Putnam had been ploughing in his fields at Pomfret, Connecticut, when the report came to him. Instantly abandoning his task he left word for the militia to follow him, and leaping on the back of his horse he rode so

[1] In 1775 the population of the thirteen colonies was said to be as follows:

Virginia,	560,000	South Carolina,	180,000
Massachusetts,	360,000	New York,	180,000
Pennsylvania,	300,000	New Jersey,	130,000
North Carolina,	260,000	New Hampshire,	80,000
Maryland,	220,000	Rhode Island,	50,000
Connecticut,	200,000	Delaware,	40,000
		Georgia,	30,000

swiftly on his journey of a hundred miles that in about eighteen hours he arrived at Cambridge, where the minute-men were assembled, at the same time when John Stark came down from New Hampshire with the first company of men from that colony. Benedict Arnold, who was then a captain, had taken sixty men from the assembly of students and people in New Haven, and soon he, too, was with the little patriot army. So from the farms and hillsides, from the villages and hamlets, the angry colonists came, and in a very brief time General Gage and his soldiers found themselves besieged in Boston by an army that was made up of 16,000 rude and poorly equipped, but very determined men.

Apparently no one knew just what to do next. It was determined to hold the redcoats in the city, but what to expect, or what the next move was to be, there was no one to decide.

On the 10th of May two events occurred which did much to decide the future of the colonies, and of the war. One of these was the capture of Fort Ticonderoga by Ethan Allen and his Green Mountain Boys; and the other was the assembling of the Continental Congress in Philadelphia. The chief problem before the congress was the relation of the colonies to the army, and the appointment of a commander-in-chief.

In the congress were most of the sturdy men who had been present at the preceding session. Franklin had come back from his fruitless errand in England, and he and John and Samuel Adams were already of the opinion that a declaration of independence must be made. Peyton Randolph of Virginia, who had been the first president, could not attend this session, and so Thomas Jefferson was

sent in his place. John Hancock, "King" Hancock many called him, because he was so arrogant and unyielding, was chosen president; and it was commonly understood that he himself desired the appointment as commander-in-chief. Of his patriotism no one had any question, for he had already suffered the loss of much of his property, and he was so hated by the Tories that he had been "proscribed"; but his fellows did not seem to care very much for that, for they elected him president in spite of the threats of the king's men; but he was not to be the commander of the colonial forces, as we shall soon learn.

The deliberations of the body continued for a month, for when so many men get together, there must always be a lot of useless talking done, though probably never did an assembly have less of that than this Second Continental Congress.

One morning in June, not long before the hour when the congress was to assemble, John Adams was walking up and down the street in front of the building in which the meeting was to be held. His hands were clasped behind his back, and his head was bowed so that it was evident he was seriously troubled.

His meditations were interrupted by the approach of his cousin Samuel Adams, who, as he hailed him, said, "What is the topic with you this morning?"

"Oh, the army, the army!" replied John Adams. "I am determined to go into the hall this morning, and enter upon a full detail of the state of the colonies, in order to show an absolute need of taking some decided steps. My whole aim shall be to induce Congress to appoint a day for adopting the army as the legal army

DEATH OF GENERAL MONTGOMERY

(From a painting by Chappel)

of these United Colonies of North America, and then to hint at my election of a commander-in-chief."

"Well," said Samuel Adams, "I like that, Cousin John; but on whom have you fixed as that commander?"

"I will tell you. George Washington of Virginia, a member of this house."

"Oh, that will never do, never!" replied Samuel Adams, in surprise.

"It must do. It *shall* do, and for these reasons."

Then John Adams proceeded to call his cousin's attention to the exact condition of the country. For the success of the cause it was absolutely necessary that the middle and southern colonies should be heart and hand with the eastern. The American army was then at Cambridge, made up largely of New England men, and in command of General Artemas Ward, himself a New Englander. Already some of the men from other sections of the country were holding back and protesting against the prominence the New England men were taking, and apparently were disposed to hold. As a means of keeping all together, the only course seemed to lie in the selection of a commander-in-chief from outside the eastern colonies, thereby uniting all sections in one body, a body that John Adams declared would then be irresistible.

Samuel Adams listened thoughtfully to his cousin's words, and then suggested that the devotion of the eastern men to General Ward would be a serious obstacle to such a selection. He recounted the distinguished services of Artemas Ward, his scholarship (he was a graduate of Harvard), his success in the French and Indian War, and the esteem in which he was held by all who knew

him. He also referred to the well-known fact that John Hancock desired the position for himself.

John Hancock's claims were lightly put aside by John Adams, who had slight love for his colleague, as is well known. Then he willingly assented to all that his cousin had said in favour of Artemas Ward, but still clung to his purpose to have the Virginia colonel selected for the position. He referred to the remarkable services Washington had rendered in the wars of the colony, his well-balanced mind and large experience for so young a man, which more than atoned for his lack of training in the schools, and to the marked confidence which the people of all parts of the country had in his integrity and manhood.

After a further conversation Samuel Adams promised "to second the motion," and both men entered the hall where the assembly had now convened. John Adams soon took the floor and in one of his most impassioned speeches urged the adoption of the army by the Continental Congress. He himself was ready, he declared, "to arm the army, appoint a commander, vote supplies, and proceed to business."

Fears and objections were raised by some of his more timid hearers, and then, with a warmth he could not conceal, John Adams again arose and said: "Gentlemen, if this congress will not adopt this army, before ten moons have set, New England will adopt it, and she will undertake the struggle alone! Yes, with a strong arm and a clear conscience she will front the foe single-handed!"

His burning words swept away all opposition, the time for the vote was fixed, and then after a heated debate the army was adopted by Congress.

The next problem was the election of a commander for the army, which now was no longer a "mob of rebels," but belonged to the United Colonies of North America; and naturally all looked again to John Adams to lead. And he was ready to lead, too.

On the appointed day he was in the assembly, and began his speech. First he entered into a description of General Ward, and bestowed upon him such praise as must have satisfied even the warmest friends of the sturdy New England soldier. Then, drawing himself up to his full height, he paused for a moment before he added: "But this is *not* the man I have chosen!"

The scene was intensely dramatic, and the eyes of all the assembly were fixed upon the speaker. At his right was seated George Washington, clad in his uniform of a Virginia colonel, and he, too, was leaning forward with breathless interest, eager to hear the name of the man whom John Adams would propose.

More quietly, then, John Adams went on to portray the qualifications which the new commander must have. Becoming more eloquent as his speech drew to an end, he closed with these words: "Gentlemen, I know these qualifications are high, but we all know they are needful at this crisis in this chief. Does any one say they are not to be obtained in this country? In reply, I have to say they are; they reside in one of our own body, and he is the man whom I now nominate, — GEORGE WASHINGTON OF VIRGINIA.

The startled Washington as he heard the words leaped to his feet and rushed into an adjoining room. The entire body sat silent and astonished. In the midst of the silence, Samuel Adams, acting upon a promise he had previously given his cousin, rose, and moved for an adjournment, that

time for consultation and deliberation might be had. The motion prevailed, and the assembly was dismissed.

Doubtless there were many conferences between the members of Congress, the records of which have never been preserved; but on the 15th of June, 1775, Thomas Johnson of Maryland arose and formally nominated George Washington to be commander-in-chief of the American army, and he was unanimously elected to the position.

In the presence of Congress, and in response to the formal declaration of his election by the president, John Hancock, George Washington stood and made the following response: "Mr. President, — Though I am truly sensible of the high honour done me in this appointment, yet, I feel great distress from a consciousness that my abilities and military experience may not be equal to the extensive and important trust. However, as the congress desires it, I will enter upon the momentous duty, and exert every power I possess in their service, and for the support of their glorious cause. I beg they will accept my most cordial thanks for this distinguished testimony of their approbation. But, lest some unlucky event should happen unfavourable to my reputation, I beg it may be remembered by every gentleman in this room, that I this day declare with the utmost sincerity, I do not think myself equal to the command I am honoured with. As to pay, sir, I beg leave to assure the congress that, as no pecuniary consideration could have tempted me to accept the arduous employment at the expense of my domestic ease and happiness, I do not wish to make any profit from it. I will keep an exact account of my expenses. Those, I doubt not, they will discharge; and that is all I desire."

Modest and sincere as his speech of acceptance was,

perhaps the true feelings of Washington found expression in the letter he wrote his wife on the following day: "You may believe me, my dear Patsy [his pet name for Martha Washington] when I assure you in the most solemn manner, that so far from seeking the appointment, I have used every endeavour in my power to avoid it, not only from my unwillingness to part with you and the family, but from the consciousness of its being a trust too great for my capacity; and that I should enjoy more real happiness in one month with you at home than I have the most distant prospect of finding abroad, if my stay were to be seven times seven years."

Profoundly moved by the modest address of the newly elected commander, Congress at once appointed Richard Henry Lee, Edward Rutledge, and John Adams a committee to draft a commission and instructions for the new general; and four days afterward the following commission was given George Washington: —

"To GEORGE WASHINGTON, ESQ., — We, reposing special trust and confidence in your patriotism, valour, conduct, and fidelity, do by these presents constitute and appoint you commander-in-chief of the army of the United Colonies and of all forces now raised or to be raised by them, and of all others who shall voluntarily offer their services and join said army for the defence of American liberty and repelling every hostile invasion thereof; and you are hereby vested with free power and authority to act as you shall think for the good and welfare of the service. And we do hereby strictly charge and require all officers and soldiers under your command to be obedient to your orders, and diligent in the exercise of their several duties. And we do also enjoin and require you to be careful in executing the great trust reposed in you, by causing strict discipline and order to be observed in the army, and that the soldiers be duly exercised and provided with all conven-

ient necessaries. And you are to regulate your conduct in every respect by the rules and discipline of war (as here given you), and punctually to observe and follow such orders and directions from time to time as you shall receive from this or a future Congress of these United Colonies, or committee of Congress. This commission is to continue in force until revoked by this or a future Congress.

(Signed) JOHN HANCOCK, *President.*

This commission was afterward preserved in a glass case in the capital of the nation.

On June 21st, 1775, General Washington, as he then became, started from Philadelphia for the camp at Cambridge. All along the long march he was greeted enthusiastically, and his reception at the camp itself on July 2d was the most enthusiastic of all.

There was now an army, a commander-in-chief, a congress, and a war that was to last for many long years.

CHAPTER VI

THE FALL OF FORT TICONDEROGA

On the very day when Congress had assembled in Philadelphia, just a few hours before the time of meeting, another event occurred away up on the shores of the beautiful lake that lies in what in the early times was the thoroughfare between Montreal and Albany and New York. The shores of Lake Champlain and Lake George had afforded some of the bloodiest of battle-grounds in the French and Indian War. It was by this route that Frontenac had sent the band of Indians and Frenchmen, who had planned to go to Albany but had turned aside and massacred the innocent people of Schenectady, at that time on the border of the settlements in New York. Some of the strangest of traditions and the most stirring of stories had come down from the earliest settlers of the brave deeds of white men and red in this region, where now the summer tourists go in great numbers and see only a beautiful lake, dotted with fairy-like islands and framed by towering mountains that make one of the most beautiful spots in America.

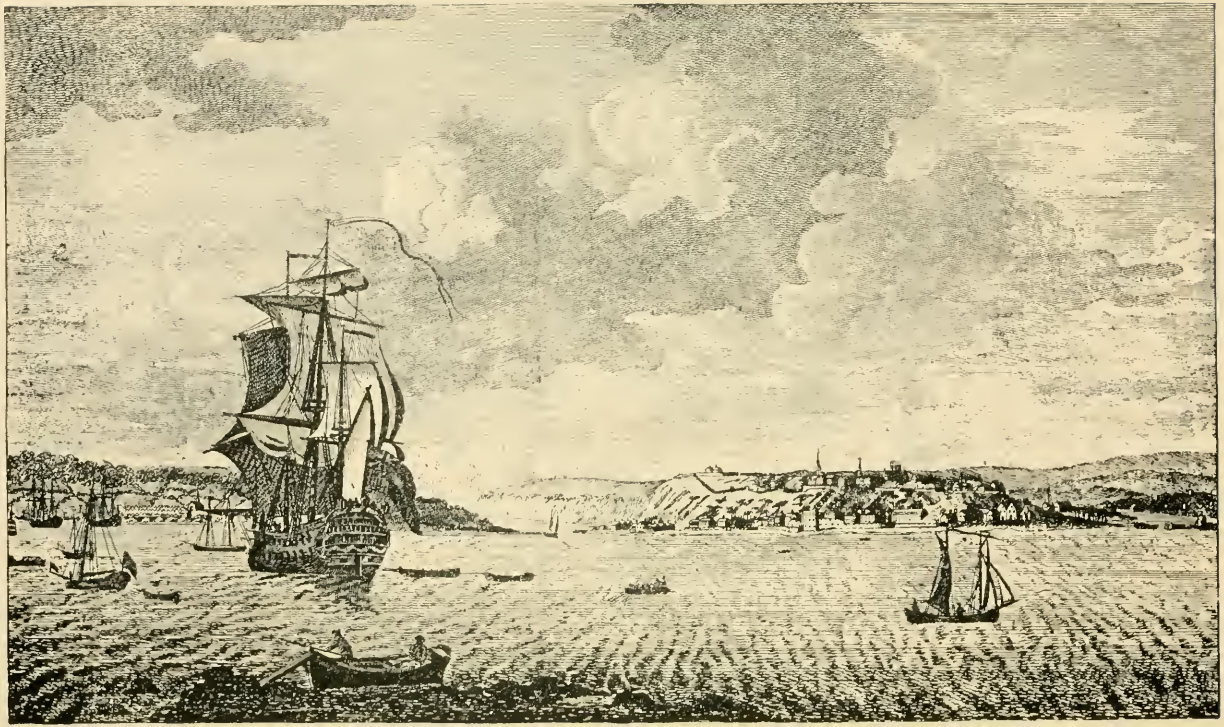
It was in 1755 that the French had built a fort on the high bluff which looks out over the surrounding country, and guards the narrow passageway between the two lakes. To this fort they had given the Indian name Cheonderoga, which means *the sounding waters;* but this

name came after the close of the war to be known as Ticonderoga.

Here, in the summer of 1758, the English general Abercrombie had been defeated by the French and Indians when he tried to capture the fort, and after a desperate struggle, in which his regulars and colonial forces had fought, as only the men of the Anglo-Saxon race can fight, he had lost almost two thousand men.

About a year afterward, General Amherst with an army of eleven thousand men had determined to retake the fort; and take it again he did, for he was wise enough not to try to storm it, but decided to lay siege to it and compel the garrison to surrender. Hunger will sometimes do more than powder and ball; and after a brief time the discouraged Frenchmen dismantled Fort Ticonderoga, and abandoning it fled to Crown Point. So Amherst secured for the English, without a gun having been fired, what Abercrombie had failed to take after a fearful struggle.

Fort Ticonderoga, or "Fort Ty" as it was commonly known in the year 1775, was still in the hands of the English. Captain Delaplace, with a little garrison of forty-eight men, was in charge of it, and never a thought of fear or of trouble seemed to have entered their minds. I have no doubt the captain and his pretty young wife, who was with him in the beautiful and lonely spot, often bewailed the fact that they were stationed in such a remote post, and heartily wished that they were somewhere else, wherein they are not entirely unlike some men and women who still believe that if they were in other places than those in which they find themselves they could be much happier. However, both Captain



A VIEW OF QUEBEC FROM THE BASIN

(From an old engraving)

Delaplace and his beautiful wife were speedily to learn that even old Fort Ty was not to be without an excitement of its own, and the manner in which it came to pass was as follows: —

When Benedict Arnold had arrived at Cambridge, where the hardy little army of the colony was assembled, as we know, he had at once suggested that he with a suitable force should be sent to capture Fort Ticonderoga. The location of the fort, its supplies, and the quantity of ammunition stored there, and the help it would be if it was decided to invade Canada, were all matters to be considered. Perhaps Arnold was already thinking of entering Canada; but whether he was or not, he was a man of such tremendous energy that he had to be doing something. The result of his pleadings was that the Massachusetts Congress gave to Benedict Arnold a colonel's commission, and authorized him to raise four hundred men in western Massachusetts and take command of them, and capture the old fort, if he thought he could do so.

In high spirits Arnold set forth, for he had never a misgiving in the matter; but he soon learned that the plan had been thought of by others also. Ethan Allen, the leader of the "Green Mountain Boys," which was a band of Vermont men who had associated themselves to resist the demands of New York, which claimed a good part of Vermont as its own, had already been authorized by Connecticut to undertake this very task of capturing Ticonderoga. The Massachusetts Congress had supplied Arnold with some money, and horses, and ammunition, but as soon as he heard of Ethan Allen's march, he at once gave up trying to enlist men, and hastened forward to join the band that was advancing on the fort.

Benedict Arnold was a bold and very determined man, but so also was Ethan Allen. The latter was a soldier of great bravery, he had a very strong and vigorous body, was almost always successful in the rough wrestling matches and "rough and tumbles" of the camps, and his followers were very proud of him as well as devoted to him personally. Allen also prided himself upon his being a thinker and writer, and had even written a book or pamphlet. Certain it was that both these men could not at the same time be leaders of the expedition.

Arnold very soon learned that Allen's men would listen to no other than their own doughty commander; so, making a virtue of necessity, he pushed forward with the band, apparently content to be one of its members, if he could not be the commander. In the night of May 9th, the entire force arrived at the shore of the lake opposite Ticonderoga.

Ethan Allen at once applied to a farmer he knew there for a guide; and the farmer's own boy, Nathan Beman, who knew the lake, and the fort, too, for he had been in it many a time, became the guide. Only a few boats could be found, however, and these were put to good use at once; but with all their efforts, when the gray of the dawn of the morning of May 10th appeared, only Allen, and Arnold, and eighty-three men had been landed.

Ethan Allen was not easily disheartened, and so assembling his few followers he harangued them after a manner we can easily imagine, and then silently in three ranks they all started for the fort. The first sentinel they met snapped his fusee at the bold leader, but it missed fire, and the man was at once seized. The next sentinel made a thrust at one of the leaders with his bayonet, but Allen struck him on the head with his sword, and he, too, ceased to trouble the advancing band.

As soon as the men had entered the fort, they gave such a united shout as only the men of that time knew how to give, and hastily formed in line in front of the barracks, from which the startled soldiers rushed forth, only to find themselves prisoners. Instantly, Ethan Allen, having young Nathan Beman show him the way, rushed up the steps to the door of the quarters of Captain Delaplace. Stopping before it Ethan Allen grasped his sword, and with the hilt of it rapped three times, and at the same time, in his loudest tones, summoned the captain to come forth and give himself up. We do not know what the captain's dreams had been, but only partly awake and partly dressed he opened the door, while from behind him could be seen peering the frightened face of his young wife, who was as alarmed as her husband was angry at the rude and startling summons.

As soon as Captain Delaplace beheld Allen he at once recognized him, — the most of the people of that region were acquainted with the bold and reckless leader of the "Green Mountain Boys," — and angrily demanded what he meant by creating such a disturbance at such an unseemly hour.

Ethan Allen pointed with his sword at his followers and said, "I order you instantly to surrender!"

"By what authority do *you* demand it?"

"In the name of the Great Jehovah, and the Continental Congress!" thundered Ethan Allen in reply.

Perhaps Captain Delaplace did not even know there was such a body as the "Continental Congress," but there was no mistaking the man before him, and so the fort was quickly given over, and the garrison with the women and children were sent to Hartford.

It was in this way that for the second time Ticonderoga was surrendered without a gun having been fired. With the fall of the fort one hundred and twenty pieces of cannon, fifty swivels, two ten-inch mortars, one howitzer, one cohorn, ten tons of musket-balls, three cart-loads of flints, some new carriages, and a large quantity of material for boat-building, as well as a goodly store of provisions and powder, fell into the hands of the bold captors.

In the morning, the men who had not been able to cross the lake in the night, joined their comrades in the fort, and soon after (on the 12th of May) Crown Point was also easily taken.

Arnold tried to assume the command of Ticonderoga as soon as the fort was surrendered, but his claims were either laughed at or ignored. The men declared that it was Connecticut, and not Massachusetts, that was paying them for this work, and only to the leader they had followed would they listen. Arnold had only a few men; but he was determined to do something anyway, and so when, a few days later, a few more of his own men joined him, he started down Lake Champlain and captured St. John's, and its garrison, and also a sloop of war that was lying at anchor there.

These startling events greatly elated some of the men of the colonies, almost staggered others, and some were evidently badly frightened by them. They declared that England would be very angry when she heard such news, and that the punishment she would visit on the colonies would be such as they would long remember. And indeed it did seem so. Great Britain was so powerful, and the colonies were so feeble and, worse than all, apparently were so far from being united, — as the clash between

Benedict Arnold, appointed by Massachusetts, and Ethan Arnold, appointed by Connecticut, has already shown us, — that it did seem as if the alarm was well-grounded. How well-grounded it was we shall learn as we enter further into the story of the struggle.

When the Congress at Philadelphia heard of what Ethan Allen had done, the delegates, that is, some of them, were greatly alarmed. This was going altogether too far, the timid ones declared. This was rebellion and open war, and that was not what they were aiming at. They wanted their rights, but had no thought of making war upon the mother country.

At last, in spite of the words of the bolder members, Congress recommended to the committees at New York and Albany that the cannon and stores taken by Ethan Allen and his men should be removed to the south end of Lake George, and that a strong post should be erected there. They also advised that a careful inventory of the stores should be made, "in order that they might be safely returned when the restoration of harmony between Great Britain and the colonies, *so earnestly desired by the latter*, shall render it prudent and consistent with the overruling law of self-preservation."

In spite of the stilted and high-flown words, some could not conceal their alarm, while others were as openly rejoiced at the turn of events. And meanwhile the strength of the colonies was being tested and developed after a manner that was as surprising to the friends as it was to the enemies of the "rebel" cause.

CHAPTER VII

BUNKER HILL

Boston, in the year 1775, was situated on the peninsula covering the middle of the harbour. There were hills on the mainland extending about this peninsula, and on these hills the poorly equipped but desperate and determined Yankee farmers were assembled. Men were rushing to join their hardy comrades, and from all the neighbouring colonies powder and shot were being hastily carried. Some of the most exciting experiences of the entire war were had by the hardy colonists as they hastened to Cambridge with the ammunition, for the Tories were watchful, and doing their utmost to take the supplies, and cut off the men who were rallying to the aid of their comrades.

The people were becoming thoroughly aroused now, and the bitter feelings that lasted until long after the war was ended were expressing themselves in a manner that did not always reflect credit upon the leaders. Mass-meetings were held, and though in many instances the men who addressed them were dignified, in others, it is to be feared that they were not always careful to see that their hearers were kept back from deeds of which doubtless afterwards they were thoroughly ashamed.

The following clipping from the *Pennsylvania Packet* of May 15th, 1775, gives us an idea of how the angry and excited people conducted themselves: "The committee of

Bucks County [Pennsylvania] met yesterday, and recommended the people to associate themselves into companies, and learn the military exercise of arms. The unanimity, prudence, spirit, and firmness which appeared in the deliberations of yesterday do honour to Bucks County, and will, we hope, in some measure wipe off those aspersions they too deservedly lay under. A large number of the inhabitants assembled, and the resolves of the day being made public they testified their highest approbation of the conduct of the committee. . . . A disciple of that species of creatures called *Tories* being formally introduced to a tar-barrel, of which he was repeatedly pressed to smell, thought prudent to take leave abruptly lest a more intimate acquaintance with it should take place."

It is to be feared that the "tar-barrel" was a too common attendant at the patriotic meetings, and the only excuse that can be offered for its use is that the people were suffering from excitement as well as from injustice, and did not always bear in mind that the measures they employed were not justified even by oppression.

New Jersey appropriated the money then in the treasury of the colony, arguing that as the Jersey men had first given the money it now by right belonged to them. In South Carolina the committee urged people, even when they went to church, to carry arms. In North Carolina the warm-hearted Scotch-Irish patriots of Mecklenburg County declared that the address of Parliament and the King in the preceding February had "annulled and vacated all civil and military commissions granted by the Crown and suspended the constitutions of the colonies," and that these rights now belonged to the colonies themselves. This action of the Mecklenburg patriots has been known as the

"Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence," and has been called the first act of its kind. But the matter is somewhat hazy, and evidently was the work of a few men in whatever light it may be viewed, and consequently can hardly be dignified by the title bestowed upon it. It was a sample expression of the feeling, however, which now seemed to have seized upon the greater part of the people in every one of the colonies.

General Gage and his army were practically shut in and besieged in Boston town, at least from the land side; but on the 25th of May, Howe, Clinton, and Burgoyne arrived there with reënforcements, and so the number of the redcoats was raised to about 10,000 men. There had been no ships to oppose the landing or the entrance of these men, for the Americans were practically without a navy at that time.

General Gage, reassured by the coming of the new troops, and confident that the "rebellion" would be speedily crushed, at once issued a proclamation in which he offered pardon to all the "rebels" who would at once lay down their arms and promise to be true to King George, that is, all except John Hancock and Samuel Adams, who, in his eyes, were much too wicked ever to receive pardon in this world or in the world to come. Gage also, and very unwisely from his point of view, threatened, in his proclamation, to hang every man taken with arms on his person.

How angry this made the colonists, and how little effect his words had, may be known by the following extract from a "poem" that appeared in one of the strongest of the Whig papers of that time:—

BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL

(From the celebrated picture by Trumbull)

"TOM GAGE'S PROCLAMATION;

Or blustering denunciation,
(Replete with defamation)
Threatening devastation
And speedy jugulation
Of the new English nation,—
Who shall his pious ways shun?

Whereas the rebels, hereabout,
Are stubborn still and still hold out;
Refusing yet to drink their tea,
In spite of Parliament and me;
And to maintain their bubble, Right,
Prognosticate a real fight;
Preparing flints, and guns and ball,
My army and the fleet to maul;
Mounting their guilt to such a pitch
As to let fly at soldier's breech,
Pretending they design'd a trick
Tho' ordered not to hurt a chick;
But peaceably, without alarm,
The men of CONCORD to disarm;
Or, if resisting, to annoy,
And every magazine destroy;—
All which, tho' long obliged to bear,
Thro' want of men, not of fear:
I'm able now by augmentation,
To give a proper castigation;
For since th' addition to the troops
Now reinforc'd as thick as hops;
I can, like Jemmy at the Boyne,
Look safely on — fight you, Burgoyne;
And mow like grass the rebel Yankees,
I fancy not these doodle dances;—
Yet e'er I draw the vengeful sword,
I have thought fit to send abroad,
This present gracious proclamation,
Of purpose mild the demonstration,
That whosoe'er keeps gun or pistol
I'll spoil the motion of his systole.

* * * * * * *

But every one that will lay down
His hanger bright and musket brown,
Shall not be beat, nor bruis'd, nor bang'd,
Much less for past offences hang'd;
But if on surrendering his toledo
Go to and fro unhurt as we do; —
But then I must, out of this plan, lock
Both Samuel Adams and John Hancock;
For these vile traitors, (like debentures)
Must be tucked up at all adventures;
As any proffer of a pardon
Would only tend those rogues to harden: —
But every other mother's son
The instant he destroys his gun,
(For thus doth run the king's command)
May, if he will, come kiss my hand —
And to prevent such wicked game, as
Pleading the plea of ignoramus;
Be this my proclamation spread
To every reader that can read: —
And as nor right nor law was known
Since my arrival in this town;
To remedy this fatal flaw
I hereby publish martial law.
Meanwhile, let all and every one,
Who loves his life, forsake his gun;
And all the council, by mandamus,
Who have been reckoned so infamous,
Return unto their habitation
Without or let or molestation. —
Thus graciously the war I wage,
As witnesseth my hand — TOM GAGE.

By command of Mother Cary,
Thomas Flucker, Secretary.

Fearful of what the effect of Gage's proclamation might be, it was determined by the little army that was besieging Boston to act before the British could do anything to carry out this threat. Accordingly, 1200 men were to be sent to

occupy Bunker Hill. This hill was one of several just north of Boston, and if once it was fortified it would enable the guns to be trained upon the fleet lying in the harbour below.

How seriously the patriots entered into the work can be judged from the fact that on the night of June 16th, 1775, the 1200 men selected for the task of occupying Bunker Hill, before they started from the camp were paraded on Cambridge Common, and the president of Harvard College, Dr. Langdon, offered a public prayer for them all. Then, silently, with Colonel Prescott, who had seen much service in the French and Indian war, in command, they started for the hill.

When they arrived there, it was decided to go on a little farther and use Breed's Hill instead of the one to which they had been sent; for, acting upon their own responsibility, they thought this would give them a better place from which to command both the town and the British fleet in the harbour. This change proved to be all right in the end, but if the redcoats had adopted a different plan from the one they followed it might have fared badly with the patriots, as they might have been cut off from their comrades, and besieged until they were compelled to surrender.

It was almost midnight when the patriots at last stood on Breed's Hill, but with pick and shovel they at once began to work. Steadily and with the least possible noise the men toiled on. It was too late to stop now, and the only thing they could do was to go on. When at last the June morning of the 17th dawned, the enemy on the ships discovered what the Yankees had been doing. Doubtless they had heard of the wonderful lamp Aladdin

had, and how in a single night by the aid it afforded a magnificent palace had been erected. But here right before their eyes was something almost as marvellous. The busy patriots had thrown up intrenchments within a few hours, and that, too, right within the hearing of the call of the British sentry at night.

The startled sailors were immediately summoned to duty, and the roar of the great cannon roused everybody in or near Boston. The people in the town ran to the roofs of the houses, and watched the actions of the men on the fleet and those on the hill. But the Yankees kept right on with their labours, and as long as the British only made a noise they did not seem to care, but worked steadily on the intrenchments. More men and leaders had come now. There was Doctor Warren, the Boston physician, who had just been made a major-general, but who preferred to serve with his gun as a private. Colonel Stark also was there, and so was doughty Israel Putnam, and their presence was an inspiration to every man toiling with a spade or pickaxe.

As a matter of course, General Gage was as angry as he was startled when he discovered what those despised Yankees had been doing. In the morning, while the guns of the fleet were thundering, and the shot fell harmless against the slope of Breed's Hill, he was holding a consultation with the other leaders of the British who had recently arrived upon the scene of action. They were all agreed that it would never do to permit the Yankees to plant their guns on the height they were attempting to fortify, but as almost every one was of the opinion that the "rebels" would never stand before the veteran soldiers of King George, wiser counsels were disregarded, and it was decided to send

3000 men to drive the "farmers" from the hill. And all through these hours the despised "farmers" were working as busily as bees at the task to which they had set themselves.

It was about noon when the redcoats were seen to be crossing the river in their boats. Without doubt the desperate men on Breed's Hill did not enjoy the sight; but the brave man is not the one who never feels fear, but the one who goes right on with his duty in spite of his alarm. After the British had landed they formed in two divisions — one to move upon the line of rail fence on the hillside, and the other toward the intrenchments. Their uniforms and glittering weapons must have presented a sight that might well have caused the poorly equipped and inexperienced farmers to tremble, but not one left his place. Grim, desperate, and determined they watched the oncoming ranks, and, with their guns in their hands, waited. The people on the housetops almost held their breath in their excitement. Steadily the scarlet-clad soldiers moved up the hill, and a silence almost like death itself rested over all. The very stillness encouraged the British, who did not for a moment believe the "peasants," as some termed the Yankee soldiers, would wait to receive the charge of the regulars. Nearer and nearer they came, and at last were within a hundred and fifty feet of the patriots, and then the waiting farmers, at the word of their leaders, suddenly poured a terrible volley into the front ranks of the redcoats. Men and officers fell, and for a moment it almost seemed as if the advancing line had been blotted out.

The redcoats, however startled they may have been, were no cowards, and holding their ground, tried to return the fire, but in a moment the line wavered, then broke,

and in great disorder turned and fled down the hillside. Then such a shout went up from the patriots as can be heard only when an action like that which had come to the desperate men occurs. They were ready to leap over the embankments and chase the fleeing redcoats into the water; but, though it was with great difficulty, the officers restrained them, and the exultant minute-men remained behind the breastworks.

There was a break in the fight now, and during the interval the fleet began to fire shells into Charlestown, where the few wooden houses were soon in flames, but the sight of the burning houses only increased the rage of the men on Breed's Hill. Again the British formed in line and the scarlet ranks advanced up the hill. This time the patriots waited until they had come within ninety feet of the trenches, then again they poured their terrible fire right into the ranks that were so near that they could almost "behold the whites of their eyes." There was a brief and desperate struggle, and once more the regulars wavered, and then broke and fled, leaving hundreds of their comrades dead or wounded upon the field. And the "farmers" had been so well protected by their embankments that they had lost only a few men.

The delay which now followed was longer than the preceding one, and though the men in Cambridge were trying to come to the aid of their comrades, not much was done. The powder was almost gone, and their only hope seemed to be in a hand-to-hand fight. We now know that the British soldiers themselves were not in favour of trying the attack again; but the words of the leaders prevailed, and for the third time the scarlet-clad soldiers started up the sloping sides of Breed's Hill.

There was now hardly sufficient powder among the Americans to permit the soldiers to fire even one volley at the approaching redcoats, but they did what was in their power, and did it with a will. Then the determined redcoats, chagrined by the former defeats and resolute as the Saxon always is, with their bayonets fixed, charged on the works.

The Americans were just as stubborn, but they had few bayonets and no powder, and so they were driven slowly from the place they had so gallantly held, and Breed's Hill and Bunker too, fell into the hands of the redcoats. But they had not gained the victory — if victory it can be called — without losing 1054 of their brave men, while the Americans had also lost 449.

So the Battle of Bunker Hill — for the name of the hill to which the patriots had first been sent was given to the fight — was fought and ended, and it is said that so impressed were the veterans of King George that never again did they willingly move upon the Americans when they were intrenched. It was a terrible fight, but it was glorious in its effect; and the memory of Bunker Hill is still an inspiration to every one whose home is in these United States, and the story will never grow old.

CHAPTER VIII

THE CONTINENTAL SOLDIERS

The effect of the battle of Bunker Hill was electric. Although General Joseph Warren had fallen just as the retreat was begun, not even the death of that beloved man could check the enthusiasm, for had not the British regulars been almost defeated?

General Washington had set forth from Philadelphia for Cambridge June 21st, and, attended on his way by a company of light horse, had been greeted with enthusiastic cheers and a warm welcome all along the line of his march. It was four days after his departure from Philadelphia when he arrived at New York, and, although the new royal governor, Tryon, came there from England on the very same day, there was no doubt as to which was welcomed with the greater enthusiasm. News of the battle of Bunker Hill was there received by Washington and his men, and added not a little to the spirits of the friends of the colonies.

At New York, Washington held a conference with General Philip Schuyler, who was soon, as we shall learn, to take an active part in the struggle, and dismissing his body of light horse and attended by Charles Lee and his guard resumed his journey to Cambridge, where he arrived on the afternoon of July 2d.

At nine o'clock on the following morning, after the troops had been drawn up on the Cambridge common,

accompanied by several of his officers Washington walked from his quarters, and taking his stand in front of the assembled ranks, spoke a few words, drew his sword, and formally assumed the command of the Continental army amidst the greatest enthusiasm. It was a great day in the new commander's life and in the life of America.

At once Washington began the hard work that was to continue for many weary years. He called a council of war, and it was decided that the first task must be to organize the army, for up to this time the feeling of independence had extended even to the individual soldiers, who did not like to have their own liberties curtailed, and by them obedience was a virtue yet to be learned. Indeed, though it seems hard to acknowledge it, drunkenness, thieving, and profanity were prevalent. This does not mean that every soldier was guilty of these crimes, but the vices were common and led Washington to issue on the very day after he assumed the command the following general order: —

"The Continental Congress having now taken all the troops of the several colonies, which have been raised, or may be raised hereafter for the support and defence of the liberties of America, into their pay and service, they are now the troops of the UNITED PROVINCES OF NORTH AMERICA; and it is hoped that all distinction of colonies will be laid aside, so that one and the same spirit may animate the whole, and the only contest be, who shall render, on this great and trying occasion, the most essential service to the great and common cause in which we are all engaged. It is required and expected that exact discipline be observed, and due subordination prevail through the whole army, as a failure in these most essential points must necessarily produce extreme hazard, disorder, and confusion, and end

in shameful disappointment and disgrace. The general most earnestly requires and expects a due observance of these articles of war, established for the government of the army, which forbid profane cursing, swearing, and drunkenness; and in like manner, he requires and expects of all officers and soldiers not engaged on actual duty, a punctual attendance on divine service, to implore the blessings of Heaven upon the means used for our safety and defence."

The very fact, however, that this model order was necessary may teach us after all that our own times are not worse than those which have preceded us, as some people are ever trying to have us believe.

Naturally, Washington arranged the divisions of his army by colonies so that friends and neighbours might be kept together, and the jealousy felt by one colony for another, a source of constant trouble, might be guarded against as much as was possible. All together about sixteen thousand men were in the American army.

What the life and duties of the soldiers were may perhaps be better understood by the following letter of William Emerson, a chaplain in the army at Cambridge, written not long after Washington assumed command of the forces: —

"New lords, new laws. The generals, Washington and Lee, are upon the lines every day. New orders from his excellency are read to the respective regiments every morning after prayers. The strictest government is taking place and great distinction is made between officers and soldiers. Every one is made to know his place and keep in it, or be tied up and receive thirty or forty lashes according to his crime. Thousands are at work every day from four till eleven o'clock in the morning. It is surprising how much work has been done. The lines are extended almost from

Cambridge to the Mystic River; so that very soon it will be morally impossible for the enemy to get between the works, except in one place which is supposed to be left purposely unfortified, to entice the enemy out of their fortresses. Who would have thought twelve months past that all Cambridge and Charlestown would be covered over with American camps and cut up into forts and intrenchments and all the lands, fields, and orchards laid common — horses and cattle feeding in the choicest mowing land, whole fields of corn eaten down to the ground, and large parks of well regulated locusts cut down for firewood and other public uses. This, I must say, looks a little melancholy. My quarters are at the foot of the famous Prospect Hill, where such preparations are made for the reception of the enemy. It is very diverting to walk among the camps. They are as different in their form as the owners are in their dress, and every tent is a portraiture of the temper and taste of the persons who encamp in it. Some are made of boards and some of sail-cloth; some partly of one and partly of the other. Again, others are made of stone or turf, brick or brush. Some are thrown up in a hurry; others are curiously wrought with doors and windows, done with wreaths and withes, in the manner of a basket. Some are your proper tents and marquees, looking like the regular camp of the enemy. In these are the Rhode Islanders, who are furnished with tent equipage and everything in the most exact English style. However, I think this great variety rather a beauty than a blemish in the army."

The bulk of the army at Cambridge had been made up of men from the New England colonies, of whom naturally Massachusetts had provided the largest number. Others

were hastening, however, to join the ranks, and in some of the colonies, notably Pennsylvania, so great was the enthusiasm that measures had to be taken to restrict the numbers. One of the Colonial newspapers informs us of the unique method employed by one leader to enable him to select the best men without giving offence to those who might not be chosen. He took a piece of chalk and drew on a board the picture of a nose of ordinary size. Then he placed his drawing at a distance of one hundred and fifty yards from the line and declared that those who could shoot nearest to the mark should be chosen to go to Cambridge with him. More than sixty hit the mark, and the newspaper sagely concludes its description of the incident by remarking: "General Gage, take care of *your* nose!"

"Daniel Morgan's riflemen," composed for the most part of pioneers from Virginia, together with a few from Maryland and Western Pennsylvania, were among the best of the recruits, although the New England men were not as cordial in their welcome as they might have been owing to their prejudice against Irishmen, for the majority of this band were of Irish birth. They were famous for their skill with the rifle, and it is said that on the run through the forest they could load their guns and that every man was able to hit a running squirrel at a distance of three hundred yards. The garb of these sharpshooters was also unique, and every one wore a loose hunting shirt, on the front of which were the well-known words of Patrick Henry, "Liberty or Death." The leader of this band, Daniel Morgan himself, was as unique as his men. Born in New Jersey, of Welsh descent, he was a giant in stature and possessed of a physical strength almost beyond belief.

At one time he had received five hundred lashes on the bare back by the order of a British officer, and at another he had escaped from the Indians after having been shot through the neck by a rifle ball.

Among the leaders were also many men destined to become famous. There was Nathanael Greene, next to Washington the ablest general of the Revolution. It is said that this young Rhode Island blacksmith, or iron worker, in spite of the fact that he was the son of a Quaker, had become so fond of the study of military science that he endured a sound whipping when he was a grown man at the hands of his irate and *peaceful* father, rather than abandon his pursuits. Young Greene had left the Friends at this time, however, but whether it was because of his fondness for the camps or the influence of his sprightly little wife, Kate Littlefield Greene, is not known. Then there was Benedict Arnold and John Hart and John Sullivan and Artemas Ward, Heath, Knox, and a host of men who little realized at the time the part they were to take in the history of a nation that was not yet born. Israel Putnam, who had left his plough for the camp, as we know, was also at Cambridge, and "Old Put" was to prove himself worthy of his name. He had served throughout the French and Indian war and had been wounded fifteen different times. At one time the Indians had made him a prisoner, and after scalping him had tied him to a tree and were about to put an end to his life with a tomahawk when a French officer happening at the time to pass near the unfortunate man, quickly freed him and thereby saved his life. Last and lowest of all was Charles Lee, though next to Washington in his position, feared and looked up to by many of the Americans for the

simple reason that he had fought in Europe. It would have saved Washington and the little nation many a hard blow if the ugly, smooth-tongued, but treacherous and unreliable man had never crossed the sea to claim his estates in Virginia. But come he did, and of his treachery we shall soon learn.

With these leaders and men differing in their opinions and training, enlisted for different terms of service, quartered by themselves and keeping alive not only a bitter feeling for England, but each a jealous love for his own colony, with no common country though they had a common cause, with flags of different kinds floating over the camps (the most common flag was known as the "Rattlesnake flag," from the fact that it had as a design a coiled rattlesnake and the words "Don't tread on me"), the new commander was striving to hold the British in Boston as well as to bring his followers into some form of discipline and order. There was frequent firing between the lines and occasional minor skirmishes, but there was no serious engagement as the summer passed. The following extract from a letter from Cambridge, written for the New York *Gazette* at the close of July, will perhaps explain the character of the work and experience of the opposing armies: —

"During a severe cannonade at Roxbury last week, a bomb thirteen inches in diameter fell within the American lines and burnt furiously, when four of the artillerymen ran up and one kicked out the fuse, saved the bomb and probably some lives — a stroke of heroism worthy of record. The regulars have so hardened the provincials by their repeated firing that a cannonading is just as much minded as a common thunder shower. All things look well. The provincials are now as strongly posted

as are the regulars. Neither side are [*sic*] willing to attack the other in their lines."

The monotony of the camp life was to be rudely broken, however, and assuming the aggressive the Americans were resolved to carry the war into the country of the enemy, and the desperately courageous but unsuccessful expedition led by Benedict Arnold against Quebec was soon undertaken.

CHAPTER IX

THE MARCH ON QUEBEC AND THE EVACUATION OF BOSTON

While Washington was trying to get his army into form about Boston, other events, and of a very stirring kind, were occurring not far away. General Philip Schuyler was now in command of the division along Lake Champlain, where, as we have already learned, Benedict Arnold had gone to capture Fort Ticonderoga, but had been compelled to yield the leadership of the expedition to Ethan Allen. Although he had only a few followers, Arnold had succeeded in taking the few British boats on the lake; but he did not enjoy holding a position inferior to that of Allen, and at last became so angry that he wrote a savage letter resigning the position to which the Provincial Congress of Massachusetts had elected him, and then returned to Cambridge with many complaints about his ill-usage.

Benedict Arnold was a very brave man, one who never asked his men to do what he was not willing to do himself, and when action was required his boldness was as magnetic as his example. He was, however, of a very jealous disposition, and quick to sulk whenever he fancied that he had been slighted or ignored. Washington fully appreciated the man, and was quick to use him, and perhaps, if his words had been followed, we never should have heard of Arnold the traitor. This does not in the least excuse Arnold for his treachery, though he was very

THE BATTLE OF LONG ISLAND

(From a painting by A. Chappel)

unjustly treated; but it may, in part, explain the causes that led to his overthrow at last.

At this time Arnold, and, indeed, many other men, as well, were very strongly in favour of invading Canada. He had already written Congress suggesting a plan by which he confidently believed that 2000 men might easily win all of that country. He declared that Carleton, the governor of Canada, had only 550 men under him who were of any account, and that word had already been received that the gates of Montreal would be thrown open to the Americans the moment that a strong force of Continentals appeared before the town. He wanted very much to lead the expedition himself, and declared that he was willing to assume all the responsibility of the proposed movement.

Congress, however, as we know, was timid. The body had no clearly defined power, many of its members were strongly opposed to doing anything more than was absolutely necessary to protect themselves, and still fondly believed that the king and Parliament would listen to their pleas. Ethan Allen had also made a similar proposal, and later he visited Philadelphia himself, though his chief object seems to have been to secure pay for the soldiers who had been with him at Ticonderoga, and to get permission to raise a new regiment. It is said that Allen and his companions appeared in person before Congress, and orally made known their wants; and so strong was the impression made by the rough soldiers that the desired permission to raise the new force of Green Mountain Boys was obtained, and the enthusiastic men hastened back to join Schuyler and Montgomery, who were in command at Ticonderoga and Crown Point.

The fear that the British in Canada would strive to

retake Ticonderoga, together with several other strong reasons, at last led to the decision to send an expedition into Canada, and in September, 1775, the forces of Schuyler and Montgomery appeared before St. John's at the Sorel.

The fort was more strongly garrisoned than they had thought; so instead of trying to assault it, Schuyler hastened back to Ticonderoga for reënforcements. The reënforcements were speedily sent, but Schuyler himself was taken ill and could not return, and so the command was left to Montgomery, who proved himself to be more than equal to the occasion; for after a siege of fifty days he captured Fort Chambly and Fort St. John's, and then pushing on, soon afterward, on November 12th, 1775, entered Montreal in triumph.

Without delaying long at Montreal the young leader started on for Quebec, where he was to lay down his life as gloriously as Wolfe had done a few years before this time. It is to be feared that even the Americans in later years have almost forgotten this brave hero in the common glory which has been ascribed by England and America alike to Wolfe; but common justice demands that the one should not receive less praise, as the other has received his great and merited honor.

As Montgomery had served under Wolfe, perhaps he had learned his lessons from that great leader. At all events, he had proved himself to be a worthy pupil.

Meanwhile Colonel Benedict Arnold was to have the fondest desire of his heart gratified, for Washington had detached a thousand of the New England infantry and Morgan's riflemen, and also two companies of the Pennsylvania men, and placing them under the command of

Arnold, ordered them to start for Quebec. The winter would soon be coming on, the advance was to be by the Kennebec and Chaudière rivers, and through an unbroken wilderness; but this seems to have been the very thing that Arnold most enjoyed. When his men were rowing against the swift current of the rivers, or pushing or crawling through the thick underbrush, or wading through the half-frozen swamps, it was his example and presence that cheered his followers on. Their clothing torn, their shoes worn out, their supplies gone, and the game of the forest by no means plentiful, slight cause for wonder is it that many of the men became ill and died on the way, and that before the fearful march of thirty-three days had been completed, two hundred had perished and as many more had turned back toward Cambridge, carrying with them others who were sick or helpless. It is said that the wives of some of the men accompanied their husbands on this terrible march through the wilderness, and that they endured the hardships even better than did the men. This was not to be the only time, however, when the determined American women were to share the hardships of the camps and armies, and lend the inspiration of their presence to the struggling soldiers of the colonies.

At last the march was completed, and as bravely as if he had all of Washington's army at his back, Arnold with his little force of seven hundred men crossed the St. Lawrence, climbed the Heights of Abraham, and as boldly as Ethan Allen had demanded of the astounded commander the surrender of Ticonderoga, called upon the garrison to come out and fight or else surrender the town.

Very wisely the garrison refused to do either, for why should they? They were comfortable, well protected,

and had everything to lose and nothing to gain by leaving the forts, just the reverse of the conditions which Arnold and his men would be compelled to face; and it was more than likely that the cold of the winter would be sufficient of itself to conquer the intrepid American if he should be so reckless as to remain.

So Arnold had to try to be patient and wait for the arrival of Montgomery; but doubtless the delay had much to do with the reckless attempt to storm the town that soon afterward was made, for whatever else he might do, Benedict Arnold did not know how to wait. That test of a great man he always failed to meet.

General Carleton, a few days afterward, managed to slip into Quebec all unbeknown to the Americans, and on December 3d Montgomery and his little band, which swelled the numbers of the besiegers to twelve hundred, joined Arnold.

Again and again they demanded of Carleton that he should come forth and fight, but the British general was too shrewd to be tempted by the taunts of his enemies to leave the shelter of the forts, and at last Arnold and Montgomery decided to storm the place — all of which "was magnificent, but it was not war." And yet their plan almost succeeded, though then, as now, "almost" is but to fail.

It was two o'clock in the morning of the last day of 1775. It was bitterly cold, and the driving snow almost prevented every soldier from seeing a yard before him. On one side of the town Montgomery and his men advanced, and on the other moved Arnold and his forces. Strange as it may seem, Montgomery, aided by the surprise and the storm, almost gained his side of the town.

Steadily, doggedly, he moved forward, and just at the moment when it seemed as if success was to be his, the intrepid young general fell dead with three bullets in his body.

His followers, staggered by the loss, hesitated, stopped their advance for the moment, and then, as the approaching reënforcements of the garrison at that moment were seen, the soldiers, without a leader, and not knowing what to do, fell back. Had they held the ground they had won Quebec would have fallen, for Arnold was fighting with desperate zeal on the other side of the town. His sword was as the sword of ten. His voice, his arm, his zeal, all appealed to the men beside him. Stubbornly, bravely, recklessly, they all fought on. Arnold fell to the ground terribly wounded, and was carried from the field, but still the fight went on. Daniel Morgan and his riflemen rushed to the front at the fall of Arnold. They stormed the battery. They even made their way into the town; but neither Montgomery nor his men were there to meet him, and soon cut off from support, the Virginia men were prisoners, and Quebec was still held by the British.

Though driven back, Benedict Arnold still did not give up, for he did not know how. He had lost the aid of Montgomery, and now had less than one thousand men with him, but moving to a place about three miles distant from the town he dug intrenchments and prepared his camp, hoping to be able to prevent supplies from being carried into Quebec, and thereby bring the garrison to terms. The British general, Carleton, who was well aware that just as soon as spring came and the ice had gone out of the St. Lawrence, reënforcements would be sent him, simply did nothing but wait, and so displayed the very best of generalship.

How the terrible winter was endured, with the cold, hunger, and smallpox accomplishing far more destruction among his men than the bullets of the enemy had been able to effect, only Arnold himself could have told. It was true that his force had been increased by the coming of other men until it numbered three thousand, but with eight hundred of these ill with the smallpox, it was not a force of which Carleton naturally stood in any great fear.

April 1st, General Wooster came from Montreal, and as he was superior in rank to Arnold, he assumed the command of the besieging force. It was warmer now, and the men were able to work, so batteries were erected and the cannon were brought to bear upon the town though no damage was done. It was at this time that Arnold's horse one day slipped and fell upon the general's leg which had been so terribly wounded in the attack on the town. This latest accident rendered Arnold unfit for service, and so he obtained permission to leave for Montreal. As he did not love Wooster any more than he had loved Ethan Allen, the permission was granted without any very great regret on either side, and Arnold withdrew to Montreal.

In May, General Thomas came, but as Carleton at the time also received large reënforcements, the Americans were forced to beat so hasty a retreat that they were even compelled to leave much of their stores and many of their sick behind them. It is a pleasure to record that the latter were kindly treated, and afterward were sent to their homes.

At the Sorel, after having received reënforcements, General Thomas tried to halt and prepare to meet the British; but smallpox seized upon him, and soon carried him away. His death left the sterling General Sullivan, of whom we

shall hear much later, in command; but not even he was able to withstand the advancing forces of Burgoyne, and soon all the American army had returned to their own country, and the invasion of Canada was at an end.

Before this had come to pass, however, Washington had succeeded in driving the British out of Boston. On the 4th of March, deceiving the British by the heavy fire from other directions, he had sent two thousand men to Dorchester Heights, and at the dawn of the following morning the redcoats were astonished to behold the great guns in place on the heights above them.

The admiral bluntly declared that unless those intrenchments were taken his fleet would be withdrawn, for he did not care to expose his vessels to the fire which he knew would not be vain. Lord Percy was at last bidden to take three thousand men and advance to storm the place held by the Americans; but it is one thing to say what ought to be done, and quite a different one to do it. The redcoats had not forgotten Bunker Hill, and as a hard storm just then swept over the region, it afforded an excellent pretext for a delay.

On the following day, when the storm had passed, it was discovered that the hardy Americans had not stopped for the rain, and their fortifications were now too strong to be attacked, and nothing was left for the British to do but to evacuate Boston. Threatening to burn the town if his troops were fired upon (Washington, wisely but greatly to the disgust of some of his men, agreed that his guns would be silent during the departure), the eight thousand British troops embarked on the fleet and sailed away for Halifax. And from that day, March 17th, 1776, until this many men have been accustomed when in anger to bid

their enemies depart for the same destination. The British had left powder, cannon, and stores behind them when they departed, and the needy American troops were almost as rejoiced to gain these supplies as they were over the departure of the redcoats.

CHAPTER X

INDEPENDENCE

THREE events had occurred outside the armies that did very much toward hastening the separation between the colonies and the mother country. One of these was the refusal of the king and Parliament even to receive, much less to listen to, the delegate who was sent by Congress to present the last appeal of the patriots for justice and kindness at the hands of their rulers. As we already know, the mass of the people, as well as of the members of Congress, had been opposed to independence. They declared that they still loved England, the home of their fathers and the former home of many of them, and that they had no desire to cut loose from that land. Some of the leaders deeply revered the name of the nation of which they still claimed to be a part; others, who were property owners, were fearful of the losses that would be theirs in case of a revolution; and still others were of that conservative class which is ever bitterly opposed to anything like a radical change in existing conditions.

Nearly all the people in America, however, were agreed that the colonies were being treated very harshly, and when the last petition was curtly rejected, and even the man who carried it to England was not listened to, and his very prayer was not heard, it began to make some think that mild measures were not to be relied upon longer. Benjamin Franklin,

John Adams, Samuel Adams, Thomas Paine, and others had for some time believed that independence was the only hope remaining, but they had been in such a minority that even these bold men had not deemed it wise to say very much about their own convictions.

The second event that inflamed the feelings of the Americans was the wanton burning of Falmouth, Maine (now Portland), October 16th, 1775. Captain Mowatt with four British vessels had sailed into the harbour and set fire to the town. Churches, public buildings, and houses were all treated alike; and when the sun went down on that day, less than a fourth of the town remained standing, and more than a thousand men, women, and children were without a shelter of any kind, and had no protection from the cold weather which would soon be upon them. And, worst of all, there was absolutely no excuse for this wanton deed, and even the anger of those who had thus far not entered into the spirit of the struggle soon burned as fiercely as the blazing town of Falmouth when the news spread over the land.

Congress learned of the British captain's cruelty, on the 31st of October, but even the report of the sad plight of the Maine people was somewhat overshadowed by the news that King George had "hired" twenty thousand Hessian soldiers to come with his own reënforcements to America, and assist, by one strong vigorous campaign, in forever putting "his rebellious subjects in America" into the proper attitude of body and of mind.

Again and again rumours had been current that George III. was about to employ mercenaries to help him subdue the colonies, but even the most bitter Tories had indignantly denied that their ruler would ever be guilty of the

baseness of using hired soldiers to kill his own subjects. Nor were the angry Americans the only ones to express such sentiments, for Empress Catherine of Russia, to whom King George had first applied for troops, had, at the time when she refused to provide the men, almost taunted him with the very same words used by the colonists themselves.

But the king had succeeded in obtaining the men from the Landgrave of Hesse-Cassel (it is said the gambling debts of the petty prince played no small part in the transaction), and so it came to pass that four of the most successful of European generals and twenty thousand of the best-drilled troops were to be sent to America, in addition to such troops as England's king could spare from the wars in which he was then engaged or with which he fancied himself to be threatened.

How the Americans did hate those Hessian soldiers! They did not stop to think that the men themselves were not to blame, but the fault was to be charged to their rulers, who had sold their services and compelled them to leave their homes and kindred and cross the sea to shoot men against whom they had no grievance, and for whose quarrel they themselves cared nothing at all. "Dutch butchers" the angry Americans termed them, and the hatred and contempt they felt for the foreign soldiers cannot be fully appreciated to-day.

The language spoken by the Hessians sounded strangely gruff in their ears. For the most part, they were large men, and their very dress, to which they very foolishly and tenaciously clung in all sorts of places and in all kinds of weather, added much to the strangeness of their appearance. Their high fur hats; their long jack-boots that came

to the thighs, each foot being equipped with a long, heavy, and cruel spur; the thick short broadsword; the short carbine; and the heavy gun with which every soldier was supplied made up a strange garb. But more impressive than any or all of these was the heavy black mustache each soldier permitted to grow long, which he was also said to dye every morning with shoe-blacking. This imparted a ferocious aspect to their faces, to which the smoothly shaved Continentals were in no wise accustomed.

These three events, like the last straws which are said (in connection with all the rest of the load) to break the back of the proverbial camel, proved to be too much for the long-suffering Americans.

North Carolina, where the first bloodshed of the war had occurred, was now also the first to declare herself in favour of independence, and so to instruct her delegates to the Congress at Philadelphia. Other colonies followed her example, until at last all but New York had recorded themselves in favour of the action which was forever to separate the new land from the old. Although New York had not been able to express herself in favour of the proposed declaration, it was well understood how the most of her people felt concerning the matter, and the men in Philadelphia proceeded with their deliberations as confidently as if a formal vote in New York had been secured.

It was on June 7th, 1776, when Richard Henry Lee of Virginia had risen in the presence of the Congress, and with his clear ringing voice — he was a marvellous orator — had fearlessly read aloud the resolution, "That these united colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent states; and that all political connection between us and the State of Great Britain is, and ought

to be, totally dissolved." John Adams quickly seconded the resolution, though for the sake of the safety of the lives of the two men, Congress directed its secretary to omit from the records the name of each man. The wide world knows, however, all about it to-day.

The consideration of the resolution was after two delays postponed until the first of July, by which time it was believed that every colony would have put itself on record and instructed its delegates how to vote. A committee was nevertheless appointed to prepare a declaration, and the following men were named as members of it: Thomas Jefferson of Virginia, John Adams of Massachusetts, Benjamin Franklin of Pennsylvania, Roger Sherman of Connecticut, and Robert R. Livingstone of New York. Naturally we would suppose that the name of Richard Henry Lee, who had introduced the resolution, would have been placed on this list, but the illness of his wife had compelled him to leave for home, and his absence therefore accounts for the non-appearance of his name. He was there in spirit, if he was compelled to be absent in the body.

On the first day of July, 1776, with Benjamin Harrison in the chair, the resolution was brought up for action. The DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE had been drawn up by Thomas Jefferson, who had been appointed chairman of the committee. He was a very young man at this time, a delegate from Virginia, not very much of a speaker, though his pen had already become known not only as that of a "ready writer" but of an able writer as well. Jefferson had desired John Adams to draw up the document; but Adams, as far-sighted as he had been when he had secured the appointment of Washington as commander-

in-chief of the army, and for very much the same reasons, insisted upon his young colleague doing the work. In his autobiography John Adams gave the following reasons for declining to do the work, and for his insistence that Jefferson should do it: "1. That he was a Virginian and I a Massachusettensian. 2. That he was a Southern man and I a Northern one. 3. That I had been so obnoxious for my early and constant zeal in promoting the measure, that every draft of mine would undergo a more severe scrutiny and criticism in Congress than one of his composition. 4. And lastly, and that would be reason enough if there were no other, I had a great opinion of the elegance of his pen and none at all of my own. I therefore insisted that no hesitation should be made on his part. He accordingly took the minutes, and in a day or two produced me his draft."

Richard Henry Lee was absent on that first day of July, as we have said, owing to the illness in his family, and John Adams was called upon to defend the resolution he had seconded. Perhaps he was not the fiery, magnetic speaker that Lee was, but he was a man of greater intellect, and his speech was a powerful one. Doubtless many of those who are reading these pages have declaimed in their school days portions of that speech, or supposed portions, before admiring audiences, and have declared that "sink or swim, survive or perish," they were unhesitatingly in favour of independence. Samuel Adams of Massachusetts, Dr. Witherspoon of New Jersey, Edward Rutledge of South Carolina, and others also spoke warmly in its favour.

The resolution was opposed by some, for what measure ever yet existed to which all men agreed? The strongest

speech in opposition was made by John Dickinson, who brought forward points that in one form or another have been urged against every new movement since the world began.

"The country would not be any stronger, proposed alliances with France, Spain, or other foreign nations were all uncertain. There would be no hope of future favours from Great Britain. The colonies themselves had no settled government, and first all these details should be arranged, and *then* America might take her place among the nations of the world" — all of which was not without weight, but after all was very much like the consent of the anxious mother for her boy to enter the water *after* he had learned to swim; or telling a young teacher or physician that he will be employed *after* he shall have had some experience. Learning comes by experience, and centuries ago a writer declared that all such reasons as those advanced by John Dickinson against any movement which of itself *was right*, would usually prevent the measure itself from being entered upon. "He that observeth the wind shall not sow; and he that regardeth the clouds shall not reap."

The resolution declaring the colonies to be free and independent was unanimously adopted on the *second day of July*, 1776. Nine colonies the preceding day had voted in favour of it. New York was silent because, as we have said, her delegates had not been instructed. Pennsylvania voted nay, and so did South Carolina. Delaware also was counted in the negative, although one of her delegates cast his vote in favour of adopting the resolution. The final vote was unanimous, at least as far as twelve colonies were concerned, for the New York delegates, though

not opposed to it, did not feel that they ought to vote for it.

The form drawn up by Jefferson was modified and slightly changed, and after a full discussion, was adopted, July 4th, 1776.

It was two o'clock in the afternoon. A great crowd of excited people had assembled in the streets, for by this time all the people of Philadelphia were aware of what was in the air. The slow moments passed, and many began to fear that Congress after all had become alarmed and the measure would fail. The old bellman was up in the steeple waiting anxiously for the signal. He had stationed a lad in a place where he could easily perceive him, and the boy was to inform him just as soon as the vote had been taken. Still the time dragged on. Would the end never come?

At last a sudden great shout went up from the assembled crowd, the boy clapped his hands and joined in the outcry, and the old bellman knew the moment had arrived, and instantly the great iron tongue of the liberty bell sent forth its clamour, heard like the reports of the guns at Concord and Lexington "around the world." Cannon were fired, people shouted and sang. There were bonfires and illuminations in the evening, and grown men, as well as the ever present small boys, seemed to be beside themselves with joy.

It was a great day. It is a great thing to be free. To declare that a county is free is one thing, and to be free is, however, quite a different one, as the excited colonists were yet to learn by many sad and terrible experiences; but the birth of these United States of America was an assured fact from the day when the Continental Congress assem-

BATTLE OF BENNINGTON

(From a painting by Chappel)

bled in the old State House at Philadelphia, and the "Liberty Bell" sent forth its peals which are yet ringing.

Although few realized what the declaration meant, they all, or nearly all, entered into the celebrations that followed. The fifty-six men who had signed it were very much in earnest, and their own feeling, as well as the declaration itself, helped to arouse others.

In New York, whither Washington with his army had come after the British had departed from Boston, what was done was recorded in one of the newspapers as follows: "This afternoon (July 10, 1776) the Declaration of Independence was read at the head of each brigade of the Continental army posted at, and in the vicinity of, New York. It was received everywhere with loud huzzas and the utmost demonstrations of joy; and to-night the equestrian statue of George III., which Tory pride and folly raised in the year 1770, has by the Sons of Freedom been laid prostrate in the dirt — the just desert of an ungrateful tyrant! The lead wherewith the monument was made is to be run into bullets, to assimilate with the brains of our infatuated adversaries, who, to gain a peppercorn, have lost an empire.[1] A gentleman who was present at this ominous fall of leaden majesty, looking back at the original hopeful's beginning, pertinently exclaimed in the language of the Angel to Lucifer: —

"'If thou be'st he! But, ah, how fallen! how changed!'"

Still the king of lead did more good to the struggling soldiers than ever the king of flesh had done, for the store of bullets was largely increased by the melted statue.

[1] Lord Clare had said openly in the House of Commons that a peppercorn in acknowledgment of Britain's *right* to tax America, was of more importance than millions without it.

The real celebration in Boston occurred July 17th, when to a vast crowd of excited people assembled at Faneuil Hall, Colonel Crafts read the entire declaration. The great assembly had been silent throughout the reading, even the jubilant small boys realizing that something of an extraordinary nature was going on; but when at last the final paragraph had been read, such a shout went up that it is said to have shaken the old "Cradle of Liberty." Then the guns of the near-by batteries began to roar, giving vent to the feelings of the people by firing thirteen rounds.

In Philadelphia there had been an exciting time, not only when the old bell had been rung after the vote in Congress had been taken, but on July 8th, when there was another and special celebration. There was an immense crowd on Walnut street to hear the reading, and as soon as it had been completed, the arms of the king were torn from their place in the court room and burned in a huge bonfire in the street. The bonfires and shouts and parades were kept up till midnight, when a heavy thunder-shower at last dampened the ardour of the crowds, and sent even the boys home for shelter.

Nor were the celebrations confined to the large towns. Throughout the colonies there were banquets, anvils were fired, parades marched up and down the streets, and the first celebration of the Fourth of July certainly was not lacking in noise, although different dates were selected by different towns for the occasion.

The college boys at Nassau Hall (Princeton) made almost as great a commotion as they do now over a victory in foot-ball won from a rival college. Trenton, New London, Charleston, Savannah, Newport, and other towns were particularly noticeable for their noisy delight.

At Elizabethtown (Elizabeth), New Jersey, the old newspapers record the words of one worthy mother, that became familiar during the war and have not been forgotten since. While the people were celebrating, doubtless as noisily as in other towns, there came a rumour that the British were about to attack the town. Instantly the men prepared for the more serious work of defending their homes, and among those who eagerly offered themselves were four brothers, all young men. Although they were the only boys she had, the mother, when they were ready to go, instead of showing any fear, boldly said to them: "My children, you are going out to fight in a just cause, for the rights and liberties of your country. You have my blessing and prayer that God will protect and assist you. But if you fall, His will be done. Let me beg of you, my boys, that, if you fall, it may be like men, and that your wounds may not be in your back parts."

The world has ever made much of the old Spartan mothers, but surely the mothers of the Revolution are also worthy of a place in our regard.

CHAPTER XI

MOORE'S CREEK AND SULLIVAN'S ISLAND

THE colonies, although they had declared themselves to be independent of Great Britain, were still far from being united among themselves, and many weary years were to pass before they were to become one true nation.

At the time of the declaration, however, two events had occurred which greatly strengthened the faith of the people, and both of these were in the South.

In North Carolina, as has already been related, had occurred the first bloody engagement between the colonists and the forces of the king. This same colony had also been the first to declare herself in favour of independence, and at this very time another event took place within her borders that added much to the enthusiasm of the people of other colonies as well as of her own.

Many Scotchmen, Highlanders for the most part, had within a few years left their homes and crossed the ocean to make for themselves new abodes in the upper parts of North Carolina, South Carolina, and Georgia. These people were devoted Tories, and although they had in the old country fought for liberty, in the new land they seemed to be opposed to the efforts of their neighbours to resist the tyranny of the king. Relying upon the aid which it was supposed they would give the redcoats, Sir Henry Clinton, with some two thousand troops, in January, 1776,

had sailed away from Boston for the Cape Fear River. The governor of the colony of North Carolina had promised to add at least sixteen hundred Highlanders to Clinton's forces, and at the same time it was expected that ships and regiments from Ireland would arrive to join the army there.

The patriots of North Carolina were not asleep, however, and a hastily assembled force of men took their stand by the road where the Scotchmen were to pass on their way to join Clinton. Nor had they long to wait, for very soon the men were seen to be approaching, and at the bridge over Moore's Creek the battle began. It was not much more than a beginning, however, for in a half-hour the Scotchmen were ready to quit; but the Americans were of another mind, for they not only held about nine hundred of the men who tried to flee, but also captured a goodly sum of money, and what was of still greater importance, some two thousand stands of arms. The Scotch leader, who was known as his wife's husband, being none other than Alan Macdonald, whose wife, Flora, had at one time saved the life of Charles Edward, was cast into jail, and the effect of the daring stand of the patriots, outnumbered as they had been almost two to one, had about the same effect in the South that Ticonderoga and Lexington and the evacuation of Boston had had in the New England colonies, and the one thousand men who had stopped the march of the Scotch at Moore's Creek, February 27th, 1776, were speedily increased to ten times that number.

So Sir Henry Clinton very soon decided that South Carolina was a more promising field for his efforts than North Carolina, and as the fleet had not yet arrived

from Ireland, he spent the most of his time in cruising about Albemarle Sound. Parker's fleet arrived in May, and then Clinton and Parker began to talk over the best plan of driving the Americans out of the little fort which had been built on Sullivan's Island. This fort commanded the harbour, and Clinton's only question was not whether the place could be taken or not, but how could it best be done, and with the least possible loss to his own men. As soon as the fort should fall into his hands, then South Carolina, where the Tories and Whigs were both unusually active, would be at his mercy, or so he fondly believed.

Colonel William Moultrie had built this fort, using piles of sand and logs of palmetto in its construction, and at this time had about twelve hundred men under his command, while in Charleston itself was Charles Lee, who had been ordered there to protect the town, and command the five thousand militiamen who had assembled.

Lee "knew all about it," or declared he did, which sometimes impresses others almost as much as genuine knowledge. He had "fought in Europe," a fact he did not forget, nor was he likely to let any one else forget it either. He laughed at Moultrie, poked fun at the fort, and very kindly showed him just how everything ought to be; but Colonel Moultrie had a mind of his own, and was not to be overawed by Lee, even if the latter had fought in Europe. And as John Rutledge, who was then president of the South Carolina Congress, was of the same mind, — Moultrie had his own way, and as the event proved, greatly to his credit; although all the time Lee, with his characteristic bluster, claimed all the glory of the victory, and many of the ignorant colonists believed him, too; for had he not "fought in Europe"?

It was the twenty-eighth day of June, 1776. Clinton had decided to land three thousand of his men on a sand bar in the harbour, and let them wade to the fort, and if the Americans showed any disposition at all to stand before the redcoats, then the guns of Parker's fleet were to attend to them. The redcoats were planning to use their bayonets, and did not dream that the rude and poorly equipped militia would stand for a moment before them. News travelled slowly in those days, and perhaps Clinton's soldiers had forgotten what had occurred about a year before this time on Bunker Hill.

The redcoats landed on the sand bars, but to their consternation they discovered, when they tried to cross the shoals, that instead of the water coming only to their waists, it was in places over the heads of the tallest. As they stood there in the water another enemy appeared, which was nothing more than the mosquitoes, which seemed to be just as eager for the red blood of the redcoats as ever the mosquito of the Jersey colony had been, though there were people then as there are now who profess to believe that the little torment is no respecter of persons at all.

At all events, they fell upon the British soldiers in swarms that day, and so busy were the redcoats trying to find footing in the shoals, and some defence against the mosquitoes, that most of the fighting was between the fleet and the fort. Somehow the Americans did not seem to be so badly frightened by the cannon-shot after all, and although they did not have sufficient ammunition to give back shot for shot, they made almost every one that they did fire tell; and at last, when ten hours had passed, only one of the ten vessels in the British fleet was fit

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to sail in, the flagship was almost a wreck, and the loss in killed and wounded was 205, while the Americans had had a loss of only 37, the despised palmetto-log fort was practically unharmed, and only one gun in all the hours of the fight had been put out of action.

The fort on Sullivan's Island has been known since that time as Fort Moultrie, and certainly a better name for it could not be found, for it was the sturdy colonel who, though he had never "fought in Europe," still knew enough to understand the value of sand and palmetto logs, and by his valour and that of his men had saved Charleston, and indeed the whole of South Carolina, for a time from the attacks of the British. Clinton and Parker, delaying only long enough to do such repairing as would enable their boats to put to sea, after three weeks sailed away for New York.

It was said afterward by some of the men who best knew Colonel Moultrie, that the only reason why he never rose to the very front rank was that he was never punctual. At another time he delayed in the city until he was too late to use the tide, and so the expedition he was to lead was lost, and many men laid down lives that might have been saved had Moultrie been on time. The same writer quotes the words of a great Englishman, who declared that his habit of being not only on time but a quarter of an hour in advance of each appointment had made him lord high admiral of Great Britain.[1]

Doubtless other qualities besides that of punctuality are required to make a "lord high admiral of Great Britain," and without doubt Moultrie was still a brave and noble man in spite of his habit of being behind time. If the

[1] Johnston's "Traditions and Reminiscences of the American Revolution."

habit brought him sorrow afterward, and prevented him from obtaining the success he might have won, it cannot detract from his glorious defence of the fort that soon bore his name, nor from the inspiration his bravery gave to the little nation that had declared itself to be free and independent at the time when Moultrie's victory over Clinton and Parker was proclaimed throughout the land.

CHAPTER XII

THE STRUGGLE ON LONG ISLAND

With Parker there had come to America a British soldier who was destined to play a very important part in the struggle which was then going on. This man was Lord Cornwallis, and when Clinton returned to New York, he at once became an active worker in Howe's army. For the British, who had sailed away for Halifax when they had evacuated Boston, had now come to New York, as Washington had thought they would do long before this time. Led on by his belief, the American leader had left Boston, and, with his men, had himself marched hastily for New York, well aware that the struggle would now be transferred to the Middle States.

New England did not suffer much throughout the remainder of the war, for the British knowing how rough the coast there was, and how rugged were the men, and at the same time aware of the many Tories who were to be found in and near New York, and of the greater wealth there, and influenced also by the fact that their ships could be a great aid to the soldiers, decided upon that region as their next battle-ground.

The South also for some time after the defence of Fort Moultrie was not to be seriously troubled, for there was no great wealth to be found there; the patriots were very stubborn, and if the British could secure New York and the Hudson, they trusted that their armies in Canada

would be able to make their way up through Lake Champlain and join their comrades in Albany, and so, by effectually splitting the colonies apart, particularly Massachusetts and Virginia, they would be able to crush the rebellion that very summer.

Howe was, as we know, a man who felt great sympathy for the struggling Americans. He had come across the ocean reluctantly, and only because he had been ordered to come, and he was in great hope that he might, by "offering the olive branch," as he expressed it, be able to bring about peace once more. Washington had arrived at New York some time before the coming of Howe, and had used his army in fortifying various places, and making such provisions for defence as lay within his power. At this time the men in his ranks were better fitted to use the shovel than the gun, but with all his efforts, the American commander was not able to do very much, and so few were his followers that he could not even station any one on Staten Island to dispute the landing of the British there.

The redcoats accordingly occupied that island on the 28th of June, and their presence greatly alarmed all the Whigs in the surrounding region. Harshly as the Whigs were at times treated, the British army seemed to be even more angry at the Tories, and blamed them for all the trouble that had arisen, which was not altogether just or fair.

When Washington had come to New York, Governor Tryon had fled for safety to a British ship in the near-by waters; but so bitter was his hatred that he and the mayor of New York, David Matthews, and various other prominent men formed a plot that was as dastardly as

it was cruel. This plot was to blow up the magazines of the Americans and capture General Washington, who was either to be murdered, or tried for treason and hanged. There were reports current at the time that the scheme was to poison Washington, and it is even said that his cook had been bribed to place poison in a dish of peas, of which the general was known to be very fond. The following account is taken from a newspaper, the *Pennsylvania Journal*, of those days: —

"Since Friday last, a most barbarous and infernal plot has been discovered among the Tories in New York. Two of General Washington's guards are concerned; a third whom they tempted to join them made the first discovery. The general report of their design is as follows: upon the arrival of the British troops, they were to murder all the staff-officers, blow up the magazines, and secure all the passes of the town. Gilbert Forbes, a gunsmith in the Broadway, was taken between two and three o'clock on Saturday morning and carried before our Congress who were then sitting. He refused to make any discovery, upon which he was sent to jail. The Reverend Mr. Livingston went to see him early in the morning, and told him he was very sorry to find he had been concerned, that his time was very short, not having above three days to live, and advised him to prepare himself. This had the desired effect; and he requested to be carried before Congress again, promising to discover all he knew. Several have since been taken, between twenty and thirty, among them the mayor. They are all now in confinement. Their party, it is said, consisted of about five hundred."

Two other extracts from newspapers of the time will

explain the methods employed by the angry soldiers to protect their leader and bring the plotters to justice.

"Yesterday (23) the mayor was examined twice, and returned prisoner under a strong guard. We have now thirty-four prisoners, and many more it is expected will be taken up. A party of our men went over to Long Island on Saturday last to take up some of the Tories; they returned yesterday, and brought to town one Downing, who is charged with being in the hellish plot. They took six more prisoners and put them in Jamaica jail, on Long Island. The Tories made some resistance, and fired on our men in the woods; our men then returned the fire, wounding one man mortally; they then called for quarter.

"This forenoon [June 28] was executed in a field between the Colonels M'Dougall and Huntington's camp, near the Bowry-lane, New York, in the presence of near twenty thousand spectators, a soldier belonging to his Excellency General Washington's guards, for mutiny and conspiracy; being one of these who formed, and was soon to have put in execution, that horrid plot of assassinating the staff-officers, blowing up the magazines, and securing the passes of the town on the arrival of the hungry ministerial myrmidons. During the execution, Kip, the mooncurser, suddenly sank down and expired instantly."

Lord Howe, upon his arrival July 12th, 1776, — and we may be well assured he had no sympathy for the fiendish plot in which Tryon and others had been engaged, — moved first of all, by his sincere desire for peace, sent a letter to Washington in which was a proclamation that promised forgiveness to all who would desist from rebellion and "aid in restoring tranquillity." This letter he addressed to "George Washington, Esq.," not having power or permis-

sion to recognize officially that there was such a thing in existence as a "Continental Congress," or a commander of an army sanctioned by that body.

In a dignified manner Washington declined to receive a letter addressed after that fashion, and insisted that Lord Howe, if he wrote as a commander, should also recognize him as another. Howe we know was very desirous of avoiding bloodshed, and when his messenger returned with the word he had received, "that there was in the American camp no such individual as George Washington, Esq.," he waited a few days, and then sent Colonel Patterson with another letter. This officer was of high rank and influence, and it was thought that such a man would be received by the American general. Washington did permit him to come into his presence, but when the letter he carried was seen to be addressed to "George Washington, Esq., etc.," again the leader refused to receive it, though by the gracious manner in which he received the British officer he won that soldier's love and admiration.

When Howe perceived that his opponent would not yield, still hoping to bring about peace without fighting for it, he sent the offer of the "pardon" he was authorized to grant, to the loyal governors of the various colonies; but unfortunately these gentlemen were in no position to scatter his gracious words. Tryon was on shipboard, and apparently had no disposition to try to land till the redcoats had provided a safe landing-place. Other governors had been cast into prison by the angry Whigs, and so they, too, were powerless to aid the good wishes of the British leader. Congress, however, came to the aid of Lord Howe, and of their own accord ordered his proclamation to be printed and scattered, and when

the people read it, they looked upon it as simply a huge joke, and gave it no serious thought at all.

When the English admiral and his brother perceived that the patriots intended to fight for what they believed to be their rights, they too prepared for battle, not dreaming that much of a stand could be made against them. All together, including the Hessians whom Lord Howe had brought with him, the British forces consisted of more than twenty-five thousand men, and greatly outnumbered those in Washington's army. Besides, the Continentals were poorly equipped and without experience or training, and the British soldiers were well known to be the very best in the world.

While Howe had been delaying, and holding forth his "olive branch," Washington had been very busy in doing the best in his power to strengthen his position, which was a very difficult one to hold. Brooklyn Heights seemed to be the best place to fortify strongly, and so he had placed trusty Nathanael Greene there with nine thousand of the troops, and they had been working with desperate zeal through the intervening days.

When Howe at last perceived that the Americans were deadly in earnest, he quickly determined to throw the bulk of his army against the place Greene had been fortifying, for he was as well aware as Washington that if this spot could once be occupied he would hold New York in his power. Unfortunately, Greene was taken ill, and was unable to command the men there in person, and Washington, not knowing but that Howe might not after all change his plan and fall upon the city instead of attacking the Heights, dared not come to the Brooklyn side. Perhaps General Howe told the admiral some stories as to

the manner in which the "farmers" had behaved at Lexington and Bunker Hill, but whether he did or not, before the attack on the Americans was begun, he spent several days in arranging his plans, and even sent a part of the fleet up the Hudson as if he might land a force and attack New York, and so kept Washington inside the limits. The Americans had sunk some old hulks in the Hudson, and tried to make the passage of the river difficult, if not impossible; but Howe's ships paid little more attention to these things than a great mastiff does to the barkings of a tiny terrier. On the 22d of August, 1776, General Howe landed twenty thousand of his men at Gravesend Bay, and prepared to move upon Putnam and Sullivan, who, after the illness of Greene, had been placed in command of the American forces on Long Island.

Before the British departed from Staten Island, however, there had been great fear and confusion all along the Jersey shore. It was a current rumour that when Howe should start for Long Island, the Hessians were to cross into New Jersey and fall upon Elizabethtown, Perth Amboy, and all the near-by country. Some of the timid Whigs are said to have kept their horses and coaches all ready before their doors for instant use. Some of the boys used to take canoes and float down the bay near to the shore of Staten Island, and in the darkness fire upon the camp of the Hessians, and then paddle away as fast as their arms could make them go.

One of the British boats got aground off Elizabethtown Point, and word having quickly been sent among the men and boys of the region, they assembled almost as quickly as a crowd gathers to-day, and before the regulars could rescue the sloop she had been set on fire. The militia on

SURRENDER OF COLONEL RALL AT THE BATTLE OF TRENTON

(From a painting by Chappel)

the Jersey shore were having frequent skirmishes with the redcoats and Hessians on Staten Island, and the following quotations from letters written at the time will explain the character of them: "Last Wednesday noon [10th] a soldier belonging to one of the regiments on Staten Island, being in liquor, and having wandered from his companions, got on the meadows near Elizabethtown Point, which being observed by Colonel Smith, who had the command that day at the Point, he sent over a party of men who took him prisoner."

"Yesterday nine of our riflemen crossed the river [Sound] in order to harass some Regulars who were throwing up a kind of breastwork on a bridge for their enemies, who kept firing on our men for some time without doing any execution, till one of the brave fellows went within a few yards of the enemy, and desired them to surrender. At that instant he received a ball through his head, which killed him on the spot. The colonel sent over a flag of truce to the commanding officer on the island desiring leave to bring off his man, which the officer very politely agreed to, and let him take man, rifle, and all his accoutrements."

These events were much like ripples on the surface of the stream, but they serve to show how the British and Hessians passed their time before the battle of Long Island. The soldiers, particularly the Hessians, had many encounters with the patriotic women left in the island, and were doused with hot water, or beaten off with broomsticks when they attempted to seize the pigs or poultry of the thrifty housewives, who were bold to defend their own, although, of course, they were not always successful in their attempts.

When at last Howe determined upon the attack upon the American soldiers on Long Island, the information of his departure from Staten Island was conveyed to Washington in the following manner, according to the issue of the *Pennsylvania Journal* of August 28th, 1776:—

"This night [August 22] we have reason to expect the grand attack from our barbarian enemies; the reasons why follow: the night before last a lad went over to Staten Island, supped there with a friend, and got safe back again without being discovered. Soon after he went to General Washington, and upon good authority reported that the English army, amounting to fifteen or twenty thousand, had embarked, and were ready for an engagement; that some ships of the line and a number of other vessels of war were to surround the city and cover their landing; that the Hessians, being fifteen thousand, were to remain on the island and attack Perth Amboy, Elizabethtown Point, and Bergen, while the main body were doing their best at New York; that the Highlanders expected America was already conquered, and that they were only to come over and settle on our lands, for which reason they had brought their churns, ploughs, etc.; being deceived they had refused fighting, upon which account General Howe had shot one, hung five or six, and flogged many. . . . There is an abundance of smoke to-day on Long Island, our folks having set fire to stacks of hay, etc., to prevent the enemy's being benefited in case they got any advantage against us. All the troops in New York are in high spirits, and have been under arms most of the day, as the fleet have been in motion, and are now, as is generally thought, only waiting for a change of tide. Forty-eight hours or less will determine it as to New York, one way or the other."

"A few hours" did indeed "determine it," but in a manner which, though it did the colonies great good in the end, at that time proved to be very like the bitter draught a sick man is urged to swallow. It may do good in the end, but for the present its "chastening is not joyous, but grievous."

General Washington's army at this time consisted of about eighteen thousand men, one-half of the number being on Long Island, where all summer long General Greene had been working day and night to fortify Brooklyn Heights, a position which, if it could be held, would assist the Continentals greatly in holding New York. Doubtless Washington had no strong hope of holding the city or the position, but desperate straits demand desperate means, and he was not one to hold back in any crisis.

Two difficulties increased the American leader's perplexity, one being his ignorance as to just where Howe would strike first. If more of the patriots were withdrawn from New York, the British commander might move against the city, and if too few were left on Long Island there would be no question as to what Howe would do in that event. So all that Washington could do was to place half his force in each place, and await events. His second special difficulty was that he had been compelled by Greene's illness to place Putnam in command of the forces on Long Island, and though "Old Put" was as brave as he was bold, he did not have the cool head and calm judgment of the young blacksmith-general from Rhode Island.

The problem was soon solved, however, for on August 22d, twenty thousand of Howe's men were landed at Gravesend Bay, from which place four roads extended

toward the position held by the Americans. It was in the thorough knowledge of these passes or roads that Greene possessed, that he greatly excelled the men who succeeded him, and probably he would have been able to arrange his forces to greater advantage than Putnam did, though that even he could have held out against the overwhelming numbers of the British was hardly to be expected.

After the landing of his troops, Howe spent four days in perfecting his plans, and in reconnoitring, and then, after arranging with his brother, Admiral Howe, to pretend to attack New York with his fleet and thereby hold Washington there, before sunrise on the twenty-seventh day of August, 1776, the advance of the redcoats and their allies had been almost perfected.

Lord Stirling with a small American force was stationed on the road nearest the coast, and against him the Scotch Highlanders, under the command of the British General Grant, were sent.

The largest part of the advancing army which Howe himself led, taking with him such men as Cornwallis and Clinton, marched all night long over the Jamaica road to gain the rear or flank of the Americans, while the Hessians were sent over the Bedford road to attack Sullivan, who was stationed there. Most of the Whigs had fled from the region, and as the people who remained were for the most part extremely bitter Tories, it is no cause for surprise that the movements of the invading forces were kept secret, and were therefore successful.

Caught between the Hessians and the redcoats, Sullivan's little body of men was soon thrown into confusion, and almost all of those who were not killed were made prisoners, as was General Sullivan himself.

Stirling for four fearful hours held his own against the Highlanders. For "farmers" and "country men" the raw soldiers were fighting desperately; but at last Stirling saw that he was almost completely hemmed in by his foes, and that his only way of escape was across the Gowanus Creek. It was a forlorn hope for a few to try to keep the redcoats at bay, while the others tried to escape, but still it was the only hope. Even then the tide in the creek was rising rapidly, and soon no one except the expert swimmers might hope to make even the attempt.

Renewing the attack, for twenty minutes the most terrible conflict of the entire battle occurred. The young fellows of the regiments known as Smallwood's Marylanders and Haslet's Delawares, sons of well-to-do fathers, were especially distinguishing themselves for their valour. At last they fought their way to the shore of the creek, across which many of their comrades had already made their way, and though it was claimed at the time that of Smallwood's Marylanders two hundred and fifty-nine fell in the fearful conflict, still many plunged into the filthy waters. Some stuck fast in the mud and were drowned, others were shot or captured, and Lord Stirling himself became a prisoner.

Of the numbers who fell in the battle of Long Island, it is difficult to write definitely. In the swift ship which Howe at once despatched to bear the joyous tidings of his victory to the waiting and expectant court of King George, were claims that the Americans had lost thirty-three hundred. The truth probably was that about one thousand were made prisoners and four hundred fell. The British loss was a trifle under the latter figure, showing that, although the untrained Americans had been defeated, nevertheless they

had compelled the victors to pay a price for their victory.

The Americans on Long Island were not all prisoners, however, for between seven thousand and eight thousand men were now sheltered behind the fortifications on Brooklyn Heights, before which the victorious British encamped and rested until the morning of the 28th.

The battle of Long Island was a defeat for the Americans, and made many sad hearts among the colonists. And yet had the Americans won, it would have led to a greater defeat afterward, instead of preparing the way for victory. As we know, there was a sad lack of harmony, to say nothing of union, among the patriot forces. Not only were the colonies jealous of one another, but there was slight willingness to have any common bond or leader.

We are told that misery loves company, but whether that be true or not, certain it is that the misfortune on Long Island drove the contending patriots more closely together, made them realize that they must be more willing to recognize the needs of the whole country, as well as the demands of any part, and that out of the discouragements of the weary days that followed, Washington was able to unify his forces as he never had been able to do before, nor would he have been able in the pride and arrogance which would certainly have been manifested had the American soldiers won the fight.

A very successful business man declared not long ago that he had been taught more by his failures than by his successes how to succeed. Certain it is that the defeat on Long Island was a blessing in disguise for the struggling colonies, and though at the time the "disguise" was complete, to-day we all can understand it. And it is true of many events besides the battle of Long Island.

CHAPTER XIII

EVENTS IN AND NEAR NEW YORK

WASHINGTON, although he had scarcely known a moment's rest for the previous two nights, had crossed to the aid of his men, who were shut in behind the works which they had previously erected on Brooklyn Heights. He, with all, was uncertain as to what the next move of the victorious British would be, and neither he nor his followers were to be free from anxiety for many hours to come.

It has been claimed by some that Washington was eager for the redcoats to attempt to storm the Heights, in which event he hoped that the lesson of Bunker Hill would be reviewed and repeated. Others believed that the American leader was aware that his men were too nearly exhausted and disheartened to make a stand against the enemy; but whatever may have been his own feeling or fear, all that Howe did was to arrange his troops in the form of a semicircle in front of Brooklyn Heights and wait, although there were frequent skirmishes during the night and day that followed.

Just why the British general did not act promptly is not known to-day. Some of his friends in England, who, since they were thousands of miles away from the scene of battle, naturally thought they knew all that should be done, criticised him very severely for his inactivity, and declared

it was due to the fact that he had eaten too much, as he frequently did, and consequently was too sleepy to keep an open eye on his wily foe. Others have claimed that the failure to act was due to Howe's clemency, believing, as he did, that by his victory he had crushed the rebellion, and being averse to shedding any more blood than was absolutely necessary.

At all events he did fail to act, and this gave the weary Washington the opportunity for which he was watching. A period of foggy and rainy weather set in, but his watchful scouts brought him word that there were some strange movements going on in Admiral Howe's fleet, which lay out near the Narrows and almost completed the circle around Washington and his men. Some believed that these movements among the vessels implied that the British were attempting to complete this circle and starve out the Yankee soldiers by a siege. Others claimed that the redcoats were getting ready to fall upon New York City itself, which, protected by only half the little American army, would fall as easily as the men of Stirling and Sullivan had been driven by the on-coming Hessians and British.

Either horn of this dilemma was apparently as bad as the other, and, so, calling a council of his officers, Washington decided that the best thing to do was to evacuate Brooklyn Heights, and attempt to cross to New York, where at least all his men would be together. Accordingly, that very night, August 29th, 1776, the crossing was made. Colonel Glover, with his hardy fishermen from Marblehead and Gloucester, who were a few weeks afterward to play such a conspicuous and daring part in the battle of Trenton, collected all the boats of every kind and

BATTLE OF PRINCETON

(From drawing by Alonzo Chappel)

description that could be found, and ferried the army across to the New York shore. The fog favoured them, but why they were not discovered is one of the mysteries of history.

At last, before the dawn of the day, all the men, horses, guns, ammunition, and supplies had been safely transported; and when the British finally were awake to what was going on, it was only to behold the last row of skiffs safe beyond the range of their pistols or guns. It was a marvellous feat, and all the more to be wondered at because Washington and his followers were almost exhausted. But it was his opportunity, and when it came the great American seized it, and thereby disclosed the true secret of his greatness; for the difference between men is not in the lack of opportunities, but in the failure to recognize them.

It is said that a Mrs. Rapelje, an ardent Tory woman, dwelling near the foot of Fulton Street, from which the crossing was made, discovering what the Americans were doing, sent one of her negroes with the information for the British leader; but the black man met a Hessian officer, who could not understand a word that was said, and so the slumbers of Howe were not broken before the morning dawned. The Americans were in New York, though they could hardly be called "safe," and the British held the empty earthworks on Brooklyn Heights. Whatever chagrin Howe might have felt, he was justly elated over the success of the recent battle (for which, a few weeks afterward, he was knighted); but he still had a very sincere desire for peace, and not dreaming that after such a loss as the Americans had sustained they would seriously think of continuing the war, or the "rebellion," as he called it, he sent Sullivan, who was now his prisoner, to

Congress with the implied promise that he [Howe] would probably be able to influence Parliament to grant the requests of the colonies for the repeal of the laws against which they had rebelled. But he wanted first that a committee of three should be appointed to confer with him.

The proposal aroused very strong feelings among the members of Congress, some denouncing both Howe, who had made the proposition, and Sullivan, who had brought it. As if Sullivan could have done otherwise! Others were far more suspicious than were the Trojans of the horse the Greeks had left for them, and still others thought no harm could come from a conference with the British general. Against the better judgment of some of the leaders, John Adams, Franklin, and Rutledge were appointed as such a committee, and a conference with Howe was held. The result of it, however, was only to show Lord Howe how determined the Americans had become, not only to have just laws but also a country of their own, and that he could not hope to win them back to King George without a desperate struggle. The "olive branch" he had brought across the sea had failed to accomplish the result he had sincerely hoped to gain.

Washington and his little army were safe now in New York, it is true, but how long they would remain so was a question. Howe had issued a proclamation in which he not only called upon all loyal subjects of King George now to show their loyalty, but also promised forgiveness for all others who would return. Perhaps it is not surprising that many availed themselves of his offer; but Congress, on the other hand, also provided an oath of allegiance to which the stronger Whigs readily subscribed, though as many of them took their families and followed the patriot

army, their patriotism in many ways only served to increase the problems of the great leaders.

The city being on an island presented the very best of opportunities for the British, having, as they did, both a fleet and an army to fall upon it. The Americans had erected a number of defences along the shore, but these were not of a kind to afford much help in case of an attack; and when Washington called a council of his officers, a majority of them agreed with him that the only safe course to follow was to evacuate the city. The stores and the sick and wounded soldiers were sent into New Jersey. General Putnam was left in the city, with four thousand men, as a rear-guard, and then Washington with the main body withdrew to the banks of the Harlem River.

It was during this time that two events occurred that have been almost ignored in our records of the struggle. One was the attempt of Ezra Lee to blow up the *Eagle*, Admiral Howe's flagship, which was anchored off the shore of Governor's Island. A young mechanic named Bushnell, of Connecticut, had invented what he called a "marine turtle," by which he was confident that a daring man could move under the water, approach the hull of a ship, and by fastening his contrivance to the bottom, and arranging the clock-work of the "turtle," have ample time to escape himself before the explosion followed, which it was confidently believed would blow the largest man-of-war into flinders.

The plan was approved, and daring Ezra Lee was selected to make the attempt. At midnight, on the 6th of September, he entered the machine, left the dock at the foot of Whitehall, and started on his perilous venture. Washington and several of his officers who were in the

secret waited all night long on the dock for the outcome of the attempt, no one of them being hopeful of success, and as the gray of the dawn appeared not even daring to believe that young Ezra would ever be seen again.

Just at that time, however, suddenly a column of water was thrown into the air near the dim outline of the *Eagle*, and it was apparent that there was a great commotion both on board the flagship and on the near-by shore. No great damage had been done, that was evident, but what had become of Ezra Lee? For a long time the American officers waited, and just as they were about to go back to their men, satisfied that the attempt had failed and that the young man was drowned, he was discovered in the water near the dock. Friendly hands speedily drew him forth, and warm were the words of praise bestowed upon him by all. The attempt had indeed failed, for the bottom of the flagship had been covered with copper. It had been impossible to find a place to which the turtle could be fastened. Ezra Lee's spirit and daring had appealed to Washington so strongly, however, that he was chosen by the commander as one of his most trusty scouts, and had an active part afterward in the battles of Trenton, Brandywine, and Monmouth.

The other event was the hanging of Nathan Hale. Washington, as we know, at this time had been in great perplexity as to what the next movements of the British would be, and after consulting with his officers it was decided that some trusty man must be sent as a spy to Long Island to learn of the movements and plans of the British army.

Colonel Knowlton, whose regiment was known as "Congress's Own," and was composed of very sterling

men, was directed to select some suitable man for the task, and his choice fell upon young Captain Nathan Hale of Connecticut, who, provided with passes and letters by Washington that would be helpful among all the armed vessels of the Americans, soon afterward crossed to Long Island, where he made many notes and sketches, and then prepared to recross the Sound to his friends. But as the old story runs, he was recognized by a relative who was a very bitter Tory, and at once was turned over to General Howe. Without even the form of a trial he was sent to Cunningham, the provost marshal, a man whose deeds within the next few years were to make him one of the most justly detested men in our history, with orders for his execution.

Even at this time Cunningham showed his true nature, for he even refused young Hale permission to read his Bible or have a word with a clergyman before his death. Even the tender letters he had, by permission of Howe, written his mother were destroyed, and Nathan Hale was speedily hanged from an apple tree in an orchard that grew near to the present East Broadway. The last words of the brave young martyr were, "I only regret that I have but one life to give for my country."

The tragic death of Nathan Hale created a feeling of intense anger among the Continentals. The brutality and cold-blooded cruelty that attended it increased the fear of the wavering, and strengthened the determination of those who already were committed to the cause of the new nation.

Our forefathers were very fond of songs, and frequently went into battle with a song on their lips; and many a camp-fire was enlivened with the rude, stirring words of

a poet-soldier. Nathan Hale's death naturally provided a theme of interest, and it may serve to show both the feelings of the time and the rude attempt of the "poets" to express the sentiments of their fellows if we quote the following war-song, written in 1776, by some writer whose name is unknown.

NATHAN HALE — A BALLAD

The breezes went steadily thro' the tall pines,
A saying "Oh! hu-ush," a saying "Oh! hu-ush!"
As stilly stole by a bold legion of horse
For Hale in the bush, for Hale in the bush.

"Keep still!" said the thrush, as she nestled her young,
In a nest by the road, in a nest by the road.
"For the tyrants are near, and with them appear,
What bodes us no good, what bodes us no good."

The brave captain heard it, and thought of his home
In a cot by the brook; in a cot by the brook,
With mother and sisters and memories dear,
He so gaily forsook; he so gaily forsook.

Cooling shades of the night were coming apace,
The tattoo had beat; the tattoo had beat,
The noble one sprang from his dark lurking place
To make his retreat; to make his retreat.

He warily trod on the dry rustling leaves
As he passed thro' the woods; as he passed thro' the woods;
And silently gained his rude launch on the shore,
As she played with the flood; as she played with the flood.

The guards of the camp on that dark dreary night,
Had a murderous will; had a murderous will,
They took him and bore him afar from the shore
To a hut on the hill; to a hut on the hill.

No mother was there, not a friend who could cheer
In that little stone cell; in that little stone cell,

But he trusted in love from his father above,
In his heart all was well; in his heart all was well.

An ominous owl with his solemn bass voice
Sat moaning hard by; sat moaning hard by;
"The tyrant's proud minions most gladly rejoice,
For he must soon die; for he must soon die."

The brave fellow told them, no thing he restrained,
The cruel gen'ral; the cruel gen'ral,
His errand from camp, of the end to be gained,
And said that was all; and said that was all.

They took him and bound him and bore him away,
Down the hill's grassy side; down the hill's grassy side,
'Twas there the base hirelings, in royal array,
His cause did deride; his cause did deride.

Five minutes were given, short moments, no more,
For him to repent; for him to repent;
He prayed for his mother, he asked not another,
To Heaven he went; to Heaven he went.

The faith of a martyr, the trajedy shewed,
As he trod the last stage; as he trod the last stage,
And Britons will shudder at gallant Hale's blood,
As his words do presage, as his words do presage.

"Thou pale King of terrors, thou life's gloomy foe,
Go frighten the slave; go frighten the slave;
Tell tyrants, to you their allegiance they owe,
No fears for the brave; no fears for the brave."

The Americans had meanwhile been working with desperate zeal to strengthen their fortifications in and about the city of New York. New entrenchments were dug, hulks of old and useless vessels were sunk in the Hudson; but all their efforts could avail but little against the fearful odds with which they were contending. Many of the men were still in great terror of the scarlet-clad British

soldiers, whom they had been taught from their earliest boyhood to look upon as the greatest fighters in all the world; their own equipment was sadly incomplete; the time for which many had enlisted had very nearly expired; and all together it is not strange that the feeling of gloom and depression almost deprived Washington of any such thing as a trusty or reliable force.

Howe first sent ten of his battle-ships up the Hudson to a point where their fire could rake the city. Among these ships was the *Asia*, carrying sixty-four guns, and hated by the Americans, for the actions of its officers and crew, as was almost no other British vessel. The Yankee Captain Talbot, inspired with a desire to damage not only the enemy, but this particular ship, set forth in a fire-ship from Fort Washington, and succeeded in making his way to the side of the *Asia* with his own boat in flames; but though he greatly frightened the men on the ship, they managed to escape from their peril, and Captain Talbot himself, badly burned, was glad to escape to the Jersey shore with his life.

While the ten ships were pouring their fire into the city, Sir Henry Clinton landed about four thousand men at the foot of what is now East 34th Street, while another division, chiefly Hessians, landed a little way above the same place. The brigades of Parsons and Fellows, consisting mostly of New England men, were sent to dispute the landing of the enemy; but to the consternation of their officers, the men became terrified, and fled without even attempting to make a stand, when the first fifty of the redcoats reached the shore. Bunker Hill and Lexington were forgotten, and only Long Island remembered, when the sight of the brilliant uniforms increased the alarm

GENERAL BURGOYNE ADDRESSING THE INDIANS

(From a painting by H. Warren)

which the fire of the great guns of the fleet in the Hudson had already aroused. The officers begged and threatened, but the frightened men would not listen; and not even when Washington himself, who had heard at Harlem the sound of the cannon, and had ridden swiftly to the landing-place, added his words and presence, would they stop in their flight. It is said, in his despair at their cowardice, that the great leader grasped his sword, drove his spurs into the flanks of the horse he was riding, and started swiftly toward the enemy, hoping to meet death, and find release from the hopelessness which apparently had seized him. One of his aids, however, grasped the bridle and checked the horse, and in a moment Washington was himself again.

With the landing of these forces, Howe might easily have cut off the retreat of General Putnam, who was doing his utmost to withdraw, and join his comrades on the banks of the Harlem, and the reason he did not succeed was due in part to what Howe's own countrymen declared to be his weakness, his "over-eating" as they termed it, and also to the quick wit of a woman, Mistress Murray. She, well aware of Putnam's predicament, prepared a tempting luncheon, and upon her urgent invitation General Howe, together with Sir Henry Clinton and a few others, stopped at her home to partake of it; but when they arose from the table the American general and his men were safe, having joined their companions and lost but a few men in the flight. With the withdrawal of the Americans from New York, in September, 1776, they were not again to hold that city until the long war was ended, more than seven years after this time.

On the following day, September 16th, 1776, there was

a sharp skirmish between parts of the forces, which has since been known as the battle of Harlem, in which the Americans lost about sixty, while their enemies suffered much more severely. It was in this engagement that Colonel Knowlton of the Connecticut Rangers, to which Nathan Hale belonged, fell, and so did Major Leitch of Virginia. Had these men lived, it is more than likely that their names would have been as famous as those of many of the leaders, for they were brave men and true; but death ended their labours, though it should not prevent us from still honouring their memory.

The British now had their ships of war in both rivers, — the Hudson and the Harlem, — they held the city, and many began to think that now they would go into winter quarters in the best town in the New World. The Americans were on Harlem Heights, and there was no fear of their attacking; and the place they held, in the memory of Bunker Hill, was almost too strong to be attacked.

But just at this time there was a terrible fire in New York. Before dawn, in the morning of September 21st, with a strong wind blowing from the southwest, it broke out in a low groggery near the foot of the town, and before it was stopped 493 buildings had been destroyed. Churches, houses, places of business had disappeared, and the victorious British declared that the Americans had set fire to the town rather than have it fall into the hands of their conquerors. This report was untrue, but perhaps that, together with several other reasons, after four weeks had passed, led Howe to decide to attempt to gain the rear of Washington's little army, and so cut them off from all hope of a retreat, and compel an immediate surrender, and bring the war to a speedy end.

Boats, as has been said, were in each of the two rivers. A large force of Hessians and British was in the city, under the command of Lord Percy. So Howe, with the rest of his army, on ninety great flatboats, passed down through the frightful waters of Hell Gate and landed at Throg's Neck, eighteen miles from the city, from which place he hoped to march rapidly across the intervening country and gain the rear of Washington's army before the "rebel" leader could learn of his design.

But the American commander was well aware of the movement, and at once sent men to oppose, if they could not prevent, Howe's landing. Other troops had now joined Howe, and though there was constant skirmishing between the contending forces, the Americans were not able to drive the redcoats back.

To prevent Howe from gaining his rear, Washington soon decided to move his army still farther from the city; and after leaving what was thought to be a force strong enough to hold Fort Washington, at least for the present, in four divisions, led respectively by Lee, Heath, Sullivan, and Lincoln, the little American army moved slowly; and at last, behind rudely constructed entrenchments that extended for thirteen miles from Fordham to White Plains, it stretched out in front of the British army. General Greene with his men was now at Fort Lee in New Jersey, almost opposite Fort Washington; and therefore, with the forts on each side of the river held by his own men, and confident that Howe could not cut off the troops that were with him, perhaps Washington believed that the end had proved not to be so very bad after all.

For a time nothing but skirmishes occurred. The Americans were satisfied to hold their earthworks, and

many of the Hessian and British soldiers were apparently well content to frighten the people of the region and spend much of their time in plundering. Few parts of the country suffered during the Revolution as did the region in which were the two armies at this time, and many are the stories related of the brutality of the soldiers, the bravery of the women and boys left at home, and the personal adventures of Whigs and Tories.

One story may illustrate the character of the life in the region at this time. A widow living with her only boy, a lad of twelve years, found that the vegetables in her garden were being taken. The lad resolved to watch one night, and so took his place in a dark spot near the garden. His loaded gun was in his hands, and for a while he had no difficulty in remaining awake. After a time, when the novelty of his duty was gone, and he was beginning to feel sleepy, he suddenly discovered some man filling a huge bag with the fruits of the garden. Stepping softly, the boy approached, and presenting his loaded gun at the soldier's rear, ordered him to keep the heavy bag and march before him. Death would be the consequence of any attempt to turn aside or drop the bag. There was nothing to be done but obey; so the huge Highlander, for such the soldier proved to be, was marched to the American camp and given over by the proud young captor as a prisoner of war. Slight cause for wonder is it that the captive grenadier, when at last he ventured to turn his head and perceived who his captor was, should have exclaimed in disgust: "A British grenadier made a prisoner by a brat! Such a brat!"

Men who attempted to visit their homes or families in this region were watched, and in numberless cases hanged

or shot before the very eyes of their children. One man who had ventured to return to his home was traced, and, just as the Tories, who were even more bitter than the regulars, were about to break into the house, after the demand for his surrender had been refused, was concealed by his frantic wife in a heap of ashes, and breathing through a long goose quill, even his face being covered, in this manner escaped from his pursuers. Not all of the murdering and plundering was done by the men of one side, but the terror that possessed the region at the time is one of the best commentaries on the horrors of war in any place or period.

CHAPTER XIV

THE FLIGHT ACROSS THE JERSEYS

When Howe at last perceived that he would be unable to gain the rear of Washington's straggling army, he decided to attack it, and on October 28th, 1776, after a hard struggle, the invaders succeeded in gaining a part of Chatterton Hill, on which a strong body of the Americans had been posted, although the redcoats lost nearly three hundred men in the fight.

Once more Howe hesitated about following up his advantage in this engagement, which in our histories has been called "the battle of White Plains," but sent back to New York for Percy and reënforcements. On the evening of the 30th Percy and the additional redcoats came, and the plan was formed to move upon the position held by the patriots the following morning; but in the night a fierce storm arose, and Washington, quick to seize the opportunity, and well aware that he had now more to gain by drawing his enemy on than he had by meeting him in open battle, in the darkness withdrew to North Castle, where Howe perceived that it would be a very hazardous matter to attack him.

Accordingly, the British commander decided to change his plan, and marched for the bank of the Hudson. For a brief time Washington did not know whether Howe was planning to attack the two forts there, or to start across

New Jersey for Philadelphia. There was little to be gained in seizing that town except in the moral effect of capturing "the capital"; but the capital of such a nation as the United States then was, was a shifting matter, and to move from one town to another required no very great effort. However, Washington was soon to learn, and to his sorrow, that Howe had designs both on the two forts, Washington and Lee, and on "the capital" as well.

After a council of war was held, it was agreed by all that the best thing for the army to do was to cross over into New Jersey, at least for the greater part to do this, while General Heath was to be left with a force in the Highlands, to prevent any advance from Canada; and General Lee was to be left at North Castle with six thousand or more men, who were to be ready to come to Washington's aid at any time when he might require their assistance. Lee was now the successor of General Ward, and somehow almost all the men in the colonies believed in him, though to-day we know that he was even a greater traitor than Benedict Arnold proved to be. He had fought in Europe, and to the people of the colonies that fact very naturally meant much. He was a man of marked eloquence, and his persuasive tongue was seldom at rest; and besides, he had just come from the South, after having won a very decided victory there; or at least he was given the credit of having won it, though in reality he had very little to do with it.

By the middle of November Howe was well informed of the true state of affairs in Fort Washington, his own scouts having learned much, and a deserter from Colonel Magraw's men having given him more. In spite of

Washington's plan to abandon the fort, Congress, believing in its own wisdom, had sent a message to hold the place, and somehow Greene seems to have had that same opinion. At all events, it was decided in Washington's absence, — for he had gone up the Hudson to supervise some work there, — to make the attempt. And when, on November 16th, 1776, Howe, after having completely invested the place by land and water, sent a messenger demanding the immediate surrender of the garrison, although his own men were outnumbered by the attacking force nearly five to one, sturdy Colonel Magraw sent back a reply that "if Howe wanted the place, his best plan would be to come and take it!"

General Howe had probably a sincere desire to avoid bloodshed, and knew he would be easily able to capture the stronghold, but he had foolishly made a threat that if his demand was not complied with, no quarter would be given; and this threat, added to the decision which already had been made to hold the place, only seemed to increase the anger and zeal of the little garrison hardly numbering more than three thousand men.

The fight that followed was a terrible one. The Americans fought with the courage of despair, but bayonets and numbers were too great for them to withstand, and at last, when more than five hundred of the British forces had been killed or wounded and the Americans, though they had lost but one hundred and fifty, were simply overpowered, the word to surrender was given. Even then, the infuriated Hessians fell upon the defenceless garrison, and bayoneted many of the helpless soldiers, a sight that caused Washington, who now had returned and was watching the battle from Fort Lee, to weep and sob like a heart-

JOSEPH BRANT-THAYENDANEGEA

The Great Captain of the Six Nations

broken child. Nearly three thousand American prisoners, by the surrender of Fort Washington, were added to the numbers the British now held in New York, and great quantities of ammunition and stores, next in value to the soldiers themselves, also fell into the hands of the victors.

Washington now knew that the enemy without doubt would cross into New Jersey, and so he instantly sent word to Lee at North Castle to join him with his six thousand or more men, *but Lee did not come.* Fort Lee, in the confusion and fear, was guarded only on three sides, the northern side having been left unprotected, as no one of the Americans believed an attack need be feared from that direction. Howe must have known of this neglect, for in the night-time he sent Lord Cornwallis with a force of five thousand men up the river to a landing-place above the fort, and suddenly and unexpectedly, on the morning of November 19th, this division appeared on the northern side of Fort Lee.

Washington was not there in person, though he was but a few miles away; but the sight of the redcoats threw the startled Americans into a panic. Without stopping even to eat their breakfast, leaving even their cooking utensils on the fires, abandoning tents, baggage, much of their ammunition and arms, the army, if such it might still be called, fled like a frightened mob.

Something like order was at last obtained, and the heavy-hearted Washington began what has become known as the retreat across the Jerseys. And surely he had a right to have a heavy heart. More of his men were prisoners in New York than he had with him on his march. Defeat had followed defeat, loss had followed loss, and it almost seemed as if the proud boast of the British that the rebel-

lion was at an end, was only too true; and it is even said that the great leader himself talked over plans by which, in the event of the complete rout of his followers, he and a few of his friends might find a hiding-place, in the vast wilderness beyond the Alleghanies.

To make matters worse, the victorious British were in close pursuit, so close that it is said that when the rear-guard of the Americans marched out from Newark they could hear the fifes and drums of the approaching redcoats. The people of the region were demoralized, some who had been friendly to the colonies coming out now boldly on the side of King George, and others with their families and a small part of their possessions having fled, terrified by rumours of what the redcoats and "Dutch butchers" would do. One poor young mother forsaken by her family lifted a board in the kitchen floor of her home and hid her baby beneath it, while she sought safety in the loft of the barn. Probably she thought, in her terror, that Lord Cornwallis and all his redcoats wanted that baby of hers. But her fear was only a sample of that which existed on every side.

The British leaders now took it upon themselves to offer a pardon to all who, within sixty days, should "appear before the governor or any other officer in his Majesty's service" and claim the benefit of the proclamation that had been sent throughout New Jersey. Many of the more timid ones submitted, but the spirit of all was not crushed. In reply to Howe's proclamation a counter response was scattered by some of the more hardy friends of independence, the spirit of which may be seen by the following quotations: —

"Messrs. Howe: We have seen your proclamation and as it is a great curiosity think it deserves some notice,

and lest no one else should deign to notice it, will make a few remarks upon what was designed for public benefit. In this rarity we see slaves offering liberty to free Americans; thieves and robbers offer to secure our rights and property; murderers offer us pardon; a perjured tyrant by the mouths of two of his hireling butchers 'commands' all the civil and military powers, in these independent states to resign all pretensions to authority, and to acknowledge subjection to a foreign despot, even his mock majesty, now reeking with blood and murder. This is truly a curiosity, and is a compound of the most consummate arrogance and folly of the cloven-footed spawn of despairing wretches, who are labouring to complete the works of tyranny and death. It would be far less wicked and not quite so stupid for the Grand Turk to send two of his slaves into Britain to command all Britons to acknowledge themselves slaves of the Turk, offering to secure their rights and property, and to pardon such as had borne arms against his Sublime Highness, upon condition of their making peace within 'sixty days.'

"Messieurs Howe and W. Howe, pray read your proclamation once more, and consider how modest you appear; and reflect on the infinite contempt with which you are viewed by the Americans, and remember the meanest freeman scorns the highest slave."

The bombastic counter proclamation goes on to refer to all that America was doing and was going to do, but it is evident after all that it was written by some one who was whistling to keep up his own courage and that of some of his faint-hearted friends.

On the other hand, Tory writers came forth with their printed words which were scattered broadcast. The fol-

lowing is one of the forms in which they seemed to find particular delight. The effusion was signed "Britannicus," and first appeared in one of the New Jersey Tory papers in December, 1776.

A FABLE

"There was a large forest inhabited by a few sheep. In the neighbourhood was a nation of mastiff dogs, another of foxes, another of wolves, and another of boars. The sheep were protected by the dogs till they increased to a great multitude. After a bloody war, in which they were saved by the dogs from both the foxes and the wolves, the sheep imagined themselves to be a very mighty people, and some old stinking rams told them it was not proper that the dogs should any longer rule over them. The dogs had bit them, they said, and intended to bite them more severely. And so the sheep proclaimed themselves a commonwealth of free people. Yet while they complained how the dogs had oppressed them, they boasted with the same breath, that so greatly had they prospered, that in twelve years they were become a match for the world; though it was evident that before that time they could not depend on themselves against the foxes only. The dogs, upon this, resolved to bring them back to obedience; but the sheep implored the foxes, the wolves, and the boars to attack the dogs, which they gladly performed; and while the best mastiffs were in the country of the sheep, these different tribes so violently attacked their old formidable enemies, the dogs, that they utterly broke their strength, and ruined them as a people. But the sheep did not long boast of their profound politics; the foxes, the wolves, and the boars poured in upon them,

and soon rendered them the most abject and miserable of all animals.

"The moral is this: The Americans are, in reality, as defenceless as sheep; it is impossible they can, for several centuries, constitute an empire; they want many requisites. The English are generous, brave mastiffs; the French have always been sly, ravenous foxes; the Spaniards, cruel wolves, when they conquer; and the Dutchmen wild boars, wherever they can effect a settlement. Amboyna and all their settlements witness this. But though, for the fable's sake, I suppose the conquest of the mastiffs, I trust that event is yet very distant; and that half a million of determined fighting sheep, with all their ingratitude (a circumstance infinitely more to be feared than the strength of their horns), will never effect so unworthy a purpose. And let me add, there is a circumstance in the natural history of the sheep which greatly resembles American courage. When you go near a flock of sheep, a few will at first run, then the whole body of them will draw up in a line like soldiers, will watch your motions, will seem as if they felt vastly bold, ay, and will stamp their feet on the ground in a menacing manner; but let a mastiff walk up to them, and half a million of these determined threateners will instantly take to their heels and fly off in the greatest fear and confusion."

In spite of proclamation and counter proclamation, fable and invective, Washington and his army were hastening across New Jersey. Word of the coming of the British army had already reached Philadelphia, and the fear in that city was great. Every day men dropped from the ranks of the patriot army and fled; still the great leader

and his few faithful followers kept on. Homesick, forlorn, hungry, fearful, wretched, — it was a band, the thought of which ought to make complaints to-day seldom to be heard.

At New Brunswick, Washington burned the bridge across the Raritan, and then, after a brief delay, kept on his way toward the Delaware. Soon not more than three thousand men remained with the leader, though at last Lee had entered New Jersey and had advanced to Morristown. But he still did not join Washington as he had been ordered to do.

Across the Delaware at last Washington and his ragged straggling force made their way, all the near-by boats on the river were seized, and a brief breathing-space was given the army. Meanwhile Lee himself had been made a prisoner. Stopping as he did apart from his soldiers, a Tory learned of his custom, and informing the redcoats of his presence led the way; and on the morning of December 13th they surprised the recreant officer before breakfast and bore him away a prisoner, clad only in his night-clothes. The cowardly Lee, afraid for his life, begged piteously for mercy, and his captors took great delight in letting him know he could be tried and hanged as a deserter from the ranks of King George's army. Of course they had no such design, but it was rare sport to torment their whining, cowardly prisoner.

The loss of Lee at the time was thought to be another great blow to the colonies. General Sullivan, who had previously been exchanged, was placed in command of the American troops at Morristown, and he at once with his men set forth to join Washington. But the capture of Lee proved to be a blessing in disguise to the desperate American and his men on the farther bank of the Delaware.

CHAPTER XV

TRENTON AND PRINCETON

SOMETHING must be done, and at once, or the cause was lost forever; and Washington was equal to the emergency. In their confidence that the end of the war had come, many of the British soldiers had returned from the march to New York. Some were sent to Newport, and Cornwallis himself was expecting to sail for home within a few days. Upon the Hessians was left largely the responsibility for completing the few duties that yet remained, while the remnant of the American army was still clinging together. The numbers had indeed been slightly increased by the arrival of the troops of Sullivan and Gates, but all together the great commander did not have more than six thousand men.

Washington's plan was to fall upon the Hessian forces at three different places at the same time. At Burlington where Count Dunop had two thousand men, General Gates was to strike; General Ewing was to cross the Delaware opposite Trenton, and attack the town; and at the same time Washington, Greene, Sullivan, Knox, and others were to cross the river about nine miles above Trenton and advance upon the place from the northern side.

Troubles are said never to come singly, and the great heart of Washington must have been almost ready to despair, when the little dandy, Gates, begged off on the plea

of illness and started for Baltimore, whither Congress had gone because of the fear that Philadelphia would speedily be in the hands of the redcoats. In addition to the departure of Gates, Cadwalader, who took his place, was not able to get his force across the river, which was filled with floating ice, and Ewing also failed to perform the task which had been assigned to him.

Still determined, Washington kept on. Christmas Eve was the night he had selected, because he rightly believed the Hessians in Trenton would be engaged in their own carousals in celebration of the day, and the British light-horse in the town could be overcome. At sunset, when the leader and his force of twenty-four hundred men arrived at the place where the crossing was to be made, it did not seem possible that the little band could gain the opposite shore. The wind and storm were severe, and great blocks of ice were borne swiftly down the river by the strong current; but Glover and his hardy fishermen, who had so successfully ferried the army across from Brooklyn after the battle of Long Island, were equal to the present emergency. For ten long hours the boats made their way back and forth across the river, Washington standing all the time upon the bank watching the crossing, and apparently unmindful of the wind and storm; and at last all were safe on the Jersey shore. Still nine miles remained between the advancing army and Trenton, and the march must be made over half-frozen roads and in the face of a blinding storm of snow and sleet. The men were drenched, their guns wet, their scanty clothing was stiff with ice, their shoeless feet left bloody footprints on the snow; but on they moved, for something of the lion-heart of the leader had imparted itself to all his followers.

VALLEY FORGE—WASHINGTON AND LAFAYETTE

(From a painting by Chappel)

Meanwhile, Washington had not been mistaken in supposing that the Hessians, unsuspicious of peril, would be spending the hours in a carousal. Many of the British light-horse were off on foraging or pillaging expeditions, and the Germans were making night hideous with their songs and shouts and drinking bouts. Colonel Rall himself, the commander of the Hessians, was spending the night in the home of Abraham Hunt, a man who had dealings with both sides, and was true to neither.

On this particular night, Hunt had invited Colonel Rall and a few others to a "Christmas supper" at his house, and far into the night the unsuspecting officers continued their card-playing and drinking. Colonel Rall was about to "deal," when his negro servant, against express orders, entered the room, and thrust a note into the Hessian's hand, explaining that the man who had brought it had first begged to be permitted to enter himself, but had been refused, and that then he had written the note and declared that Colonel Rall must have it immediately, as it was of the very highest importance. If the colonel had known that the note was a word brought by a Tory who had discovered the presence of the advancing American army, it is more than likely that the history of the Revolution would have been far different from what it was. However, Colonel Rall did not stop his game, but thrust the note unread into his pocket, and so never knew of Washington's approach until it was too late to act. Many of the greatest events in history have turned upon a pivot no larger than the negligence of the Hessian colonel.

Meanwhile, the little American force was steadily approaching in two divisions; one led by Sullivan along the lower road, and the other led by Greene on the upper road.

With their bayonets the Americans drove back the startled outposts, and in a brief time the cannon had been so planted that the streets could be swept.

Colonel Rall, who at last had realized the peril, and rushed forth from Hunt's house to rally his men, together with sixteen others, had been shot; and almost a thousand of the hired Hessians were speedily prisoners in the hands of the victorious Americans.

On the following day Cadwalader, chagrined when he learned that Washington had crossed the Delaware in spite of the storm, and gained a victory at Trenton, at once crossed to Bordentown. But Count Dunop and his Hessians had fled to Princeton, Brunswick, and Amboy; for they, too, had heard of what the American commander had accomplished at Trenton, and they had no mind to be treated after the same fashion. Four days afterward Washington, who had crossed back over the river after his victory, again recrossed, and with his troops once more occupied the town he had captured.

So the town, almost a thousand prisoners, six brass field-pieces, a thousand stands of arms, twelve drums, and four colours had fallen into the hands of the victors, and all with the loss of only four men, two of whom had been frozen to death on the terrible march to Trenton.

The loss of the colours was not the least in the estimation of the Hessians. On their standards were engraved the words *Nescit Pericula*, and this fact led one of the patriot newspapers to print the following epigram: —

> "The man who submits without striking a blow
> May be said, in a sense, *no danger to know*;
> I pray thee, what harm, by the humble submission
> At Trenton was done to the standard of Hessian?"

The parole of honour which the Hessian officers signed is still in existence.

It is hardly necessary to write of the consternation the news of the victory at Trenton produced in New York. Cornwallis naturally gave up all thoughts of his return to England, passage for which had already been engaged, and started post-haste for Princeton, for he was fearful that Washington would at once move either upon that place or [New] Brunswick, where many of the British stores were kept. General Greene, with about six hundred men, had been sent to bother him on the march; but the horrible condition of the roads delayed the British general far more than the little force of Continentals could do, though they of course were not idle.

On January 2nd, Lord Cornwallis started with almost eight thousand men from Princeton for Trenton, and when, near nightfall, after a hard and trying march, he arrived at his journey's end, he found his enemy encamped on the opposite bank of a little stream that flowed into the Delaware not far from Trenton, named the Assanpink or Assunpink. Across this there were bridges, and at first Cornwallis started to cross there; but the desperate Americans poured such a fire into the advancing ranks that this plan was speedily abandoned, at least until morning should come. But the British leader was jubilant, for now, as he declared, he was confident that at last he "had bagged the old fox," as he nicknamed his foe.

What was Washington to do? Close before him was his enemy, eager and ready for battle. His own men were almost worn out, and even if they could hold the bridges there were fords near by through which the redcoats could easily gain the side on which the Americans were en-

camped. Washington soon decided to call a council of his officers, and calmly listened while one after another gave it as his decided opinion that the only thing to be done was to leave the place in the darkness as fast as they could go.

After listening to the words of all, the commander gave his own opinion, which was that leaving a few men in the camp to keep up an appearance of digging trenches and to keep the fires burning, the rest of the army should start for Princeton and attack the redcoats that were there.

Almost every officer was aghast at the suggestion, and hardly one believed that the proposal was wise. "The roads were heavy with mud," "the enemy was too strong to be attacked," and various other objections were offered; but at that very time the wind died away and the air became intensely cold, so cold that the very mud in the roads began to freeze solidly.

Almost hopeless of success the plan of Washington was at last agreed to, and after leaving just men enough to handle the picks and shovels within the hearing of the British sentries and to supply the fires with fence rails, the entire body silently departed from the bank of the little stream and started grimly for Princeton.

It was sunrise when, near to Princeton, they met the advancing force of Colonel Mawhood, who had started for Trenton to join Cornwallis. Instantly the redcoats fell upon the straggling Continentals, believing as they did that they were trying to run away. Run they did, but it was not away from but directly toward the approaching British. Back and forth the opposing lines were driven until brave Hugh Mercer, the Jersey general, fell under the bayonets of the redcoats, who, mistaking him at first

for Washington, clubbed him upon the head and body until he was covered with bruises. His men, almost overwhelmed by this loss, were beginning to fall back; but just at that moment Washington himself, very much alive and terribly in earnest, rode into their midst, rallied the men, and the battle became fierce again, until in a few minutes the British lines were cut and one part was running toward Trenton and the other making equally good time over the road toward [New] Brunswick, while two hundred of their recent comrades lay dead or wounded on the field and three hundred more were prisoners. The Americans had not lost one hundred men all told in the fearful struggle, which had lasted less than a half hour.

It was at this time that Cornwallis, back near Trenton, opened his eyes and could hardly believe what he saw — a camp deserted by his foes. At the same time there came sounds from the distance that were very like thunder; but the British general instantly knew it was not thunder, and as quickly understood what it really was — Washington, "the old fox," had left the Assunpink and was fighting at Princeton!

Instantly he started to the aid of his comrades, but the morning sun softened the roads which had been hard enough to bear the weight of the cannon of the Americans, and his progress was slow, so slow that when he arrived the only sight he beheld was that of men destroying the bridge over Stony Brook. These were scattered by his cannon, but not until the planks had been thrown into the brook and the men had escaped.

Into the cold, rushing waters the eager redcoats dashed and then rushed on toward Princeton; but when a thirty-two pounder at the west end of the village was fired at

them, the British halted, Cornwallis thinking that Washington was intending to make a stand there and give him battle. An hour was spent in reconnoitring, and then when the scarlet-clad forces entered the village, *not one of the rebels was to be seen;* for Washington, with all his men, was chasing two British regiments toward New Brunswick. So the battle of Princeton, January 3d, 1777, was quickly added to that at Trenton, and the crisis of the Revolution had been safely passed.

Once more Washington consulted his fellow-generals as to what was best to be done, and just as they had all a brief time before opposed his advance upon Princeton, so now they all, proud of the success that had been won, were eager to push on for Brunswick; but again the great leader opposed their counsel and declared that they must abandon that attempt and seek winter quarters among the hills of northern New Jersey. The men were too poorly equipped, he declared, and were almost exhausted by the continuous strain which they had borne for the past few weeks, and it was better to rest on laurels already won than to endanger all by entering another contest in which the odds would be decidedly against them.

Reluctantly his advice was followed, and while the desperate British pushed on for Brunswick to protect their stores in that town, Washington and his little army, confidence in a measure restored by the two victories won, started for Morristown, where they went into winter quarters. Several skirmishes afterward occurred, but with the sole result of the British withdrawing into New York, and Brunswick and Sandy Hook. All that the redcoats had really succeeded in taking, besides many prisoners and stores, had been New York City and

Newport, Rhode Island, which they had also seized in December, 1776.

The effect of the victories of Trenton and Princeton quickly became marked, and Congress vested powers in Washington that almost made him a dictator in the new world. Measures were taken for increasing the army. Many of the soldiers had been induced to remain, and Washington had in addition to his pleadings with his men declared that he himself would become personally responsible for the small bounty he had promised. The promise of a tract of one hundred acres of land was also held out to each soldier who would enlist for three years or until the end of the war; and while the country rang with his praises, the commander began to think he really saw a ray of hope in the struggle which it was now his plan to make a long one rather than a sharp, short contest.

In money matters, which in a new country and one almost without resources we may be sure presented a very trying problem, Washington had been greatly aided by Robert Morris, whose quiet work, though it was not generally known, really was one of the strongest forces in the building of the new nation.

While the patriots were singing the praises of Washington, word of his success was brought to his mother, who was living in a quiet home near Fredericksburg, Virginia, which her son had selected for her. She was a strong woman, with affection that was very deep, but which she seldom showed. Indeed, Lafayette declared that she was almost a type of the Spartan mother, and that he honoured her as he did but few women in the history of the world. Not one word of praise did she bestow upon her son for his great deeds, but doubtless both fully understood what her true feelings were.

From his quarters at Morristown, January 25th, Washington sent forth the following proclamation, or as the Tory papers sneeringly termed it, "the proclamation of the Lord Protector, Mr. George Washington."

WASHINGTON'S PROCLAMATION

"Whereas, several persons, inhabitants of the United States of America, influenced by inimical motives, intimidated by the threats of the enemy, or deluded by a proclamation issued the 30th of November last, by Lord and General Howe, styled the King's commissioners for granting pardons, etc. (now at open war and invading these states), have been so lost to the interest and welfare of their country, as to repair to the enemy, sign a declaration of fidelity, and in some instances have been compelled to take the oaths of allegiance, and engage not to take up arms, or encourage others so to do, against the king of Great Britain. And, whereas, it has become necessary to distinguish between the friends of America and those of Great Britain, inhabitants of these states, and that every man who receives protection from, and is a subject of any state (not being conscientiously scrupulous against bearing arms), should stand ready to defend the same against hostile invasion: I do, therefore, in behalf of the United States, by virtue of the powers committed to me by Congress, hereby strictly command and require every person, having subscribed such declaration, taken such oaths, and accepted such protection and certificate, to repair to headquarters, or to the quarters of the nearest general offices of the Continental army or militia (until further provision can be made by civil authority,) and there deliver up such protection, certificate, and passports, and take the

THE SURRENDER OF BURGOYNE'S ARMY, AT SARATOGA, OCTOBER 17, 1777

(From a picture by Trumbull)

oath of allegiance to the United States of America; nevertheless, hereby granting full liberty to all such as prefer the interest and protection of Great Britain to the freedom and happiness of their country, forthwith to withdraw themselves and families within the enemy's lines. And I do hereby declare, that all and every person who may neglect or refuse to comply with this order, within thirty days from the date hereof, will be deemed adherents to the king of Great Britain and treated as common enemies of these American states."

This proclamation had a very marked and immediate effect, though it was bitterly assailed and ridiculed by the Tories of New Jersey.

Meanwhile the many prisoners in New York City were treated after a manner that is almost beyond belief to-day. This in part was due to the anger of the British over their failure to subdue the rebellion; in part, no doubt, to the easy-going good nature of Howe, who probably did not fully understand all that was being done, and still more to the brutality of the men in charge of the wretched prisoners, of whom the infamous Cunningham was the leader. No better description of their condition and sufferings can be given than that which was contained in one of the patriot papers of that time: —

"As soon as they were taken they were robbed of all their baggage, of whatever money they had, though it were of paper, and could be of no advantage to the enemy, of their silver shoe buckles and knee buckles, etc., and many were stripped almost naked of their clothes. Especially those who had good clothes were stripped at once, being told that *such clothes were too good for rebels.* Thus deprived of their clothes and baggage, they were unable to

shift even their linen, and were obliged to wear the same shirts for even three or four months together, whereby they became extremely nasty; and this of itself was sufficient to bring on them many mortal diseases.

"After they were taken, they were in the first place put on board the ships and thrust down into the hold, where not a breath of fresh air could be obtained, and they were nearly suffocated for want of air. . . . And yet these same persons, after lying in this situation for a while till the pores of their bodies were as perfectly opened as possible, were of a sudden taken out and put into some of the churches in New York, without covering or a spark of fire, where they suffered as much by the cold as they did by the sweating stagnation of the air in the other situation; and the consequence was, that they took such colds as brought on the most fatal diseases and swept them off almost beyond conception.

"Besides these things, they suffered extremely for want of provisions. The commissary pretended to allow half a pound of bread and four ounces of pork per day; but of this pittance they were much cut short. What was given them for three days was not enough for one day; and in some instances they went for three days without a single mouthful of food of any sort. They were pinched to that degree that some on board the ships would pick up and eat the salt which happened to be scattered there; others gathered up the bran which the light horse wasted, and ate it, mixed with dirt and filth as it was. . . .

"Nor were the men in this doleful condition allowed a sufficiency of water. One would have thought that water was so cheap and plentiful an element that they would not have grudged them that. But there are, it seems, no bounds to their cruelty.

"When winter came on, our people suffered extremely for want of fire and clothes to keep them warm. They were confined in churches where there were no fireplaces that they could make fires in, even if they had wood. But wood was only allowed them for cooking their pittance of victuals and for that purpose very sparingly. . . . Nor had they a single blanket or any bedding, not even straw, allowed them till a little before Christmas.

"At the time those were taken on Long Island a considerable part of them were sick of the dysentery, and with this distemper on them were first crowded on board the ships, afterward in the churches in New York, three, four, or five hundred together, without any blankets, or anything for even the sick to lie upon, but the bare floors or pavements. . . . Of this distemper numbers died daily, and many others, by their confinement and the sultry season, contracted fevers and died of them. During their sickness, with these and other diseases, they had no medicines, nothing soothing or comfortable for sick people, and were not so much as visited by the physician by the month together.

". . . It seems that one end of their starving our people was to bring them, by dint of necessity, to turn rebels to their own country, their own consciences, and their God. For while thus famishing they would come and say to them: 'This is the just punishment of your rebellion. Nay, you are treated too well for rebels; you have not received half you deserve or half you shall receive. But if you will enlist into his Majesty's service, you shall have victuals and clothes enough.'

"As to insults, the British officers, besides continually cursing and swearing at them as rebels, often threatened

to hang them all; and on a particular time ordered a number, each man to choose his halter out of a parcel offered, wherewith to be hanged; and even went so far as to cause a gallows to be erected before the prison, as if they were immediately to be executed. They further threatened to send them all into the East Indies, and sell them there for slaves. . . .

"To these circumstances we subjoin the manner in which they buried those of our people who died. They dragged them out of their prisons by one leg and one arm, piled them up without doors, there let them lie till a sufficient number were dead to make a cart-load, then loaded them up in a cart, drove the cart thus loaded out to the ditches, made by our people when fortifying New York; there they would tip the cart, tumble the corpses together into the ditch, and afterward slightly cover them with earth.

"As the only prisons in New York at the time were the 'New Jail' and the 'New Bridewell,' a number of the Presbyterian and Dutch Reformed churches, the buildings of Columbia College, the hospitals, and three great buildings known as 'sugar houses,' were all made use of and filled with the suffering, despairing men. Amidst the horrors of these surroundings not the least of the heroism in the struggle for liberty was exhibited, and many died for their country there as certainly as did others on the field of battle. 'They being dead yet speak.'"

Years afterward William Cunningham, when dying, made and signed the following confession: —

"I was appointed provost-marshal to the Royal army, which placed me in a situation to wreak my vengeance on the Americans. I shudder to think of the murders I have

been accessory to, *both with and without orders from government*, especially while in New York, during which time there were more than 2000 prisoners stored in the different churches, *by stopping their rations, which I sold.* There were also 275 *American prisoners and obnoxious persons executed*, out of all which number there were only about one dozen public executions, which chiefly consisted of British and Hessian deserters. The mode for private executions was thus conducted: a guard was despatched from the provost about half-past twelve at night to the Barrack Street (now Chambers) and the neighbourhood of the upper barracks to order the people to shut their window shutters and put out their lights, forbidding them at the same time to presume to look out of their windows and doors on pain of death; after which the unfortunate prisoners were conducted, gagged, just behind the upper barracks, and hung without ceremony, and there buried by the black pioneer of the provost."

CHAPTER XVI

ARNOLD AND CARLETON

MEANWHILE, the success of Washington had not been the only encouraging event of the year 1776. Up on Lake Champlain, Benedict Arnold and his bold men had been defeated in the first engagement between a British and an American fleet; but his defeat, like that which so frequently occurred during the Revolution, had been of a character that really encouraged the struggling patriots. Perhaps the best test of a true man or nation, after all, is in the spirit with which apparent disaster is faced.

It was a favourite scheme of the British, not only in the early years of the struggle, but afterward, as we shall learn in the course of this record, to split apart the united colonies by an invasion from Canada, which should secure the waters and defences of Lake Champlain and Lake George, and by holding the Hudson not only open a waterway between New York and Montreal, but also present a barrier which neither part of the separated colonies could break through.

After the failure of the American expedition against Quebec it was believed, and indeed learned beyond a doubt, that Carleton would assemble a large force, already increased as it was by reënforcements of vessels and men from England, make his way up Lake Champlain, attack Crown Point and Ticonderoga, and then push on for Albany or New York.

General Gates, who at the time was in command of the Northern army, having superseded Schuyler in that office, although Washington well knew that Philip Schuyler was much the better man, in spite of the petty jealousies and rivalries of the colonies that prevented him from following his own better judgment, had called a council of his officers and decided that Arnold was the man to provide and command a fleet to harass, if it could not drive back, the oncoming force of Great Britain.

With all his accustomed energy and enthusiasm Arnold threw himself into the task. Men from the coast of Connecticut and Massachusetts came to his aid, and within a few weeks after the time when they began their work, Arnold's men had felled the great trees of the near-by forests, cut and fashioned the timbers, and by the middle of August, 1776, a small squadron had been made and rudely equipped.

A sloop with twelve guns, a schooner with the same number, two schooners with eight guns each, and five "gondolas," each with five guns, comprised the "navy," which Carleton, with a fleet composed of a number of very strong vessels, twenty gunboats, and more than two hundred transports, of which forty were boats loaded with provisions, was advancing to meet. It is claimed that twelve thousand men were in Carleton's army at the time.

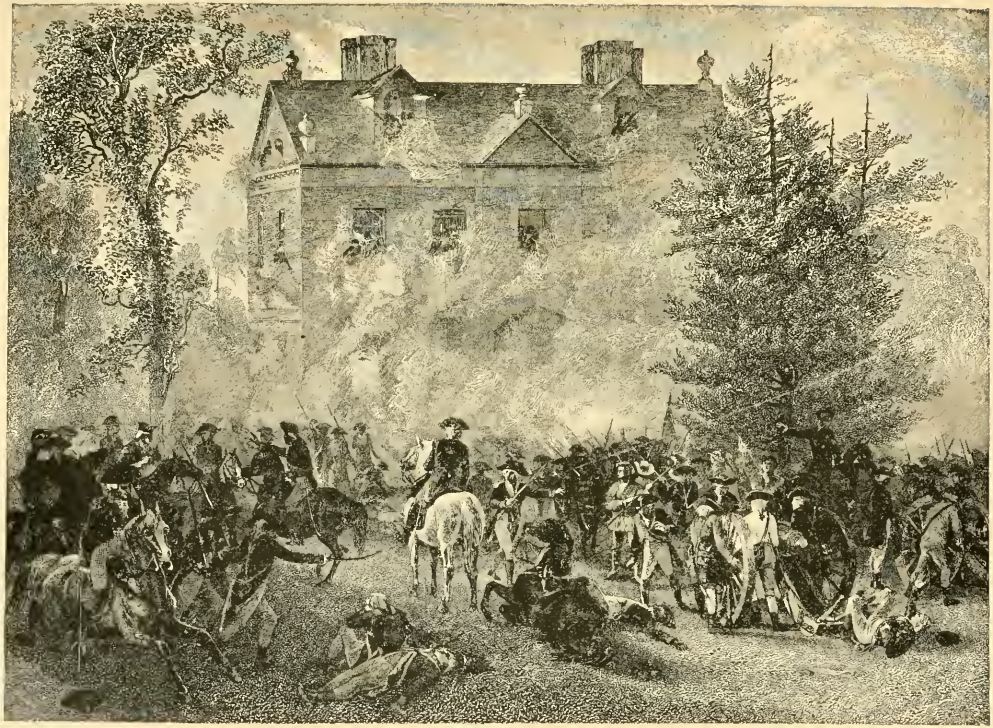
Arnold had planned to go as far down the lake as Isle Aux Têtes, near Rouse's Point, but finding out that the Tories and Indians were assembling near him, and hearing numerous reports of the size of Carleton's force, he fell back with his own fleet, which had meanwhile been somewhat strengthened, until, in the narrow little channel between Valcour Island and the New York shore, he found a place where he was somewhat protected, and there awaited the coming of his foe.

It was early in the morning of Friday, October 11th, when the long-expected British force appeared, and the sight of it must have been one to stir the hearts of Benedict Arnold and his men. Greatly outnumbered, facing a fleet manned by experienced sailors, other men than Arnold might have tried to flee; but personally talking to his followers, appearing at any moment among his men when he was needed, the doughty fighter waited, and at noon of that day the battle began, and within an hour every vessel was engaged in the fearful conflict.

For nearly five hours the smoke of battle rested over the waters. The American vessels suffered terribly, about sixty of their men had been killed or wounded, the rigging was torn with shot, masts were broken into splinters, but the intrepid Arnold had never a thought of giving up, for that was not what he had been sent to do. With his own hands he aimed the guns, and his voice and shouts and example were the constant inspiration of his men.

When darkness fell, victory had not yet been won by either side, and the two fleets were within speaking distance of each other when the men ceased their efforts. The night that followed was dark, and there was a strong wind from the north, and after consulting with his officers Arnold decided to attempt to withdraw from the place he held, satisfied that if the battle was resumed in the morning, the outcome could not be long doubtful. Accordingly, about ten o'clock that evening, the little crippled fleet weighed anchor, and with Arnold's vessel bringing up the rear, crept slowly and safely away from the over-confident boats of the enemy, and were more than nine miles away when Carleton discovered that he had been fooled.

Immediately the British gave chase, but the wind had



THE BATTLE OF GERMANTOWN — ATTACK ON JUDGE CHEW'S HOUSE

(From a painting by A Chappel)

shifted, and it was not until the early morning of the 13th, that the enemy was close enough to fire upon the retreating fleet. Arnold's vessel was still the rear-guard, and soon this was receiving the terrible fire of three of Carleton's gun-boats. One of the American fleet (the *Washington*) soon struck, and the men on board were made prisoners, among whom was the notorious Joe Bettys, who, after he was taken to Canada, entered the British service, and became one of the most detested spies of all the war. He seemed to be filled with hatred for his former comrades and friends, and at last, after having been captured and pardoned, and then breaking his promise, was justly hanged.

Soon seven of the British fleet were united in an attack upon the *Congress* (Arnold's "flag-ship"), but though it was soon punctured with holes and was such a wreck that it could hardly be kept afloat, Arnold apparently did not know how to give up, but still fought on. By his command some of the other vessels were sent ashore and set on fire by the men after they landed, but still the flags were flying on the *Congress*, and her cannon had not been silenced.

When, however, the other men had safely gained the shore, Arnold at last joined them and marched so rapidly for Crown Point that the Indians, who had been sent ahead to form an ambush, let him pass before they knew he was gone, and he safely gained the fort whither one of his schooners, one galley, one sloop, and one gondola — all that now remained of his fleet — had already made their way in safety. The British had lost about forty men in the two fights, and the Americans about twice that number; but they had inflicted so much damage upon Carleton's fleet, and had fought so stubbornly, that the British

commander, though he at once took possession of Crown Point, which the Americans had speedily abandoned for Ticonderoga, the fort they particularly desired to hold, did not know whether it was wise to follow up his "victory" or not. Carleton is to be given credit for the kindness with which he treated his prisoners, for he ordered the same care to be given them that was bestowed upon his own wounded men.

For a few days the men in Fort Ticonderoga were in great fear lest the enemy should move upon them, and there can be no doubt that the place would have fallen had the British leader acted promptly; but he explained to his superiors, who were very indignant at his failure to use and follow up the victory he had won, that the cold weather would soon be at hand, and if his fleet should be held in the ice he knew not what would happen to him. Accordingly, after a brief delay, Carleton sailed away for Canada, and his great expedition had in reality accomplished nothing except to destroy a few rude vessels that the Americans had hastily constructed of green timbers in the summer days.

Without any doubt the credit of all this was due to Benedict Arnold. It was his ability, bravery, and example that had cheered his men and virtually held back the enemy. Even his own enemies, and they were many, for he was a man who seemed to have a strange facility in arousing opposition, acknowledged this; but in spite of all that he had done, when the new generals were appointed, Arnold was ignored by Congress. His bravery and ability certainly had entitled him to the promotion, and Washington himself was strongly in favour of it; but once more the petty rivalries and jealousies of the men from the

different colonies prevailed, and it was declared that Connecticut already had too many officers, and now should have no more until some others had received their just recognition.

Arnold was furiously angry at this slight, and it was only by the earnest personal solicitation of the great Washington himself that he did not leave the army then and there. All this injustice, for it was nothing less, although it affords no just reason for the treachery of Arnold which followed in the year 1780, still provides something of an excuse. If he had been a really great and true man, he would have preferred to suffer wrong rather than do wrong; but all that belongs to another part of this history, and for his wonderfully brave work on Lake Champlain in October, 1776, he is entitled to the thanks and admiration of all the lovers of America.

CHAPTER XVII

PREPARING FOR A NEW CAMPAIGN

The winter and spring months that followed were busy ones for both nations engaged in the contest. In England there was still a feeling of strong confidence that the rebellion would soon be crushed, and the same confident spirit was manifest among the British soldiers and their allies in America. Some of the Hessian soldiers, it is true, had been induced to desert by the promise which the Americans had caused to be written out on small bits of paper and enclosed in little packages of tobacco that they took pains to have scattered among the "Dutch butchers," whereby a home and a goodly number of untilled acres should be given to each soldier who withdrew from the service of King George; but the main body was still intact.

Congress and those who had charge of the finances were busy with their own problems, and Benjamin Franklin had gone to France to try to induce that nation to assist the colonies in their efforts to gain their freedom. Franklin himself became very popular with many of the leading Frenchmen, though the king of France probably did not favour him overmuch. With many the inducement to help America was born not of a love for that land so much as of a bitter hatred for England, but at this time the aid largely consisted of promises and of sometimes

turning a blind eye toward the American privateers, many of which were fitted out or found a place of refuge among the ports of France.

Practically the newly formed states had no navy; but along the coast, particularly in New England, were many daring, hardy sailors, whose services in the battles of Long Island and Trenton we have already related. Others of these men were given commissions as privateers in the hope that by preying upon the commerce of Great Britain the mother country would the sooner be brought to see that the Americans were in deadly earnest. Indeed, Franklin had carried with him on his voyage to France a number of such blank commissions signed by John Hancock as President of the congress, and he was to use his own good judgment in filling them out. Ezekiel Hopkins, John Paul Jones, and others whose names and deeds we shall have occasion to refer to elsewhere were among these daring privateers, and so bold had been their deeds that insurance rates on English shipping became very high, and many of the French vessels were at this time engaged in carrying the English trade. Perhaps one little story will better illustrate the conditions than any detailed account could do.

In the crew of one of these American vessels, the *Reprisal*, was a young sailor named Conyngham, a keen, daring young man, not twenty-five years of age. So successful had he been in escaping from the English prisons when he was captured, and so confident were his superiors in his ability, that he was induced to take command of one of the vessels of the fleet then being fitted out at Dunkirk for privateering purposes. Already his name had become a familiar one to the English, and he was familiarly

known as "the Arch Rebel," and pictures of him representing him not as he was, a slim, dapper young fellow, but as a great, coarse, roistering pirate, were stuck up in the shop windows of London, and even the nurse-maids were accustomed to point to them to frighten the children in their care. Indeed, it is said that one time, when he had just escaped from an English prison, he joined the crowd in front of one window and with them gazed at what was supposed to be a picture of "Conyngham the Arch Rebel," but no one detected the resemblance, and so he went free.

Early in the spring of 1777 he set sail from Dunkirk in the privateer *Surprise*, and in less than a week had captured the *Joseph*, a trim British brig, and a packet, *The Prince of Orange*. When he sailed back to France the Englishmen made such a time over his exploits that the Frenchmen compelled him give up the prizes and his prisoners, and even declared that he and his own men must also be held as prisoners of the English. That was a great state of affairs in Conyngham's eyes, and in the eyes of others, too, for the matter of that; but before the English man-of-war arrived to carry him to England, through the aid of Ben Franklin and some of the Frenchmen, he assembled a new crew and set sail in the *Revenge*, and so escaped. The purpose of the *Revenge* was to intercept the English transports carrying Hessians to America, but though he failed to take any Hessians, off the West Indies he fell in with an English schooner and took that. Among his prisoners were four young American ladies who were naturally greatly frightened when they discovered that they were in the hands of the terrible Conyngham, "the Arch Rebel." However, they soon recovered from their terror, at least one of them did, for not long afterward she became the

wife of the privateer. So sturdy a lass was she that afterward, when her husband was taken again by the British, and this time they boasted that nothing could save him from the hanging they declared he deserved, she herself went to see Washington and in person begged of Congress for help for her husband. Her plea prevailed, and Congress authorized Washington to retaliate and hang a British captain, if Captain Conyngham should be harmed. Perhaps it is not necessary to relate that "the Arch Rebel" was not hanged.

In New York, the captive American general, Charles Lee, was plotting with Howe and trying to show him just how he could gain an easy victory over Washington, "the fox." Howe listened, though what he himself must have thought of his prisoner no one knows; but later events showed that after a trial he abandoned Lee's suggestions and followed his own plans, with greater success than otherwise he could have gained.

The American army was being strengthened somewhat, that is, strengthened as much as a Congress without money and men without experience could accomplish, and all were looking forward to the springtime of 1777, with a full realization that the struggle was only begun.

Some efforts were made to strengthen the American cause on the sea, and in November, 1776, it had been decided that the equivalent offices of the naval force should be that an admiral should rank as a general, a vice-admiral as lieutenant-general, rear-admiral as major-general, commodore as brigadier-general, captain of a forty-gun ship and upward as a colonel, captain of a ship of ten to twenty guns as major, and a lieutenant as captain.

The pay of the various officers had been fixed as follows

per month: major-general, $166, except when he was acting in a separate department, and then it was to be $330; brigadier-general, $125; adjutant-general, $125; commissary-general, $80; quartermaster-general, $80; his deputy, $40; paymaster-general, $100; his deputy, $50; chief engineer, $60; three aides-de-camp for the general, each $33; his secretary, $66; and commissary of the musters, $40. Certain it is that it was not the money they received that was the inducement of the officers of the Continental army. And yet it would be hardly just to suppose that every soldier was an ardent patriot, for such was not the case. Though there were many men fighting for freedom for its own sake, there were others who had no such patriotic motives, and out of this varying material, and petty jealousies between colonies and men, and treachery on the part of some of the leaders, was to be constructed an army that should insure the liberty of the men of America. The real cause of wonder is that Washington ever could have done what he did.

The year of 1777 was to be a trying one. Carleton had practically failed in the preceding year to open the way along Lake Champlain from Montreal to Albany and New York. This project was dear to the hearts of many of the British leaders, and this year the attempt was to be made under the leadership of a man, who if words, and particularly his own words, were to be believed, did not know the meaning of failure — John Burgoyne. "Britons never retreat" was a favourite expression with him; but he was to learn that every rule has its exception, and this statement, though it had been proved to be true many a time, was not to be different from others.

General John Burgoyne almost from his boyhood days

GENERAL GAGE
SIR HENRY CLINTON
CHARLES LORD CORNWALLIS
GENERAL BURGOYNE
LORD HOWE

had been in the service of the British army, and had particularly distinguished himself in the war of Portugal with Spain when England had been aiding the former nation. He was a man of a genial nature, made friends easily, and was particularly proud of the literary work he had done, for he had written one or two plays and some poems which were greatly admired in the court of King George, with whom Burgoyne was a favourite. He had no small talent as a general, too, but he was so supremely confident of his own ability, and so thoroughly despised the "country bumpkins" who opposed him, that his very over-confidence led to his failure.

When Lord George Germain, after listening to the plan Burgoyne laid before him, for Burgoyne had previously been in America and was at Boston when the battle of Bunker Hill occurred, secured for him, through his influence with the king, the command of the force which was to make the invasion from Canada, there was no happier man in the British army than he, and many were his boasts as to what he would accomplish. It was well he did his boasting before his campaign, for he had no opportunity afterward.

CHAPTER XVIII

BURGOYNE'S PLANS AND TRYON'S MARCH UPON DANBURY

As we know, Carleton had retreated into Canada. The British held New York and Newport, and the plan now formed was for Burgoyne to advance upon Albany by the way of Lake Champlain while Colonel Barry St. Leger with a large force of regulars and Indians was to go up the St. Lawrence from Montreal and to sweep down through the Mohawk valley and join Burgoyne at Albany. At the same time Clinton with another force was to come up the Hudson from New York and join the other two men and so effectually split and hold apart the eastern from the middle and southern colonies. Certainly, as far as the plan was concerned, it was a good one; but to plan is one thing, and to do is a very different matter, as John Burgoyne soon learned to his sorrow.

Before entering upon the story of this invasion, however, we must refer to a project of Sir William Howe's that had a marked effect upon the patriots. All through the winter of 1776–77 the hardy patriots had been gathering stores at Danbury, Connecticut, and word of this having been received at New York it was decided to send a force to seize these valuables and so inflict a blow upon the stubborn "farmers" that might aid in bringing them to their senses.

Accordingly Tryon, who as we know had had such

serious trouble when he was governor of North Carolina and indeed afterward as the governor of New York, was given two thousand men with whom he sailed away for Fairfield, Connecticut, and there landed. They then marched across the country to Danbury, and after seizing the stores set fire to the town and started on their march back to Fairfield. But the militia, boys, and old men, joining the ranks of the patriots, followed the retiring invaders, and shooting from behind rocks and trees kept up a galling fire on the returning redcoats.

Benedict Arnold was in New Haven at the time, and, for the moment forgetful of his own slights, with six hundred men rushed to Ridgefield, where he joined Wooster, who was in command of the militia, and there a stubborn fight took place April 27th, 1777. Twice the horse Arnold was riding was shot from under him; but still Arnold fought on, encouraging his men and fighting like a demon. In the end the British were defeated and indeed were almost captured, though at last they managed to get away after they had lost two hundred of their men. For his bravery Congress voted to make Arnold a major-general and also presented him with a fine horse; but still he felt that justice had not been done him, and when Washington urged him to take command of the Americans at Peekskill on the Hudson, he declined. But he was not to be without a share in the stirring events of the approaching summer.

The following account appeared in the *Pennsylvania Journal* in May, 1777, and may serve as an illustration of the tendency of our forefathers "to drop into poetry" as well as to show their feelings at the time: —

THE EXPEDITION TO DANBURY

A royal "attack and feat" under the command of General Tryon to destroy the stores of beef, pork, and rum

SCENE. — NEW YORK

Without wit, without wisdom, half stupid and drunk,
And rolling along arm in arm with his [junk],
The gallant Sir William, who fights all by proxy,
Thus spoke to his soldiers, held up by his doxy:

"My boys, I'm a-going to send you with Tryon
To a place where you'll all get as groggy as I am;
And the wounded, when well, shall receive a full gill,
But the slain be allowed as much as they will.
By a Tory from Danbury I've just been informed
That *there's nobody there, so the place shall be storm'd.*"

TRYON

If there's nobody *there*, sir, and nobody *near* it,
Two thousand will conquer the whole, never fear it.

[JOE GALLOP-AWAY,[1] *a refugee Tory with several others*]

Good soldiers, go fight that we all may get rich.

SOLDIERS

Go get a halter . . .
D'ye think, you contemptible thief-looking crew,
That we fight to get beef for such rascals as you?

TRYON

Come on, my brave boys, now as bold as a lion,
And march for the honour of General Tryon;
My lads, there's no danger, for this you may know,
That I'd let it alone if I thought it was so.

[1] Joseph Galloway was one of the colonials who had yielded to Howe's proclamation in New Jersey the preceding year, and had placed himself and his possessions under the protection of Howe.

SCENE. — CONNECTICUT. TROOPS LANDED

TRYON

In cunning and canting, deceit and disguise,
In cheating a friend, and inventing of lies,
I think I'm a match for the best of my species,
But in this undertaking I fell all in pieces;
So I'll fall in the rear, for I'd rather go last:
Come, march on my boys, let me see you all past,
For his Majesty's service (so reads my commission)
Requires that I *bring up* the whole expedition.

SCENE. — DANBURY. TROOPS ARRIVED

[*A noise among the soldiers*]

TRYON

In his Majesty's name, what's this mutinous jargon?

SOLDIERS

We've come to get drunk, sir, for that was the bargain.

IRISH SOLDIER, DRUNK

Huzza for the Congress — the Congress and toddy —

TRYON

You rascal, I'll run you quite through the body.

SECOND IRISH SOLDIER

By the head of St. Paddy
I care not a louse for King George nor his daddy.

THIRD IRISH SOLDIER

What plenty is here! Oh, what eating and drinking!
Who'd stay in New York to be starving and —

FOURTH IRISH SOLDIER

The rebels, huzza! in a hat full of rum.

FIFTH IRISH SOLDIER

Come, let us drink bumpers, Jack, — out of a drum.

SCOTCH SOLDIER

Laird Bute and his clan are a bundle of thieves.

ENGLISH SOLDIER

Lord North and his gang are a kennel of slaves.

WELSH SOLDIER

And a Welshman, prave poys, never harbours with knaves.

ALL

Then let us go over,
Who'd stay to be starved, that might thus live in clover?

[*They sing*]

Let freedom and love be the glee of our song;
Let America flourish — the Congress grow strong;
And brave Washington conqueror all the day long.

[*A consultation of officers. At a distance houses and stores on fire*]

TRYON

I wish I was back, for I'm wofully scar'd,
The light will be seen and the noise will be heard,
And the rebels will gather so thick in our way
That whether we run for it or whether we stay,
The fate of the whole will be doubtful — and then —

[*A sudden alarm; an officer in a fright gallops about crying*]

To arms, to arms, to arms, — ten thousand men
Are pouring from the clouds, — ten thousand more
Are got between the army and the shore,
Ten thousand women, too!

TRYON

Run, run; stop, stop;
Here keep me on my horse before I drop.

[*Enter an officer from New York. To* TRYON]

OFFICER

The king hath promised, sir, you shall be knighted.

TRYON

The devil take the king — for I'm so frighted —

OFFICER

But, sir, you must attend to what I've said.

TRYON

Why, then, the king must knight me when I'm dead.

OFFICER

But I bring orders, sir, which say "you must — "

TRYON

Aye, *must* or *not*, I'll have a gallop first.

[*Sets off with the whole after him*]

SCENE. — THE SHIPPING

[*Troops on board. Tryon surrounded by surgeons*]

TRYON

My body's full of balls — I hear them rattle.

SURGEON

'Tis only, sir, the echo of the battle.

TRYON

Do search me over — see where 'tis I'm wounded.

SURGEON

You are not hurt, sir.

TRYON

Then I'm confounded;
For as I stood, not knowing what to do,
Whether to fight, to fly, or to pursue,
A cannon ball of two and thirty pound
Struck me just where Sir Peter[1] got his wound;
Then passing on between my horse's ears —

[1] Sir Peter Parker who was wounded in the thigh and knee at the battle off Sullivan's Island, June 28, 1776.

SURGEON

Compose yourself, good sir, — forget your cares,
You are not slain, — you are alive and well.

TRYON

Between my horse's ears, and down he fell,
Then getting up again —

SURGEON

Dear sir, compose,
And try to get yourself into a doze;
The hurt you've got is not so dangerous deep,
But bleeding, shaving, patience, time, and sleep,
With blisters, clysters, physic, air, and diet,
Will set you up again if you'll be quiet.

TRYON

So thick, so fast, the balls and bullets flew,
Some hit me here, some there, some thro' and thro';
And so by thousands did the rebels muster
Under Generals Arnold and old Wooster
That let me, let me, let me, let me but
Get off alive — *Farewell, Connecticut.*

Perhaps it was well that some one could find a laughable part in the encounter, but it was a serious affair after all, and though the Americans came off well, General Wooster was among those who laid down their lives on that day.

THE SURRENDER OF BURGOYNE

(From a painting by Chapin)

CHAPTER XIX

THE INVASION BY JOHN BURGOYNE

EARLY in the summer of 1777, Burgoyne, or "John Burgoyne, Esq.," as he wrote his name, was ready for his advance from Montreal, and by June 1st he had mustered a force of more than seven thousand men at St. John's, at the foot of Lake Champlain.

Owing to the quarrels and bitter rivalries of the colonies, the enemies of General Philip Schuyler had succeeded in having General Gates placed in command of the army that was to oppose the advance of the British. This, however, lasted only a few weeks, and Schuyler was again given the command and Gates assigned to a position under him; but the disposition of Gates was so petty and his vanity so great, that he refused to serve under the abler man, and in a pet withdrew for a time from the region.

The middle of June Burgoyne set sail. The coming of Tories, Canadians, and Indians had increased his force to almost ten thousand men, of whom a little more than three thousand were Hessians, led by the doughty General Riedesel, whose wife also accompanied him on the expedition.

Burgoyne's fleet must have presented a picturesque and stirring sight on that beautiful June morning when it set sail on the blue waters of Lake Champlain; but its gay appearance was only a reflection of the confidence and

gayety the men all felt in their hearts. In advance was a multitude of birch-bark canoes filled with painted Indians, whose savage faces and gleaming eyes were already familiar to the hardy settlers of the region. Behind them came the barges filled with the men of the division of which General Frazer, next to Burgoyne in authority, and the ablest general in the British ranks, was in command. Next to them were the armed vessels, among which were two frigates. The other generals and the main body of the invading army were close behind the fleet, and the rear was brought up by the followers of the camp, a motley assemblage of Tories and Canadians.

Scouts of the Americans were on the lookout and soon spied the imposing fleet as it moved up the lake, and swiftly bore word of the advance to General St. Clair, who was in command of Fort Ticonderoga, or "Fort Ty," as almost every one called it, which once more was to fall without a gun having been fired in its defence.

For a few days, from June 21st to the 28th, Burgoyne's army halted at the falls of the little stream, or river, Bouquet, where large numbers of his Indian allies joined his forces. The days and nights were largely given over to feasting, and "John Burgoyne, Esq.," made an address to the redmen in which, adopting their own manner of speaking, he urged them not to forget the requirements of civilized warfare. It is likely Burgoyne himself was not in favour of permitting the savage to scalp or maltreat their victims, and yet when he sent forth his proclamation, as he did throughout the adjacent region, in addition to the invitation he extended to all to place themselves under his protecting care and the warnings he gave against permitting the rebels to secure provisions, he added a threat

that he would let loose his hordes if his demands were not complied with.

A small garrison was left by the British at Crown Point and then the army pushed on for Fort Ticonderoga, where it naturally was thought the rebels would fight if anywhere they dared to make a stand before the advancing men.

General St. Clair, with about three thousand men, was in command of the fort, which was fairly well equipped and had been greatly strengthened since it had been in the possession of the Americans. Not far from the fort (it was not quite a mile) there was a bold, rocky height which rose six hundred feet above the waters. This point has been known as Sugar-loaf Hill, or Mount Defiance. It is strange that this eminence should have been neglected by the Americans, for a force once gaining its summit would have the fort at its mercy. Again and again the leaders had been urged to secure it, but they declared no enemy could scale its steep sides, much less drag cannon up its slopes, and all this, too, in spite of the fact that Arnold and others had shown that such a deed could be done by doing it themselves. However, the place was left as nature had made it, and in a false feeling of security St. Clair waited.

They had not long to wait, for the British, quick to see the importance of gaining possession of the height, working under the direction of their valiant General Phillips all through the night of July 4th dragged a few brass cannon up the narrow defiles and rude pathways they had hastily constructed, and on the next morning (July 5th, 1777) the astonished Americans in Old Ty beheld their enemies looking down from the height which they had so confidently asserted could not be scaled.

The redcoats were not quite ready to begin the attack,

however, and St. Clair, after consulting with his officers, decided to evacuate the fort that very night. For this he afterward was sharply blamed by the people, and perhaps he was not entirely without fault. Certainly he should have looked after Sugar-loaf Hill (Mount Defiance the British had already named it), but it is difficult to judge honestly of his act at this late day.

It was hoped that in the darkness the little army would be able to withdraw without their departure being discovered by the redcoats. The plan was for St. Clair to take the most of the men and retreat among the Green Mountains, while the wives of the officers, the stores, and all the guns and ammunition they could carry were to be taken by water to Skenesborough (now Whitehall) and thence to Fort Edward, where General Schuyler and his force lay, and where St. Clair also hoped to come by another way.

A great chain and many obstructions had been placed in the water, by which it was hoped that the British fleet would be delayed, if not held back, and so would be prevented from making an immediate pursuit.

It was about three o'clock in the morning of July 6th, and a part of the garrison had already left the fort, when suddenly one of the houses in the fort took fire. This was claimed to be the result of an accident, but many believed that a treacherous officer had set fire to the building. At all events, whatever the cause may have been, the house was burning, and in the light of the flames the British sentinels discovered the departure of the garrison and instantly set to work. Not an hour had elapsed before their own flag was flying over the walls of old Fort Ty (which once more had fallen without the discharge of a gun). General Frazer was sent with nine hundred men

in swift pursuit of the fleeing Americans, arrangements were made by which the Hessians under Riedesel were to follow up Frazer and give him their aid, and Burgoyne himself with all the remainder of his army, except one thousand men whom he left to hold the fort which had fallen so easily into his possession, started in pursuit of those who had fled with the stores and ammunition up the lake.

The men with St. Clair, it is to be feared, were more like a mob than an army, and were fleeing without much order in the wild hope that they might soon join the forces with Schuyler, or at least get between Burgoyne and Schuyler, and possibly do enough to hold the British back until they themselves could be reënforced by Schuyler's men. The day was intensely warm, and the fear and haste greatly wearied all. They did not even know that Frazer and the Hessians were following them, but after they had arrived at Hubbardton, St. Clair decided to push on, leaving Colonel Warner and Colonel Francis at that little town for a rear-guard.

It was a mistake for Warner to halt, for all agreed that he should have kept close to his leader; but his men were so nearly exhausted, the weather was so hot, and as he did not know of Frazer's pursuit, he decided to give his men a rest for the night there, though he wisely took the precaution of cutting down many of the trees and much of the brush, which would be sure to entangle any possible advancing foe if it did not check him.

On the following morning, July 7th, 1777, at about five o'clock when the men were preparing their breakfast they were astounded by a sudden dash upon them by Frazer's men, who, as we know, had in reality been following close

upon their heels. In their terror one regiment broke and fled, but all the other men heroically stood their ground, and then began one of the fiercest fights of the entire war. The British were bothered by the brush and fallen trees and soon every man was fighting from behind trees or such protection as he could secure. The forces were not unevenly matched, and the zeal of the redcoats was not greater than the desperate resistance of the Americans. Man after man fell, Colonel Francis was killed; but still the men fought on. The British were beginning to give way when suddenly the song of an advancing host was heard. The Americans of course did not know that the Hessians, though they had been left far behind by Frazer's men, were coming to the aid of their comrades. It might be that it was the entire force of Burgoyne advancing upon them, so the patriots broke and fled, every man for himself. They had lost three hundred in killed and wounded, besides many prisoners, and the British had also suffered severely.

Meanwhile, Burgoyne had been in swift pursuit of the Americans who had fled up the lake with their flotilla. They had just arrived at Skenesborough, and before their boats could be cleared for action the gun-boats of the British began to fire. It could hardly be called a defence that the Americans made, and setting fire to their boats and stores, the Americans, almost panic-stricken, managed somehow to escape to Fort Anne.

At almost the same time word of the loss at Skenesborough and of the defeat of Colonel Warner at Hubbardton came to the distracted general St. Clair. His own followers, only numbering now about half as many as when he had left Fort Ticonderoga, were terrorized, he had but few

supplies left, and the region behind him was held by Frazer and Riedesel. He did what he could, however, and five days later, after having fled by the way of Rutland and Bennington, he succeeded in joining Schuyler at Fort Edward, while Warner and his men had at last rested at Bennington.

Burgoyne naturally was highly elated at the wonderful success which had been his. It did indeed seem as if he had succeeded, for in less than a week all the events in his campaign which we have recorded had occurred, and small cause for wonder is it that he sent word of his success to England, which as greatly pleased the king as it had John Burgoyne, Esq., himself.

Philip Schuyler now quickly sent men to aid St. Clair at Fort Anne; but Burgoyne was moving swiftly, eager not only to give the Americans no time to recover, but to complete his work as speedily as possible; but the regiment he instantly sent forward to Fort Anne, even while the flames of Skenesborough were blazing, found when they arrived that the demoralized Americans were not entirely conquered yet. Not waiting for the British to approach, the hardy patriots dashed upon them with such fury that for once the "Britons did retreat"; but the frightful yelling of the approaching Indians caused the victorious Americans to halt, and delaying but a moment in the face of a peril which to the settlers was greater than all others, they quickly set fire to the blockhouse at Fort Anne and then started swiftly for Fort Edward. But the British, checked for the moment, instead of pursuing fell back to rejoin their comrades at Skenesborough.

Certainly the Americans had not thus far made a very good showing. At this day we can understand better

than did our forefathers the problems the leaders were compelled to face. Congress had given but little aid, the troops were poorly equipped and without discipline, and were compelled to face an enemy which they had always been taught was the most powerful on earth. Small cause for wonder is it that the soldiers themselves were disheartened men; and such men as John Adams declared that the Americans would not be able to defend a post until they first shot some of the generals. Had it not been for Washington's great heart and his complete confidence in Philip Schuyler, worse disasters than those already related would very likely have befallen the demoralized army, which was trying to head off John Burgoyne on what appeared to be his successful invasion of the country.

Washington himself could not come to the aid of his friend, for as we shall elsewhere learn he did not himself know what the British plans were. Howe was in New York, but where he would strike, Washington could not determine. It might be New England, and it might be Philadelphia, and he must be prepared for either event. Burgoyne increased his confusion when he learned that the Hessians had been left in Vermont, with the very purpose of creating an impression that the invading army was planning to march toward Boston.

John Burgoyne himself meanwhile had fallen back upon Skenesborough and was planning for a march to Albany. More savages and Tories now joined his ranks, but his delay afforded the Americans the opportunity they most desired, and they at once began to destroy the bridges and make many obstructions on the road which Burgoyne must follow; but as Schuyler did not have four thousand men all told with him at Fort Edward, he did not feel that he

THE BIVOUAC AT MONMOUTH

(From a painting by A. Chappel)

dared venture a battle, and so fell back to Moses Creek, then to Saratoga, and at last to Stillwater, and Burgoyne's advance when he left Skenesborough was so slow that often he could not march more than a mile a day, and it was the 30th of July before, at last, his army was at Fort Edward.

Two new perils now began to threaten the invading army, one being that of the failure of their supplies, and the other was that of the enemies who were assembling behind them, for the patriots in the region were beginning to recover from the fear Burgoyne's advance at first had produced. They had also been greatly stirred by the use Burgoyne was making of the Indians, and in particular the story of Jane or Jennie McCrea aroused their anger and made them determined to resist to the uttermost the efforts of those who were capable of using such allies to win back the "disloyal subjects of King George." This story has been told in many different forms, but the one related by Colonel William L. Stone in his very excellent work, "The Campaign of Sir John Burgoyne," seems to be authentic, and it is here given in that writer's own words.

"On the morning of the 27th of July, 1777, Miss McCrea and Mrs. McNeal were in the latter's house at Fort Edward, preparing to set out for Fort Miller for greater security, as rumours had been rife of Indians in the vicinity. Their action was the result of a message sent to them early in the morning by General Arnold, who had, at the same time, despatched for their assistance Lieutenant Palmer, with some twenty men, with orders to place their furniture and effects on board a bateau, and row the family down to Fort Miller.

"Lieutenant Palmer, having been informed by Mrs.

McNeal that nearly all her household goods had been put on board the bateau, remarked that he, with the soldiers, was going up the hill as far as an old blockhouse, for the purpose of reconnoitring, but would not be long absent. The lieutenant and his party, however, not returning, Mrs. NcNeal and Jane McCrea concluded not to wait longer, but to ride on horseback to Colonel McCrea's ferry, leaving the further loading of the boat to the charge of a black servant. When the horses, however, were brought up to the door, it was found that one side-saddle was missing, and a boy was accordingly despatched to the house of a Mr. Gillis for the purpose of borrowing a side-saddle or pillion.

"While watching for the boy's return Mrs. McNeal heard a discharge of firearms, and looking out of the window, saw one of Lieutenant Palmer's soldiers running along the military road toward the fort, pursued by several Indians. The fugitive, seeing Mrs. McNeal, waved his hat as a signal of danger, and passed on; which the Indians perceiving, left off the pursuit, and came toward the house.

"Seeing their intention, Mrs. McNeal screamed, 'Get down cellar for your lives!' On this, Jane McCrea and the black woman, Eve, with her infant, retreated safely to the cellar; but Mrs. McNeal was caught on the stairs by the Indians, and dragged back by the hair of her head, by a powerful savage, who was addressed by his companions as Wyandot Panther. A search in the cellar was then begun, and the result was the discovery of Jane McCrea, who was brought up from her concealment, Wyandot exclaiming upon seeing her, 'My squaw, me find um agin — me keep um fast now, forebet, ugh!'

"By this time the soldiers had arrived at the fort, the

alarm drum was beaten, and a party of soldiers started in pursuit. Alarmed by the noise of the drum — which they, in common with Mrs. McNeal and Jenny heard — the Indians, after a hurried consultation, hastily lifted the two women upon the horses, which had been waiting at the door, to carry them to Colonel McCrea's ferry, and started off upon a run. Mrs. McNeal, however, having been placed upon the horse on which there was no saddle, slipped off and was thereupon carried in the arms of a stalwart savage.

"At this point, Mrs. McNeal lost sight of her companion, who, to use the language of Mrs. McNeal, 'was there ahead of me, and appeared to be firmly seated upon the saddle, and held the rein, while several Indians seemed to guard her; Wyandot still ascending the hill, and pulling along by bridle-bit the affrighted horse upon which poor Jenny rode.' The Indians, however, when halfway up the hill, were nearly overtaken by the soldiers, who, at this point, began firing by platoons. At every discharge the Indians would fall flat with Mrs. McNeal. By the time the top of Fort Edward hill had been gained, not an Indian was harmed; and one of them remarked to Mrs. McNeal, 'Wagh! um no kill — um shoot too much high for hit.' During the firing, two or three bullets of the pursuing party hit Miss McCrea with a fatal effect; who, falling from her horse, had her scalp torn off by the guide, the Wyandot Panther, in revenge for the loss of the reward given by Burgoyne for any white prisoner — a reward considered equal to a barrel of rum.

"Mrs. McNeal, however, was carried to Griffith's house, and there kept by the Indians until the next day, when she was ransomed and taken to the British camp.

"'I never saw Jenny afterward,' says Mrs. McNeal, 'nor anything that appertained to her person, until my arrival in the British camp, when an aide-de-camp showed me a fresh scalp-lock which I could not mistake, because the hair was unusually fine, luxuriant, lustrous, and dark as the wing of a raven. Till that evidence of her death was exhibited, I hoped, almost against hope, that poor Jenny had either been rescued by our pursuers [in whose army her brother, Stephen McCrea, was a surgeon] or brought by our captors to some part of the British encampment.'

"While at Griffith's house, Mrs. McNeal endeavoured to hire an Indian, named Captain Tommo, to go back and search for her companion; but neither he nor any of the Indians could be prevailed upon to venture even as far back as the brow of the Fort Edward hill, to look down it for the 'white squaw,' as they called Jenny.

"The remains of Miss McCrea were gathered up by those who would have rescued her, and buried, together with those of Lieutenant Palmer, under the supervision of Colonel Morgan Lewis [then deputy quartermaster-general] on the bank of the creek, three miles south of Fort Edward, and two miles south of her brother John McCrea's farm, which was across the Hudson, and directly opposite the principal encampment of General Schuyler."

Shortly after this time, hardly realizing the state of feeling among the scattered people, who Burgoyne fondly hoped would flock to him, with the double purpose of securing supplies and of striking a blow at New England, he decided to use his Hessians, who, the Americans claimed, were especially good at "foraging," in an attack upon Bennington. So Colonel Baum, with a force of about one thousand men, made up of Hessians, Indians, Canadians, and

Tories, with a goodly supply of Tory guides from the vicinity, started to do Burgoyne's will. Confident that there were many Tories in the region, who would rally to his aid at his approach, and with strong reënforcements of Hessians under the command of Breyman following him, and never dreaming that the "peasants" would stand before his cannon or well-drilled soldiers, the Hessian leader was hopeful that prisoners and spoils would soon be his.

CHAPTER XX

BENNINGTON

Colonel John Stark was a New Hampshire man, strong and rugged as the great hills he had seen from his boyhood, and almost as immovable as they in his sturdy independence. He had been a soldier in the French and Indian War, and had borne a sturdy part in the fights at Bunker Hill and at Trenton and Princeton. When Congress had appointed the new generals, Stark had been passed over just as Benedict Arnold had been, and like Arnold he, too, had withdrawn in anger and disgust from the contest. Neither man, however, had been able to stop fighting, so strong was the hatred of each for the invading redcoats, and so keen was the desire to protect the country from the Indians.

So when New Hampshire placed him in command of a force, although this action might only serve to increase the jealous feelings of the colonies, Stark quickly responded, eager not only to harass Burgoyne, but also to show that he could have a share in the struggle in spite of Congress.

When he arrived at Manchester (Vermont), he found a large body of his fellow-countrymen there, who, though they were nominally under the command of Lincoln, whom Schuyler had sent there, yet shared with the doughty colonel much of his own feeling; and when Lincoln informed him of Schuyler's order to march to join

him, Stark replied that he did not receive orders from any one as to where he should go. So leaving Lincoln at Manchester with six hundred men, he himself with his own immediate followers pushed rapidly on to Bennington, resolved to protect the stores at that place.

Stark, however, had a strong feeling of regard for Schuyler, and had no real intention of leaving the desperate general in his trouble. Indeed, he had his men under arms, and was just about to set forth to join Schuyler, when a woman came running to him with word that Indians were all about the adjoining town.

Instantly the colonel sent two hundred men to quiet the Indians; but they soon sent word to him that behind the savages was a large Hessian force which evidently was moving toward Bennington. Word was swiftly sent to Lincoln at Manchester to come to Stark's aid, and the following day Stark himself moved out toward the place by which it was said the Hessians were approaching. A skirmish soon followed, for he found the report to be true; and Colonel Baum speedily halted and began to erect defences on a hill near the Walloomsac River, and sent word to the Hessians who were following to make all haste to come to his aid.

The next day was too rainy for an attack, so the picks and shovels of the Germans were used all the time in fashioning Baum's redoubts. Colonel Stark was, however, strengthened by the arrival of bodies of militia from western Massachusetts who were eager to fight. Indeed, so eager were they that, in response to the complaint of a preacher, who, with the men of his congregation, had hastened to the defence of Bennington, that they never were given any fighting to do, no matter how often they might

be called out, Colonel Stark said, "If the Lord should give us sunshine once more, and I do not give you fighting enough, I will never ask you to turn out again."

On the following day "the Lord gave the desired sunshine," and Stark provided all the fighting the Berkshire men desired. At noon (August 16, 1777) Stark formed his men for an advance upon the little hill where the Hessians had entrenched themselves. In small companies of a half dozen or more, he had been sending men around to the opposite side of this hill; but the Hessians had given them no heed. Perhaps they thought they were the long-expected Tories who were to come to their aid.

It was a serious problem that confronted the untrained men with Stark. The Hessians were holding strong entrenchments, they had cannon, and the soldiers were looked upon as among the best troops of all Europe; yet when the rough colonel, pointing his sword at the hill, shouted to his men: "There, my lads, are the Hessians! To-night our flag floats over yonder hill or Molly Stark is a widow," not a man in the ranks flinched.

About the middle of the afternoon the sound of guns came from the rear of the hill, and this signal for the beginning of the fight caused the men in the front, in the rear, and on the flanks to rush forward together in an assault. Closer and closer came the men; the fire became hotter and hotter. Baum and his men were fighting bravely, but the determined Yankees could not be held back, much less driven back.

Why did not Breyman come to their aid? Would the darkness never fall to put an end to the fight? For a moment the guns of the brave but disheartened Hessians were silent, and instantly the Americans climbed over the breastworks and rushed upon the enemy.

MOLL PITCHER AT THE BATTLE OF MONMOUTH

(From a painting by D. M. Carter)

But the Hessians were not yet ready to give up. Casting aside their guns, and drawing the heavy, short broadswords with which every soldier was equipped, they fought hand to hand. Slowly Stark's men forced them backward, until what was left of the force broke and fled.

Apparently the fight had been won; and the victorious Americans, without a thought of the oncoming force under Breyman, were eagerly seizing the plunder or looking after the wounded and the prisoners, when suddenly the fresh band of Hessians appeared upon the scene.

For a moment it seemed as if the victory the Yankees had won was to be lost, for the tired Yankee militiamen were quickly forced backward; but just at that time Colonel Warner and his men arrived from Manchester, and threw themselves with all their strength into the struggle. The cannon taken from Baum were now turned upon the front of Breyman's column, while sharp-shooters with deadly aim were pouring their fire into his ranks from the flanks. Foot by foot the desperate Hessians gave way. Horses fell in their traces, the roar of the cannon was unceasing, and the pop of the rifles did not cease. Darkness was fast coming on, and before the fierce onslaught which the Americans now made the lines at last broke and the Hessians fled.

For a brief time the victors pursued them, but almost worn out by the heat and strain of the double battle, they soon returned to count their spoils and to rejoice together over the battle won. Four cannon, 700 prisoners, 1000 stand of arms, and 1000 dragoon swords of the enemy had come into their possession; and 207 of the fallen Hessians lay dead or wounded upon the field. The Americans had protected their stores, and lost only 14 killed and had only 42 wounded.

The effect of the battle was almost electric. Instantly the courage and zeal of the patriots seemed to return; while Burgoyne, disappointed, wondering where his Tory allies were to come from and how he was to obtain supplies for his army,—his Indian allies beginning rapidly to leave him,—changed his position and began to question whether after all the despised peasants were conquered or not, and if it might not be possible that Britons did sometimes retreat.

CHAPTER XXI

IN THE MOHAWK VALLEY

MEANWHILE, before we follow further the fortunes of Burgoyne, it will be necessary for us to turn our attention to some of the exciting experiences of the desperate patriots in the Mohawk Valley. Colonel Barry St. Leger with his force of redcoats had departed from Montreal, and after passing up the St. Lawrence River, and with few thoughts we may be sure of the beauties of the Thousand Islands as his fleet of bateaux, skiffs, and canoes passed them, had arrived at Oswego. The number of his followers had been greatly increased by the arrival of the Indians under the command of Brant, or Thayendanegea, as he was commonly called among the Mohawks, and Sir John Johnson with a band of "Johnson's Royal Greens," as the Tories who had left the Mohawk Valley and gone to Canada were known.

Brant was probably the most intelligent Indian of that day in the New World. He was a chief, and the son of a chief who rejoiced in the unpronounceable name of Tehowaghwengaraghkwin, and had been educated at Dr. Wheelock's school, which afterward became Dartmouth College. He was a bitter foe of the Americans, believing as he did that by siding with British in the struggle he would most effectually aid his own people in retaining their homes and hunting-grounds.

Sir John Johnson was the son of Sir William Johnson, one of the largest landowners and most intense Tories in all the region. He had been active ever since the war had broken out, and now believed that the time had come when he could strike most heavily for King George upon the scattered and "obstinate" Whigs of the valley, who had steadily refused to listen to his calls.

When St. Leger arrived at Oswego, he had altogether a force of seventeen hundred men; and early in August he left the fort, and, advancing by the way of Oneida Lake, moved upon Fort Stanwix, or Fort Schuyler as it was called, which stood where now is the city of Rome, New York.

In command of this fort was a young colonel, Peter Gansevoort, one of the most sterling of the American soldiers; and with him was a little garrison of a few hundred men to attempt to hold the fort and withstand the greater force of St. Leger. Colonel Gansevoort had been busy trying to strengthen his post, which after all was but a rude and feeble affair, and when a captured spy and the runners of the friendly Oneida Indians brought him word of the approach of his enemies he was really in no condition either to withstand a siege or engage in battle with St. Leger's advancing host.

The first real knowledge the men in the fort had of the nearness of the redcoats and redskins came one day when two soldiers of the garrison, without the permission of the commanding officer, had gone into the forest to shoot some of the wild pigeons that were passing in such clouds that it is said at times they even shut out the light of the sun. With them the two men had taken their dog, and this faithful animal had suddenly appeared before two boys

who were fishing in Wood Creek, and by his frantic leaps and barking induced them to follow him into the woods, where they discovered the men stretched upon the ground, both scalped; one dead, and the other apparently just alive.

Assistance was speedily obtained from the garrison; but every one now knew who were in the adjacent forests, and what must be expected soon.

St. Leger and his entire force were soon before the feeble walls of the old fort; and while the leader sent a demand for its surrender, he also caused to be distributed throughout the region copies of his remarkable proclamation, which, though it promised protection to all who accepted his terms of peace, threatened the direst punishment upon those who still remained obstinate. He was to learn, however, as Burgoyne was already learning, that the hardy Americans were in no mood to be terrified by high-sounding words, or even by the threat of letting loose the terrible Indians upon them.

Colonel Gansevoort curtly refused the demand for surrender, though he was in dire straits at the time. His men were few in number, provisions were low, and ammunition was scanty; while worse than any or all of these things was the presence of traitors inside the walls. One of these, Sam Geake, had been sent by Sir Henry Clinton from Poughkeepsie, and was to obtain all the information he could secure within the fort, and at the same time try to induce the men to rebel against their young colonel, and throw open the gates of the fort rather than "be butchered like sheep within a pen from which there was no hope of escape."

Colonel Gansevoort had been greatly cheered by the

arrival of Colonel Willett with a few reënforcements, but still all told he had only about 750 men with whom he was expected to keep off St. Leger's force of more than twice that number; but what the young officer lacked in men and means he seemed to have made up in courage, and with a boldness that in part was only apparent, not real, he prepared to resist the siege which began strongly on August 4th.

During this time the militia and the bold Whig farmers of the valley had been assembling at the call of sturdy old General Herkimer. At first the people of the region had been almost terror-stricken by the report of the dual invasion of Burgoyne and St. Leger; but with the "proclamations" and the actual presence of the enemy they had rallied, and with about eight hundred men General Herkimer set forth from Fort Dayton to march to the aid of the sadly beset garrison behind the walls of Fort Schuyler. His men were bold enough, but they knew almost nothing of military science. They had rifles and muskets and plenty of courage; but other additional things were to be required before a victory could be won, as they soon learned to their sorrow.

The plan was to move up near the fort, and when Colonel Gansevoort should be informed of their coming, by the scouts Herkimer sent ahead, then the garrison was to attack at the same time when Herkimer's men moved forward; and under the confusion, which it was believed the combined attacks would produce, then the men could at least make their way into the fort to the aid of their friends, if they could do nothing more.

Accordingly, Herkimer halted a few miles from the fort, and sent forward his scouts; but the latter were delayed

when they found the investing army larger and closer than they had expected, and the slow hours passed, and still the signal guns of Fort Schuyler were not heard. The restless soldiers became impatient, and demanded that Herkimer should lead them forward, whether the guns were heard or not. For a time the wise old officer (he declared he was like their father, and would not lead his children into needless peril) was able to stave off the demand. Then the men became angry and declared that their general was afraid; and at last, stung to the quick, he gave the desired command, and the terrible march was begun.

Of course the Indians had learned of Herkimer's approach, and under the direction of Brant they and the Royal Greens had concealed themselves in a long line along the sides of a narrow ravine near Oriskany. Without a thought of their peril, the careless patriots marched on to the narrow log causeway that crossed the ravine, and in a moment the yells of the Indians and the rifles of the hidden Greens sounded together.

Some of the startled, terrified Whigs turned and fled, and did not stop running before they had gained the shelter of the little fort where Utica now stands; but the most of them speedily recovered their wits, and then began the most bloody and terrible fight of all the war of the Revolution. Face to face and arm to arm the men fought. Neighbour fought against neighbour. Guns were discharged, then clubbed; and knives and fists were used until the struggling, shrieking mass of men seemed almost like a band of contending demons.

General Herkimer had been shot in the thigh, but the brave old man seated himself on the ground, and lighting his pipe, and with his back against a tree, still gave forth

his orders. The patriots soon formed themselves into little circles, and almost back to back fought the oncoming foe.

The couriers by this time had arrived at the fort, and their words, as well as the sounds of the distant guns, at once informed Gansevoort of what was going on. Quickly he sent Colonel Willett with a force to fall upon a part of the near-by Tory camp. A terrific thunder-shower, so severe that even the men fighting at Oriskany were compelled to pause in their struggle, kept him back; but as soon as the torrent ceased, Willett advanced and fell furiously upon the enemy's camp. So furious was his charge that the Tories and Indians there broke and fled, and twenty-one wagon-loads of spoils, as well as the papers of Sir John Johnson and five British standards, fell into the hands of Willett, who hastened back to Fort Schuyler without the loss of a man. No cause for wonder is it that for his gallant deed Congress afterward presented him with a beautiful sword.

The sounds of Willett's attack had been heard by the Tories and Indians at Oriskany, and instantly they knew what they meant. The Americans also knew, and were fighting with renewed desperation. Soon the Indians broke and fled, and their weird cry of defeat, "Oonah! Oonah!" resounded through the forest. Neither side had won; for though the Americans held the field, they had not been able to advance to the relief of Fort Schuyler. They had lost two hundred men, among whom was General Herkimer, for a few days afterward the old soldier died of his wound. Colonel Gansevoort was still holding his fort, however, though against terrible odds. He could not even have heard what the result of the battle at Oriskany had been, though he had a terrible fear that it had not been won,

LUZERNE.
DU PORTAIL.
ROCHAMBEAU.
VIOMENIL.
DE GRASSE.

since his friends did not come to his aid. The very next morning St. Leger, striving to take advantage of the ignorance of the men in the fort, sent a letter demanding its surrender, and also declared that not only had Oriskany been won, but also that Burgoyne at that very time had possession of Albany.

Of course Gansevoort did not know how true the claim might be, but he had no thought of surrendering; and Colonel Willett, face to face with the messenger in the presence of Colonel Gansevoort, in his anger said: "Do I understand you, sir? I think you say that you come from a British colonel who is commander of the army that invests this fort; and by your uniform you appear to be an officer in the British service. You have made a long speech on the occasion of your visit, which, stripped of all its superfluities, amounts to this — that you come from a British colonel to the commandant of this garrison, to tell him that, if he does not deliver up the garrison into the hands of your colonel, he will send his Indians to murder our women and children. You will please to reflect, sir, that their blood will be upon your heads, not upon ours. We are doing our duty; this garrison is committed to our charge, and we will take care of it. After you get out of it, you may turn round and look at its outside; but never expect to come in again, unless you come a prisoner. I consider the message you have brought a degrading one for a British officer to send, and by no means reputable for a British officer to carry. For my own part, I declare, before I would consent to deliver this garrison to such a murdering set as your army, by your own accounts, consists of, I would suffer my body to be filled with splinters and set on fire, as you know has at times been practised by such

hordes of women and children killers as belong to your army."

Perhaps it is needless to state that *Fort Schuyler was not surrendered.* Indeed, it was then that for the first time the new American flag of the stars and stripes was unfurled; for, making a flag of strips of their white shirts, strips of scarlet flannel forming the red, and the blue of a cloak which one of the captains in the fort (Captain Abraham Swartout) had previously captured from a British officer, forming the ground, a rude but true flag soon defiantly floated from the walls. We shall have more to say of the flag of our country, but the action of the men at Fort Schuyler in August, 1777, is worthy of mention here.

So the siege was renewed, and the desperate defenders did not surrender, for they did not know how. Food was very scarce, ammunition was almost gone, and messengers had been sent to General Schuyler piteously begging for aid. For days the siege continued, and then suddenly and unexpectedly the enemy fled, leaving their very tents standing, and their guns in the trenches.

It was August 22d, 1777. For a moment the brave young colonel knew not what to make of it; but soon he learned the true state of affairs, and was quick to act.

It seems that General Schuyler, although his own force was too small, with enemies in his ranks worse than the foe before him, was nevertheless desirous of sending aid to brave Colonel Gansevoort. When, however, he suggested such a plan, his own followers called him a traitor, and declared he was trying to weaken his own army so that Burgoyne might the more easily conquer it. Calmly Philip Schuyler bore the abuse and insults, and then inquired which brigadier would lead a division to the aid of Fort Schuyler.

Not one responded until Benedict Arnold impulsively declared that he would go; and go he did.

Swiftly his men advanced up the Mohawk Valley, meeting Colonel Willett and a companion officer on the way, whom Gansevoort had at last sent with a final despairing appeal for aid, fearful every hour that news would be received that the fort had fallen. At last they arrived at Fort Dayton, and what occurred there is thus related in the "Annals of Oneida County," by Pomroy Jones:—

"Arnold received information that there was to be a gathering of Tories at Shoemaker's, one of the King's Justices of the Peace, on the south side of the Mohawk, a few miles above, and Colonel Willett, who was at the time at Fort Dayton, was despatched with a competent force to arrest them. Colonel Willett and his party arrived, and surrounded Shoemaker's in the night-time, and made prisoners of the whole party, some twenty in number, and they were soon lodged in Fort Dayton. Among the number was Hanyost Schuyler, one of the coarsest and most ignorant specimens of humanity to be found in the valley; and yet a large share of shrewdness and low cunning [was] interwoven in his character. He had been so notorious as a spy, that a drumhead court-martial, which was called the next day for his trial, had no difficulty in pronouncing him guilty, and he was sentenced to be hanged on the following morning. . . .

"The mother and brother of Hanyost resided at Little Falls; and, having heard of his capture and sentence, lost no time in applying to Arnold to spare his life. The general was, however, inexorable. Major Brooks of Larned's brigade, perceiving the posture of affairs, and believing that some capital might be made out of the spy, went to

General Arnold and stated his scheme to him. General Arnold, warned by the fate of General Herkimer, and fearing his force insufficient to raise the siege, the more readily agreed to resort to stratagem. The plan concocted was this: Hanyost was to be suffered to escape from the guard-house, and his life spared, on condition that he should repair to the Indian and Tory camps in the vicinity of Fort Stanwix, and by an exaggerated account of Arnold's force induce them to desert their leader in sufficient numbers to cause St. Leger to raise the siege. If he failed, his brother, who consented to remain in Arnold's camp as a hostage, was to grace the same noose which had been prepared for Hanyost. All having been arranged, Arnold and Brooks went out, and related the particulars of the plan in the presence and hearing of the sentinel at the door of the guard-house; and after they were through, Arnold, with a significant look, asked the sentinel if he knew his duty, to which the latter gave an affirmative reply. After dark Hanyost made his escape from the guard-house, the sentinel being cautious not to fire the alarm until the double traitor had time to get beyond the reach of pursuit. Then the alarm was given, the guard turned out in the pursuit, but without avail. All who were not in the secret regretted that such an arrant villain should have escaped the just doom that awaited him.

"The life of his brother for this once caused Hanyost to be true to his country, and he fulfilled his contract to the letter. An Oneida Indian had also been let into the secret, who cheerfully embarked in the enterprise. Hanyost, who was acquainted with many of St. Leger's Indians, upon his arrival in their camp told a most piteous story of his having been taken by the rebels, and of his escape from being

hanged; and also showed them several holes through his coat, made by bullets which, he said, were fired at him when he made his escape.

"Well acquainted with Indian character, he communicated his intelligence to them in a mysterious and imposing manner. When asked as to the number of men with Arnold, he shook his head and pointed upward to the leaves of the trees; and upon being further questioned, he said the number of Arnold's men could not be less than ten thousand.

"This news soon spread through the camps. At this juncture the Oneida [Indian] arrived, and confirmed Hanyost's statement. On his way he had fallen in with two or three Oneida Indians of his acquaintance, who readily engaged in furthering his design, and these, dropping into the camp one after another, as if by accident, spoke of the great number of warriors marching against them. They also stated that the Americans did not wish to injure the Indians, but if they continued with the British, they must all share one common fate. By these means, alarm and consternation were thoroughly spread among the whole body of Indians, and they resolved upon immediate flight. St. Leger did all in his power to prevent their leaving at this critical juncture, but in vain. As a last resort, he tried to get them drunk; but the dram bottle had lost all its charms, and they refused to drink.

"After he had failed in every attempt, he tried to persuade them to fall into the rear and form a covering party to his army, and they charged him with a design of sacrificing his red allies to the safety of the whites. In a mixture of rage and despair, St. Leger immediately

ordered the siege to be raised, and with his entire force of regulars, Tories and Indians, he withdrew in such haste as to leave his tents standing, abandoning all his artillery; and some accounts state that they left their dinners cooking over their camp-fires.

"The Oneida Indian, it seems, had a spice of the wag in his composition, for he followed in the rear, and occasionally raised the cry, 'They are coming! They are coming!' for his own diversion in seeing the redcoats take a foot-race; and the retreating army never felt entirely safe until fairly embarked on the Oneida Lake.

"Hanyost kept with St. Leger's army on the retreat, until it arrived at the mouth of Wood Creek, when he returned to Fort Stanwix and gave Colonel Gansevoort the first intelligence of the approach of General Arnold's command. From thence he returned to Fort Dayton, and having fulfilled, on his part, every part and parcel of the contract, his brother was at once discharged. His principles had, however, undergone no change; he was still a Tory, and, Balaam-like, soon after rejoined the British standard, attaching himself to the forces of Sir John Johnson. After the peace of 1783, Hanyost came back and resided in the valley of the Mohawk. He was well known by some of the first settlers in Westmoreland, and was represented by them as a low, coarse, and apparently a very stupid being."

So Fort Schuyler was saved by the stratagem, and Gansevoort and his brave men were safe. Arnold and his followers hastened back to join Schuyler's army, which now was no longer Schuyler's, for Congress stupidly had listened to the bitter words spoken against the noble man, and now the petty little dandy Gates was in command of

the northern army, which was soon to face new problems and new perils.

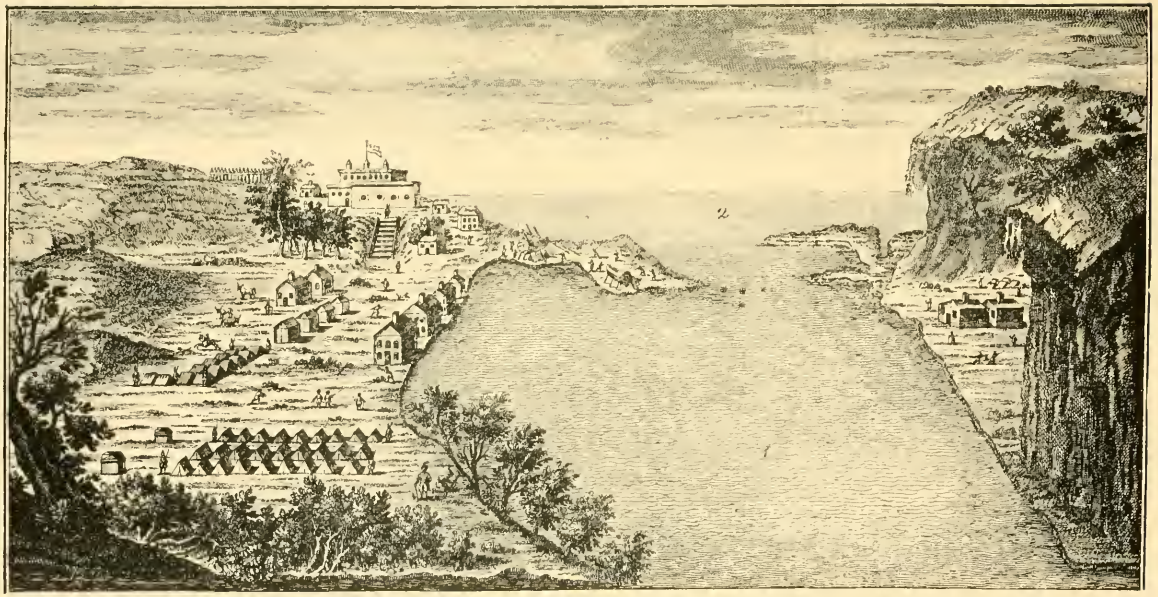
Six days after the flight of Barry St. Leger, word of his failure was brought Burgoyne; and once more the pompous general was to learn that Britons do indeed sometimes retreat.

CHAPTER XXII

BURGOYNE'S SURRENDER

The plight of Burgoyne's army was really becoming serious by this time, although the rustic soldiers who were before him hardly recognized their own strength. Arnold, as we have learned, had been sent to the aid of the patriots, and his dash and daring, which were greatly admired by his comrades, added much to the courage of the men. Lincoln was in the rear of Burgoyne's army, and the men of New England were daily coming to join him, and do what they could to cut off the retreat of the British or harass them in the rear. "Morgan's Riflemen" along with other regiments had also come to the aid of the northern army, and their rifles were to play no small part in the events that followed the fight at Bennington.

Most of the soldiers believed in General Gates, and when, on September 9th, he moved the American army up to Stillwater, within ten or twelve miles of the British lines, they plucked up fresh courage. They of course did not know it, but the great peril in the American army at the time was the ill-feeling between Gates and Arnold; the former being jealous and angry that his comrade-in-arms should openly side with Philip Schuyler, and the latter having a very slight opinion of the ability of the commander of the northern army. Four days after this move of the Americans, Burgoyne made a bridge of boats



A SOUTH VIEW OF OSWEGO, ON LAKE ONTARIO, IN NORTH AMERICA

(1) The River Onondago. (2) Lake Ontario

(From an old engraving)

across the Hudson, and passed over to the opposite shore; while up on Bemis Heights the Yankee soldiers, under the direction of Kosciusko, who had come across the sea to their aid when he heard the story of the struggle for independence, held a strongly fortified position.

Burgoyne was becoming desperate. The way of retreat, which he had striven to keep open, though he did not dream of using it, was now blocked, no help from New York had come up the Hudson (for reasons which we shall soon learn), and like the sturdy man that he was, he determined to try to attack his foe. Of course both sides were busy all this time, neither feeling just sure of what the other was doing, and Morgan's sharpshooters were badly bothering the redcoats, and at this time, when they discovered what Burgoyne was ardently trying to do, they sent an urgent word to Gates for more men to be sent to meet the enemy. But General Gates wanted the British to attack him in the position where he felt strong, and had no desire to do the attacking himself.

However, when Gates learned that a battle had actually been begun, and that the astonished John Burgoyne, instead of making the attack, was himself receiving one, he sent a few men at a time to help the fighting Americans; but he refused to leave the position he held, or to let Arnold go into the fight. At first, the battle had gone in favour of the Americans. Their men, firing from behind bushes and trees, had created great havoc among the scarlet-clad enemy, and Arnold had become so angry that at last Gates consented to his demand for permission to lead the patriots in their struggle.

The British were now strengthened by the approach of Fraser and Riedesel, and Arnold sent back word to Gates

begging for two thousand men to come to his aid, declaring that with them he could win the battle and drive back the invaders; but Gates refused to heed the call, and when, after several hours of terrible fighting, darkness ended the struggle, each side claimed the victory, though the real advantage seems to have been with the Americans. The sharpshooters had made dreadful havoc among the men of each side, and though the accounts of the losses do not agree, it is probable that each side lost nearly, if not fully, five hundred men. Certainly the British loss was as great as that.

By many this battle of Bemis Heights is called Freeman's Farm, which perhaps is the more accurate title, as Gates was all the time on Bemis Heights, and certainly he did no fighting; yet when he sent the account of the battle to Congress he took all the credit of it to himself, and never once referred to Benedict Arnold or the part he had taken. Surely it did almost seem as if America had conspired against this proud, ill-tempered, but brave man. The soldiers knew of the truth, however; but Gates and Arnold almost threatened the welfare of the army more than did Burgoyne, so savage and brutal was the continuous quarrel between them that followed.

For more than two weeks nothing was done, though Arnold was eager to have Gates follow up the attack at once. Burgoyne's troubles were increasing, and the Whigs under Lincoln were doing great damage behind him in cutting off men, seizing supplies, and holding the region. When they tried to take Ticonderoga, however, they failed, although they did just what the British had done a few weeks before — dragged cannon up the sides of Mount Defiance; but St. Clair was not in command of the fort

at this time, and the British there would not give up and could not be taken.

Supplies in Burgoyne's army were very low now, and it almost seemed as if starvation would compel him to give up the struggle. Still, hoping that aid would come from Clinton, John Burgoyne once more resolved to try to fight his way through the "peasants" in front of him, who now numbered sixteen thousand men. Sending a picked force of his best men forward, they were told to retreat if they found they must; but they could discover whether the Americans would fight or not, or at least they could help the men who had gone out to forage. Very soon they discovered that the Americans would fight, and that no forage could be secured.

There was a terrific, short engagement, and then the British under Fraser fell back, but rallied again on the borders of this same farm (Freeman's) where the other battle had occurred. Benedict Arnold, who had been watching the struggle, now could restrain himself no longer. He leaped upon the back of his horse, and rode like the wind to the battle-ground. How the men did cheer and shout when they saw him in their midst! Just at this time Morgan had pointed out General Fraser to some of his best shots, and said, "That man must die." Soon the brave man was carried from the field, having received his death wound.

His fall seemed to deprive his men of their hope. They fell back, or were pushed back, fighting desperately all the time, until at last they were once more behind their own entrenchments; but the Americans, led by Arnold, made such desperate efforts to enter that soon that ground was won.

A Hessian soldier, wounded and lying on the ground, had fired at Arnold as the latter dashed over him; and the ball had killed the horse, and broke the bone of the same leg which had been hurt so badly at Quebec. One of Arnold's men, when he saw the general fall, rushed forward to drive his bayonet into the body of the Hessian; but at Arnold's own request the life of the man was spared.

On the following day Burgoyne got his disheartened men together and started for Saratoga, where the people, hearing of his coming, set fire to such of their possessions as they could not take with them in their flight. The wife of Philip Schuyler had set the example by herself burning the fields of wheat on her farms, upon which the buildings also were soon afterward burned by the redcoats.

The British army was now completely surrounded. Supplies were so low that the food of each man was reduced, but still no word came from Clinton. Yet Clinton had set forth with his force from New York City, and at this very time was advancing up the Hudson. He had taken two forts, compelled General Putnam and his men to leave others, and now the British could come by boat from New York to Albany.

On a little slip of paper Clinton wrote to Burgoyne, October 8th: "I sincerely hope this success of ours will facilitate your operations." This note he secured in a little silver bullet, and gave to a messenger to carry to Burgoyne. Clinton's force on the following day landed and set fire to Kingston, which the governor of New York, whose name also was Clinton [George], hastened to help, but he arrived too late, though he was in time, however, to seize this messenger, who was seen to swallow something as he

was captured. Governor Clinton turned physician for the moment, and compelled the prisoner to swallow an emetic, when up came the bullet, which was speedily opened, and the note was found. The prisoner was hanged from a branch of a near-by tree, and it is needless to state that John Burgoyne did not receive the word of Sir Henry Clinton's coming.

Constant skirmishing and firing were going on between the armies of Gates and Burgoyne. The British could do no more. They could not retreat, aid apparently was not coming, and so at last *they surrendered* October 17th, 1777. At first Gates had demanded an unconditional surrender, but to this Burgoyne would not yield. He would fight till he died rather than suffer such disgrace. Well aware of Clinton's movements, the Americans knew that no time was to be lost, so it was agreed that the British, after marching out of the camp with the honours of war, should be conducted to Boston, and there take ships for home, promising never to fight the Americans again. The officers were also permitted to retain their side-arms.

One of the papers of those days, following the prevailing tendency to write "poetry," thus describes the results gained: —

THE CAPTURE AT SARATOGA

Here followeth the direful fate
Of Burgoyne and his army great,
Who so proudly did display
The terrors of despotic sway.
His power and pride and many threats
Have been brought low by fort'nate Gates
To bend to the United States.

British prisoners by convention	2442
Foreigners by contravention	2198
Tories sent across the lake	1100
Burgoyne and his suite in state	12
Sick and wounded, bruised and pounded Ne'er so much before confounded	528
Prisoners of war before convention	400
Deserters come with kind intention	300
They lose at Bennington's great battle Where Stark's glorious arms did rattle	1220
Killed in September and October	600
Ta'en by brave Brown, some drunk, some sober,	413
Slain by high-famed Herkimer On both flanks, on rear and van	300
Indians, settlers, butchers, drovers, Enough to crowd large plains all over And those whom grim health did prevent From fighting against our continent: And also those who stole away, Lest they down their arms should lay Abhorring that obnoxious day:	4413
The whole make fourteen thousand men Who may not with us fight again	14000

This is a pretty just account
Of Burgoyne's legions' whole amount,
Who came across the northern lakes
To desolate our happy states.
Their brass cannon we have got all,
Fifty-six — both great and small:
And ten thousand stand of arms
To prevent all future harms:
Stores and implements complete,
Of workmanship exceeding neat:
Covered wagons in great plenty,
And proper harness no ways scanty.
Among our prisoners there are
Six generals of fame most rare:
Six members of their parliament
Reluctantly they seem content:
Three British lords, and Lord Balcarras
Who came our country free to harass.

Two baronets of high extraction
Were early wounded in the action.

The advance of John Burgoyne had not only been checked, but his entire force was made prisoners. The proud spirit of the leader was sadly humbled, but he was still too true a man not to acknowledge the courtesy that was shown him; though after he arrived at Boston it is to be feared his captors were not so careful. Philip Schuyler had gone back to the army, though not as its commander; and his calm, patient spirit, when he knew that others were receiving the credit for work which in fact he had himself done, was highly praised by the British, as was also the unfailing courtesy of Mistress Catherine Schuyler, who tried to make the prisoners with her feel as much as possible like guests. The letters of the Baroness de Reidesel contain warm words of praise for this gentlewoman, and her memory is warmly cherished still.

Naturally the new nation was highly elated over what had been done by the northern army; and the praises of Gates were sung on every side. Indeed, what was known as the Conway Cabal was formed, consisting of some men who wanted to make him commander-in-chief in place of Washington. Some were afraid the war would be a failure, others only wanted to make money, still others were eager for peace at any price; and the greatness of men like Philip Schuyler and George Washington, who not only had to face a skilful foe in the open field, but also to deal with many timid, cowardly, treacherous men at home, in the contrast seems all the greater. And George Washington had been having his heart and hands full all this time, as the following chapter will explain.

CHAPTER XXIII

BRANDYWINE AND GERMANTOWN. THE STORY OF THE FLAG

Washington and Greene, and, indeed, the greater number of the American generals, had expected that as a matter of course Howe would take a part of his army, at least, and move from New York up the Hudson, to join the forces of John Burgoyne. Just why he did not do this is still a matter of wonder; but two reasons are given as the causes of his failure to move. One was the advice of his traitorous prisoner, Charles Lee, who was explaining to the British commander just how the rebellion could be crushed; and the other was the report of the success which had attended the first actions of Burgoyne's invading army.

When Fort Ticonderoga was abandoned by the Americans, without a gun having been fired in its defence, and when the American army fled as it did before the redcoats, very naturally Howe concluded that Burgoyne, with St. Leger's aid, would be able to take care of himself, and so he [Howe] would be free to follow out his own design, which was to seize the "rebel capital," Philadelphia. The fact that by seizing that town he would be between the southern and the northern colonies with his army, a division which the expected victorious advance of John Burgoyne would also greatly aid, seems to have been the purpose in Howe's mind, for otherwise Philadelphia, as a centre of warlike operations, was not very important.

THE STORMING OF STONY POINT

"March on, carry me into the fort, and let me die at the head of the column." — WAYNE.

Washington and his little army of only about ten thousand men were still in the highlands of New Jersey, and when in June, 1777, Howe, with a force of eighteen thousand men (Clinton had been left in New York with the rest of his army), started to march across New Jersey, Washington quickly moved down from his stronghold and took a position near New Brunswick, at Middlebrook. The place was too strong to be attacked, and yet the British did not dare to pass it and leave the "old fox," as Washington was called, with such a force behind them; so Howe, after some skirmishing, took his army back to Staten Island.

Once more the Americans thought that surely Howe would then go up the Hudson; and Washington even changed the position he held so that he might follow him; but still the British did not adopt the expected plan. The fleet of boats was kept continually moving and changing, so that at one time it seemed as if the British had started for Boston, then up the Hudson, and then again for Philadelphia. When Howe thought he had Washington completely puzzled, and the American army had been somewhat scattered, suddenly upon his fleet of 228 vessels he quickly embarked eighteen thousand men for Philadelphia. To increase Washington's confusion still more, he wrote a letter to Burgoyne, in which he declared he was about to sail for Boston; and the messenger who bore the letter was directed to fall into the hands of the Americans. This was a common device, and Washington himself employed the same method of puzzling his enemies, as we shall soon learn.

However, General Washington was not to be fooled in this instance, and as soon as he learned of Howe's departure,

he quickly assembled his army and started post-haste across New Jersey, although all the time he thought the British general was merely trying to deceive him; and as soon as the Americans had been withdrawn a sufficient distance from the Hudson, he would turn back again and go to the aid of John Burgoyne.

On the last day of July, 1777, Washington received word that Howe's fleet had arrived off the Delaware River, and the Americans moved up to Germantown; but the very next day word came that the British fleet had set sail again. At first Washington believed that Howe had now gone back to New York, and he even prepared to send hastily back a part of his own army; but after a few days had intervened, word came that the British fleet had sailed for the south. What could be the meaning of that? At once it was concluded that Howe meant to attack Charleston; and as it was impossible for the little American army to march several hundred miles to the southward in time to arrive at the threatened town before the redcoats could come, it was thought best to march as swiftly as possible back to New York, and make an attack upon that city, which Clinton was guarding with a force of seven thousand men.

But on the 25th of August, after word had been received of the successful fight at Bennington (and word also was soon to come of Arnold's success against St. Leger), it was learned that Howe had *landed his forces* on the shore of Chesapeake Bay! Swiftly Washington advanced to Wilmington, but no battle occurred there except with words, for each side sent forth a "proclamation" to the people of the surrounding region. But for the most part Tories still remained Tories, and the Whigs did not

give up their convictions. It was too late now for people to change their minds.

Howe with his army then began the march to Philadelphia; and Washington, although he had only about half as many men as Howe had, decided to fight. Whether of his own accord he decided to do this, or whether he did so because of the clamour of the people for him to do something, is not known. Perhaps he thought he could in this way cripple Howe's army, or hold it at Philadelphia and prevent it from going to the aid of Burgoyne, whom now he firmly believed to be destined to fail utterly in his great invasion.

At all events, at Chadd's Ford in the Brandywine, he took his stand. The shores were rough and thickly wooded, the ground in the rear was high, and the waters of the stream below the ford were swift; so that, as far as the position was concerned, it seemed strong enough to check even the brave and well-drilled redcoats and Hessians. But men are as necessary as cannon and rocky shores; and the Americans were not yet sufficiently trained to be able to make a determined stand before the ranks of an army they had always from boyhood feared.

So when, on the 11th of September, 1777, Howe's army advanced, the same tactics were employed that had won the battle of Long Island; and although Sullivan's men, who extended two miles up the shore, fought desperately and heroically, the brave band was pushed back, the British in overwhelming numbers advanced, and the battle of Brandywine was lost by the Americans; and more than a thousand of the Continentals would never fight again. Yet so heroic had been the struggle that some claim that the victorious redcoats had lost even a greater number of men than had their foes.

However, they had won the battle, and many of the frightened Whigs of the region fled to the mountains for safety, while fear and consternation prevailed on every hand in Philadelphia. The retreat of the Americans was in good order, in spite of their defeat; and on the following day, when they were at Chester, many were eager to renew the conflict. This Washington was too wise to permit, but for two weeks his troops so bothered the line of Howe's advance, that it was not until September 26th, 1777, that he entered the city. The great hope of the American leader had been that by harassing the redcoats, Howe might be kept where he was, and no aid be sent the sadly beset Burgoyne; and though he had lost the battle in carrying out this purpose, Washington succeeded wonderfully in holding back the invading army as he did.

One of these "skirmishes" particularly deserves notice. Mad Anthony Wayne had been placed in command of fifteen hundred men by Washington, and ordered to annoy the redcoats, and to try to seize a part of their baggage-train. Near Paoli, Wayne found a quiet, and as he thought hidden, spot for his camp, and was reënforced by about eighteen hundred men, the most of them from Maryland. He thought he was safe from the enemy; but some dastardly Tories went to the British camp and informed Howe of Wayne's hiding-place, and also told him just how many men Wayne had in his force.

Howe quickly determined to surprise the patriots, and ordered General Gray (who was familiarly known as the "no-flint general," because he was accustomed to order his men to remove their flints, and so be compelled to use their bayonets), with a sufficient body, to break up this camp and seize the men. The night was dark and stormy, and

Gray advanced stealthily, like a thief in the night, having first told his men that they were to use their bayonets *and were to give no quarter.* The pickets of Wayne's camp were overcome and stabbed, and then the force rushed upon the unsuspecting men.

In the light of the camp-fires the patriots could be plainly seen, while the storm and darkness concealed the attacking party, which seemed to be rushing upon them from every side. Though the brave men attempted to defend themselves, they were soon thrown into confusion, 150 were butchered or wounded, half as many more taken prisoners, — some of whom were even stabbed after they had surrendered, — and had it not been for the skill and courage of Mad Anthony, the entire body would have been destroyed. As it was, he led a masterly retreat, and succeeded, with those who escaped, in joining the army at Chester.

General Howe was now in possession of Philadelphia; but down on the river were two strong forts, Fort Mercer on the Jersey side, and Fort Mifflin on an island in the river or bay. These must be taken, Howe decided; and when his brother, Admiral Howe, with his imposing fleet appeared early in October, the general sent a part of his army to assist in reducing these two places. This was Washington's opportunity, and he instantly resolved to make an attack upon the body left behind, just as he had done at Trenton almost a year before this time. The plan was excellent and the opportunity as good; yet the battle of Germantown was lost by the Americans, though they had won at Trenton.

The British were in camp in the lower part of the village (Germantown), and Washington's plan was to capture

or destroy the entire body. On the 3d of October, 1777, soon after sunset, the march began, and soon after sunrise on the following morning (October 4th, 1777), the attack was made. Desperately and bravely the men fought. In front and rear and flank the firing was terrific, but still the men fought on. There was a very heavy fog at the time, and one of the advancing lines led by Stephen (who was declared to be drunk, and at all events, after his trial by court-martial, he was dismissed from the service) mistook Mad Anthony Wayne's men for the enemy, and fired upon them. The confusion that followed was so great that soon the American army was retreating, having lost the battle, and left 673 of their comrades dead or wounded upon the field, while the loss of the British was 535.

It is said that the genius of Washington and the daring of his men in the battle of Germantown did as much to bring France to the aid of the struggling colonies as did the surrender of the boastful John Burgoyne. At all events, the American soldiers were learning very rapidly how to fight; and although the redcoats held Philadelphia, the ragged and despised army of Continentals seemed as far from giving up as ever.

Of course the Howes now took the two forts with comparative ease, though in the first attack on Fort Mercer the Hessians suffered a very severe loss, — that of Count Dunop and four hundred men; but after a few weeks had passed, and some six thousand soldiers from New York had come to their aid, the British succeeded; both forts fell, and not only Philadelphia, but the Delaware River was in their possession.

The winter was now at hand, and active fighting must

cease. In Philadelphia, with every comfort, with the friendship of the Tories (and almost everybody in the town seemed to be on the Tory side then), with gay festivities, the British soldiers passed the winter days. On the other hand, out at Valley Forge, a little place on the Schuylkill River, near the present city of Norristown, the patriots were to endure a terrible winter. Many were without shoes for their feet, the snow and ice causing intense suffering. Half starved, poorly clothed, the little patriot army waited, ready at any moment to attack their enemies if they should move out from the city. But the redcoats were too comfortable to move, and so the long days passed in pleasure for one army, and in indescribable suffering for the other.

Congress, too, had fled from Philadelphia at the coming of Howe, and now were at Lancaster. They had voted additional powers to Washington, but in his camp they seemed almost like a farce. The only bright spots in the year were the surrender of Burgoyne, and the good work which the rough but kind-hearted Baron Steuben was doing, in drilling and aiding the frost-bitten, hungry, but still determined soldiers in the camp with Washington at Valley Forge.

In Philadelphia the British had a large prison into which the unfortunate stragglers from the American camp were cast, and in the intense and bitter feelings of the times it was hardly to be expected that very much of gentleness or tenderness should be displayed. Certain it is that the feelings of both Whig and Tory became greatly intensified during the experiences of that terrible winter. The character of the struggle perhaps can best be shown by a few authentic incidents selected from the records of the times.

In a house on Second Street, Philadelphia, directly opposite that occupied by General Howe, dwelt William and Lydia Darrah, members of the Society of Friends, and, like many of the Quakers, opposed on principle to the war. This opposition, however, did not prevent them from having sympathy, and though many quietly took sides with the redcoats, others had no less a feeling of interest in the struggling patriots. Among the latter were William Darrah and his wife Lydia; but their quiet manners led the British to look upon them as they did upon others of that peace-loving body, and so no one suspected them of any love for the colonies.

One day, early in December, 1777, a British officer entered their house, and his familiar manner at once disclosed his acquaintance with the household. To Lydia Darrah he explained that he desired to use one of her spare rooms that very evening as a meeting-place for some of his friends who would remain with him until a late hour in the night.

"Be sure, Lydia," he said, "that your family are all in bed at an early hour. When our guests are ready to leave the house I will myself give you notice, that you may let us out and extinguish the fire and candles."

The company met in the room, as the British adjutant-general had desired; and by eight o'clock the Darrahs were in bed. But Lydia could not sleep, for her thoughts were of the poor Continentals, and of this group of men in her own house, whom she suspected to be plotting against the patriots. So strong became this feeling that at last she crept out of bed and along the hallway, until she stood outside the door of the room in which the officers were assembled, and listened. The desperate plight of Wash-

GEN. WAYNE
GEN. REED
GEN. MIFFLIN
GEN. MUHLENBURG
GEN. ST. CLAIR

ington and his men quieted any compunctions she had as to what she was doing, and soon she heard discussed the outlines of a plan for an attack on the Continentals, which by its suddenness would find Washington's men unprepared; and so great results were expected to be accomplished.

Having learned of the project, Lydia made her way back to bed, but not to sleep. She was thinking of the words she had just heard, and how her countrymen might be warned of their peril. At last there came a knock on her door, to which she did not respond until for the third time it had been repeated; then she arose, dressed herself, and saw her "guests" depart.

Again she returned to her bed, though sleep was not to be had; but with the coming of the morning she had formed her plan. Flour was to be had at Frankford mills, and with a bag in her hands, after having obtained a pass from General Howe himself, she started on her long walk, for the mills were five miles away. At last she arrived there, left her bag to be filled with meal, and started swiftly toward the outposts of the Americans not far away. Before she arrived she met an American officer, Colonel Craig, to whom she revealed what the British were plotting for the following day, and begged of him to see that they were thwarted in their plans, and her own name kept secret. Then she walked back home over the five miles of rough road, carrying with her the bag of meal.

How well her warning words were heeded the British learned on the following day, when, after their march to the American camp, they found the patriots so prepared that the only thing to be done by the redcoats was to

march back to Philadelphia again. Lydia herself from her windows watched the march of the returning redcoats; and when the adjutant-general stopped at her house, naturally her fears were not quieted.

"Were any of your family up, Lydia, on the night when I received company in this house?" he inquired.

"They all retired at eight o'clock."

"It is very strange," said the general. "You, I know, Lydia, were asleep, for I knocked three times at your door before you heard me; yet it is certain we were betrayed. I am altogether at a loss to conceive who could have given the information of our intended attack to Washington. On arriving at his encampment we found his cannon mounted, his troops under arms and so prepared at every point to receive us that we have been compelled to march back without injuring our enemy, like a parcel of fools."

But Lydia Darrah did not feel called upon to tell him all she knew.

One of the most famous of the daring men in the American camp was Colonel Allen McLane. His exploits in securing forage and cutting off the foraging parties of the British read more like a romance than reality. Just before Howe departed from Philadelphia to sail for England, leaving Sir Henry Clinton in command of the troops, the British and their sympathizers in the city had a very elaborate tournament and ball which was known as the Mischianza. There was a parade of gayly decked vessels on the river, a march of the troops, a tournament, and then a very elaborate dinner and dance.

Learning of the plan, this bold colonel, with 150 of his followers as bold as he, resolved to break up the festivities if nothing more, and succeeded in reaching the abatis in

front of the British works, the men all carrying camp-kettles filled with material which would burst into a blaze the moment it was fired. After the men had gained the place in the darkness, the signal was given, and in an instant the entire line of the abatis burst into flames.

The long alarm-roll of the British drums informed the soldiers engaged in the festivities of their danger, and they speedily rushed forth to drive back the "army" which they thought was attacking the city. The little force of McLane was quickly scattered, but all succeeded in making their way back to camp.

Major Tallmadge was one of the most trusty of Washington's men. He it was who afterward had charge of the execution of Major André, the young officer who was so very popular with all that winter in Philadelphia, and one of the leaders in the Mischianza. Major Tallmadge with his division of cavalry was stationed at the time between Valley Forge and Philadelphia, in order that he might keep the Americans informed of the doings of the British, and at the same time cut off stragglers from the camp of the enemy.

One day, hearing that a young girl had gone into town to sell eggs and quietly to *receive a message for the Americans*, the major resolved to meet her and learn what she had found out. So, leaving his detachment at Germantown, he set forth alone in the direction of the British lines. Dismounting at a tavern from which he could see far down the road toward the city, he waited for the messenger to come. As soon as he saw her he told her who he was, and was soon listening to her tale, when he was suddenly told the British light-horse were coming. From the doorway he could plainly see the redcoats in pursuit of his

patrols, and instantly was aware that he himself had not a moment to waste.

While he swiftly prepared to mount his own horse, the young girl interrupted him and begged of him to save her from the British. Instantly ordering and helping her to mount behind him and to keep fast hold upon himself, the major and his companion rode swiftly away for Germantown, followed by the cries and shouts and shots of the pursuing enemy. For three miles the pursuit was kept up, and then the major and the messenger gained the protection of his force and were safe.

Mary Knight was another brave woman who through the deep snows often made her way to the American camp, bringing food to the men and medicine for the sick. She frequently disguised herself as a market woman, and so passed the outposts of the British successfully. At one time she concealed her own brother, General Warrell (on whose head the British had set a price), in a cider hogshead in her cellar. There she kept him safely hidden for three days, feeding him through the bung of the hogshead; and though parties of the redcoats searched the house four different times, they never once discovered the hiding-place of the hated rebel.

Young Lafayette, whose heart had been stirred by the story of America's wrongs, had come from France to the aid of the struggling people, and was in charge of a division, and had his own quarters at the home of a Tory Quaker. This Quaker (it would hardly be just to call him a "Friend") informed General Clinton of the marquis's whereabouts and habits, and the British commander at once formed a plan by which he hoped to capture the young Frenchman and his followers, and he very nearly succeeded in his project. So

silently and stealthily did his men advance that the first intimation Lafayette had of their presence was the sight of their scarlet coats among the trees near the house. Soon it was learned that the British had almost surrounded the place, and but one way of retreat lay open. Instantly Lafayette arranged to escape by that. He ordered some of his men to act as if they were about to attack the British, and if they should succeed in holding the enemy back for a few minutes, then the others were to make good their retreat.

This movement was carried out, and while the British halted and prepared to defend themselves against what in their surprise they thought to be an attack upon themselves, the desperate body of Americans succeeded in escaping, even the men who had pretended to be ready to attack the redcoats also succeeding at last in joining their comrades.

Before this chapter is brought to a close, it is fitting that a word should be spoken concerning the flag of the new nation. On June 14th, 1777, Congress had "resolved that the flag of the thirteen United States be thirteen stripes, alternate red and white; that the Union be thirteen stars, white in a blue field, representing a new constellation."

Up to this time flags of various colours and designs had been carried, though it is claimed that a flag of thirteen stripes was unfurled when the Continental army was organized January 1st, 1776, and that the crosses of St. George and St. Andrew were emblazoned on a blue canton, instead of the stars that came later. Different parts of the colonies had carried different flags, and there was the "Pine Tree Flag," "The Rattlesnake Flag," and various others of strange device.

The flag which Congress adopted in 1777 was said by

some to have been that proposed by John Adams, while others claim that the entire flag was borrowed from the coat of arms of the Washington family. Betsey Ross, now famous, probably made the first official flag, though that raised by young Colonel Gansevoort and his men at Fort Schuyler, in August, 1777, was the first to appear before an enemy and flaunt its defiance. John Paul Jones, on *The Ranger*, was the first to carry it on the sea, and the first battle on land in which it appeared was that of Brandywine, September 11th, 1777.

At first a new stripe and a new star were added to the flag with the reception of each new state, and in 1795, after Vermont and Kentucky were received into the Union, the flag consisted of fifteen stars and fifteen stripes. This was the flag which was carried during the War of 1812; but in 1818, Congress adopted the plan of having thirteen stripes, with a star for every state. A new star was to be added with the reception of each new state. This is said to have been the suggestion of Captain Reid, the naval hero, and to his good taste the modern flag is due. There were Congressmen who desired to have a goddess of liberty or an eagle above the stripes, but what a bungling piece of work that would have made! The flag itself has had a good history, and if its power continues to be as marked as its beauty, none of us will ever have cause to be ashamed of it.

CHAPTER XXIV

MONMOUTH AND NEWPORT

As we already have learned, France was the country from which America was expecting the most aid, and with which the greatest efforts to establish friendly relations had been made. At the very outbreak of the war, France, because of her hatred of England, and angry over the loss of her own colonies in North America, had been secretly aiding the leaders of the Revolution by giving them money and by permitting privateers to be fitted out in her ports, which were also used as the places of retreat in times of peril. Of course openly France still pretended to be England's friend, and indeed her king was said to be strongly on the side of Great Britain, but others besides young Lafayette had sailed across the ocean to aid the struggling Americans, and the sentiment of the people had been very strongly aroused in favour of the nation beyond the sea by the presence among them of shrewd, wise old Doctor Franklin, who had been made sole minister to France by the United States. His quaint style of dress and simple manner of living, his ready wit and unpretentious manners, had so endeared him to the French people that for the time even "Franklin hats" and "Franklin coats" became the rage.

But all the time, Benjamin Franklin, honoured at home for his homely wisdom and abroad chiefly for the discovery

he had made of the power of electricity, was working steadily to accomplish one purpose, and that was to have France openly declare herself in favour of the new nation, and give her aid in the struggle. Though most of the Frenchmen hated England and were ready enough to fight, it was their fear that the bulk of the contest would fall upon them if they joined hands with America, and that they would not receive very much of the reward if success should finally crown the efforts, which caused them to hesitate.

The surrender of John Burgoyne and the attack which Washington made upon the British at Germantown (though his attack had failed, as we know) led France at last to decide to enter openly into the struggle; and early in 1778, a treaty of alliance was made with the United States, and the promise was given that a fleet of sixteen war vessels under d'Estaing, and an army of four thousand men, would be sent across the ocean to the help of the Americans.

Naturally England at once declared war upon France, and after offering to grant to her "colonies" all that they had demanded at the breaking out of the war, coolly *invited them to join her in fighting the Frenchmen.* If England three years before this time had made the same offer, doubtless the colonies would have listened gladly; but now it was too late. They had declared themselves to be a free and independent nation, and free and independent they would be; and though Lord North himself, the strongest foe of the colonies, made the motion in Parliament, and was willing to declare that Great Britain would give up all claim to a right to tax the colonies, the leaders of the new nation would not listen. The war must go on.

George Washington, in the spring of 1778, was stronger with the people than he had been in the preceding year.

THE TREASON OF ARNOLD

Arnold persuading André to conceal the papers in his boot

(From a painting by C. F. Blauvelt)

The thoughtless crowd had blamed him for the defeats and losses near Philadelphia, and contrasted his failures with the brilliant success of Gates at Saratoga, although we know that Gates really had had very little to do with the defeat of Burgoyne, and that it was as much in spite of him as because of him that the British general and his army at last surrendered. But at the time the people for the most part did not understand this, and, taking advantage of the popular sentiment, there was a movement to place Gates in command of the American army in place of Washington. However, this movement was defeated by the dignity and wisdom of Washington, and when the reaction came in the feelings of the people, as it almost always does come, he was really stronger than ever he had been.

The British army in America naturally was alarmed when the action of France was learned, for it meant not only a war on one side of the ocean, but on the other also. And so it proved, for the ruling families of France and Spain were related, and as we are told that blood is thicker than water, we are not surprised that soon both Spain and France were fighting England; and for commercial reasons, not long afterward, brave little Holland joined the two nations that were contending with Great Britain. So by dividing England's forces, and giving her a very serious war at home, France did aid the United States very materially, though it was in this way that she helped her far more than by fighting battles in America.

As soon as Sir Henry Clinton, who had succeeded Howe in command, heard of the action that France had taken, he at once decided to abandon Philadelphia and hasten to New York, which he supposed would be the first place to

be attacked. He was in something of a quandary, however, for there was a multitude of Tories in Philadelphia now, and many more who had become Tories, since they had accepted Howe's offer of pardon, and believing that his side was to be the winning side, had cast in their lot with him. All of these people were terribly frightened at the thought of Clinton and the redcoats leaving them to the just anger of Washington's army, which was still at Valley Forge, and not only better drilled and prepared to fight than it had previously been, but also increased by the arrival of many of the men who had been fighting John Burgoyne the preceding summer. What Washington would do with them they did not know, but they thought they could conjecture, and so these unhappy people begged Sir Henry to take them with him to New York.

Clinton listened to their piteous appeal, and finally used the fleet by which it had been planned to send the soldiers to New York to carry these Tories to the city; while he with the army would march across New Jersey to [New] Brunswick, where Howe's fleet, having taken its cargo of timid folk to New York, and returning to the Raritan, could meet the army, and from that place convey it to the desired haven.

Before we follow the movements of the two armies, one fact must be mentioned. In the preceding summer a band of bold patriots had made their way into Newport, and had succeeded in capturing the British general Prescott, who was bitterly hated by the Americans. When Ethan Allen and his few brave followers had surrendered, after contending for almost two hours against a force that had outnumbered them almost three to one in his Canadian

expedition in 1775, and had been sent to Montreal with the understanding that they would all receive honourable treatment, Prescott, who was in command at Montreal at the time, had become so enraged when he learned that Ethan Allen was the man who had taken Ticonderoga, that he threatened to hang him, but after binding him hand and foot he had placed him on board the *Gaspee*, a schooner of war, where a heavy bar of iron eight feet long was attached to his shackles; and after handcuffing the other Americans he thrust them in the lowest part of the vessel. For five weeks the daring Allen was kept in this condition before he was sent down to Quebec. There he was treated better, but was nevertheless sent to England to be tried for treason. He was at last sent back to Halifax, and from there was sent to New York, where, after a long time had elapsed, he was finally exchanged and permitted to go back to his Vermont home; but his fighting days were ended.

Many other similar tales of Prescott's cruelty might be related, but it is sufficient to say that the Americans hated him with a perfect hatred that was certainly just and deserved. He himself had previously been taken prisoner by the Americans and exchanged for General Sullivan.

In the summer of 1777, Prescott was in command at Newport. Colonel William Barton, with a party of picked men, in four whaleboats made their way one night to the place, and, succeeding in passing the guards, at last approached the house in which Prescott had his quarters. There the sentry halted them with the demand for the countersign.

"We have no countersign to give," replied Colonel Barton. "Have you seen any deserters?"

Misled by the question, the sentinel lowered his gun,

when he was instantly seized and bound. Barton entered the front door of the house and inquired of the owner (a Mr. Overton) where General Prescott was. A motion of the hand informed him that the hated officer was in the room above; so the colonel with five men (one of whom was a powerful negro) went up the stairs and tried the door, but could not open it. At the colonel's word, Sisson, the negro, drew back a few paces, and then drove his head against the panels, which instantly were splintered into a thousand pieces. General Prescott was in the room, and, supposing the intruders to be robbers, tried to secure his valuables; but he was instantly seized by the men, a cloak was wrapped around him (for there was not even time for him to dress), and he was bidden to follow his captors, and informed that any noise or outcry on his part would mean his instant death.

The British general silently followed the daring men, until at last their escape had been accomplished, when, as they landed at Warwick Point, he said to Barton, "Sir, you have made a bold push to-night."

"We have been fortunate," replied the colonel, quietly.

Prescott was soon afterward sent to Washington, and in the spring of 1778 was exchanged for General Lee, who now was with the Americans at Valley Forge, still a traitor at heart. Lee began by opposing everything that Washington suggested. He did not think the Americans should follow the retiring redcoats; he did not believe the rude Continentals could stand before the well-trained British soldiers. As he had a very persuasive tongue, it is easy to understand what a menace he was to Washington and the American army, none of whom understood at the time what traitorous work Lee had been doing, or trying

to do, while he had been a prisoner in New York. It would have been far better if he had been left there and the cruel Prescott held.

In spite of all this, however, Washington, with his army of fifteen thousand men, decided to follow the retiring redcoats; and when, on the morning of June 18th, 1778, Clinton marched out from Philadelphia, by the night of the very same day the American army entered the city; and so quiet were their movements that some of the belated stragglers of the British were cut off and made prisoners.

Perhaps it would have been only what might have been expected of human nature if the incoming Americans had stopped to visit a just punishment upon such of the Tories as had decided to take their chances and remain in town after the departure of their friends and Sir Henry Clinton. But the army was in too great haste to stop for such measures; and Benedict Arnold, whose wounded leg was not yet healed, was placed in command of the little force left behind. The members of Congress soon came in from York, and though indictments were made out against some of the traitorous Tories, only two of them were hanged. These two were Friends who had in person been the guides of some of the redcoats in a night attack upon a force of the Americans, and if any men ever deserved hanging, it is very certain that these two villains did. Afterward all the other Tories were pardoned.

Washington, who, of course, had been informed what Clinton's plan was to be, had decided to march rapidly across New Jersey in a line to the north of that followed by his enemy, and when he had gained a position in advance of the British, then he planned to turn back, and in some favourable place of his own selection give battle to the

British. Clinton, although his army was a little larger and much better equipped than Washington's, did not wish to fight now, but only to bring his forces safely into New York, and join with others in protecting that city from the expected attack of the French.

Washington was doing all in his power to hamper and delay Clinton, while he himself was making all haste to get ahead of him. Bands of militia and of patriots from New Jersey were cutting down the bridges before the advancing British. One poor fellow, as true a patriot as ever breathed, with a few companions, was cutting the stringers of a bridge as the advancing redcoats appeared. His comrades fled, but he remained, swiftly swinging his axe, until the British were close upon him. That bridge *must* come down, and as the last stroke of his axe fell, the bridge collapsed just as a dozen rifles rang out together, and the body of the patriot fell, pierced by every ball.

The Hessians in Clinton's army formed the baggage-train, and stretched out in a long line of twelve miles behind the British regulars. The intense heat, the heavy garb of the "Dutch butchers," and the constant harassing by the Americans made the march of these men a terrible one; and at last, believing that Washington was planning to secure these supplies, Clinton placed the Hessians in front, and as a rear-guard had his own chosen troops of the regulars.

When the Americans arrived at Hopewell, the soldiers were so nearly worn out by the heat and the haste of the march that Washington decided to halt and give them a rest. At the same time he called a council of his officers, and presented to them his plan of sending a detachment of his men to fall on the British, when he himself would

follow with the rest of the army. There was a spirited discussion, and again Charles Lee opposed the plan. So eloquent and persuasive was he that a majority voted against the project; but Greene, Mad Anthony Wayne, and others urged Washington to go on, and this he decided to do.

Clinton had now learned that the American army was in advance of him; so, abandoning his plan of marching to the Raritan, he changed his course and moved toward the Navesink Highlands, where Howe was to meet him with his fleet and convey the army to the city.

On June 28th, 1778, the American army overtook the British at Monmouth Courthouse (Freehold), and there the famous battle of Monmouth took place on that Sunday, one of the hottest days ever known in the history of New Jersey. Of the battle itself no better account can be given than that in the letter descriptive of it, which General Washington himself sent to the president of Congress soon after the fight.

GENERAL WASHINGTON'S DESCRIPTION OF THE BATTLE OF MONMOUTH

ENGLISHTOWN, July 1, 1778.

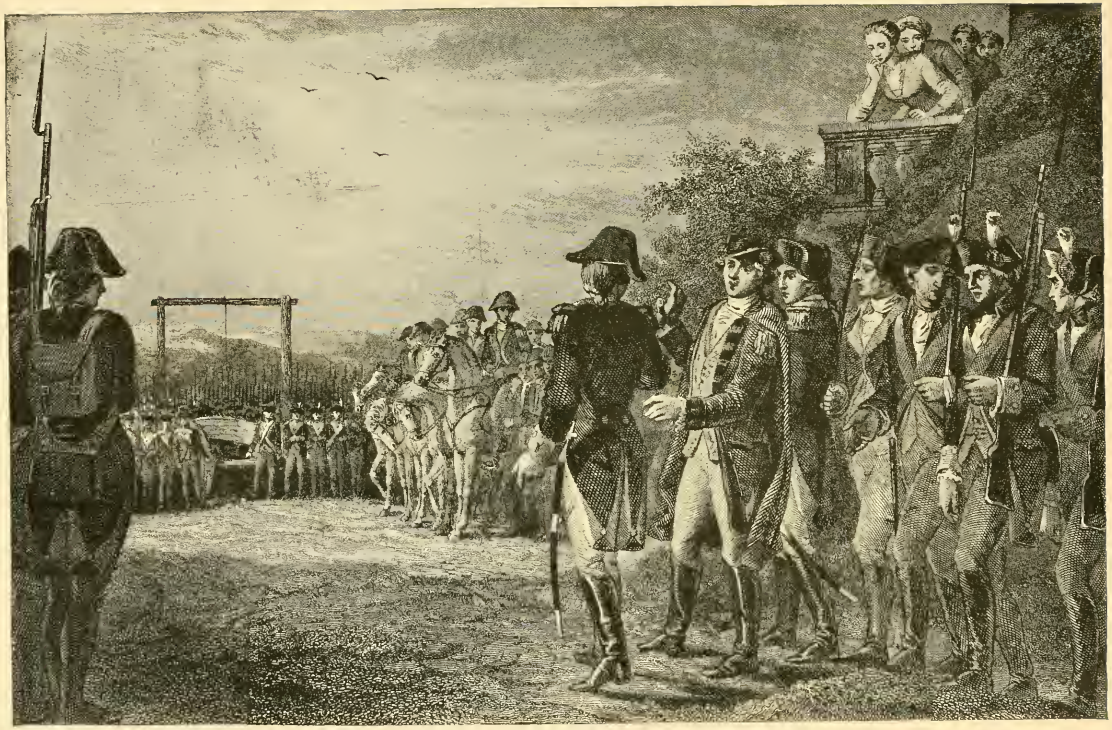
SIR: — I embrace this first moment of leisure to give Congress a more full and particular account of the movements of the army under my command, since its passing the Delaware, than the situation of our affairs would heretofore permit.

I have the honour to advise them, that on the appearance of the enemy's intentions to march through Jersey becoming serious, I had detached General Maxwell's brigade, in conjunction with the militia of that state [New Jersey] to interrupt and impede their progress by every obstruction in their power, so as to give time to the army under my command to come up with them, and take

advantage of any favourable circumstances that might present themselves. The army having proceeded to Coryell's Ferry, and crossed the Delaware at that place, I immediately detached Colonel Morgan with a select corps of six hundred men, to reinforce General Maxwell, and marched with the main body toward Princeton.

The slow advances of the enemy had greatly the air of design, and led me with many others to suspect that General Clinton, desirous of a general action, was endeavouring to draw us down into the lower country, in order by a rapid movement to gain our right, and take possession of the strong ground above us. This consideration, and to give the troops time to repose and refresh themselves from the fatigues they had experienced from rainy and excessive hot weather, determined me to halt at Hopewell township, about five miles from Princeton, where we remained until the morning of the 25th. On the preceding day I made a second detachment of fifteen hundred chosen troops, under Brigadier-general Scott, to reinforce those already in the vicinity of the enemy, the more effectually to annoy and delay their march.

The next day the army moved to Kingston, and having received intelligence that the enemy were prosecuting their route toward Monmouth Courthouse, I dispatched ten hundred select men under Brigadier-general Wayne, and sent the Marquis de Lafayette to take the command of the whole advanced corps, including Maxwell's brigade and Morgan's light infantry, with orders to take the first fair opportunity of attacking the enemy's rear. In the evening of the same day the whole army advanced from Kingston, where our baggage was left, with intention to preserve a proper distance for supporting the advanced corps, and arrived at Cranberry early the next morning. The intense heat of the weather and a heavy storm unluckily coming on, made it impossible for us to resume our march that day without great inconvenience and injury to the troops. Our advanced corps being differently circumstanced moved from the position it had held the night before, and took post in the evening on the Monmouth road, about five miles from the enemy's rear, in the expectation of attacking them the next morning on their march. The main



LAST MOMENTS OF MAJOR ANDRÉ

(From a painting by M. A. Wageman.)

body having remained at Cranberry, the advanced corps was found to be too remote and too far upon the right to be supported either in case of an attack upon, or from the enemy, which induced me to send orders to the marquis to file off by his left toward Englishtown, which he accordingly executed early in the morning of the 27th.

The enemy, in marching from Allentown, had changed their disposition, and placed their best troops in the rear; consisting of all the grenadiers, light infantry, and chasseurs of the line. This alteration made it necessary to increase the number of our advanced corps, and in consequence of which I detached Major-general Lee with two brigades to join the marquis at Englishtown, on whom of course the command of the whole devolved, amounting to about five thousand men. The main army marched the same day, and encamped within three miles of that place. Morgan's corps was left hovering on the enemy's right flank, and the Jersey militia amounting at this time to about seven or eight hundred men, under General Dickinson, on their left.

The enemy were now encamped in a strong position, with their right extending about a mile and a half beyond the courthouse, in the parting of the road leading to Shrewsbury and Middletown, and their left along the road from Allentown to Monmouth, about three miles this side of the courthouse. Their right flank lay on the skirt of a small wood, while their left was secured by a very thick one; a morass running toward their rear, and their whole front covered by a wood, and to a considerable extent toward the left with a morass. In this situation they halted, until the morning of the 28th.

Matters being thus situated, and having had the best information that if the enemy were once arrived at the heights of Middletown, ten or twelve miles from where they were, it would be impossible to attempt anything against them with a prospect of success, I determined to attack their rear the moment they should get in motion from their present ground. I communicated my intention to General Lee, and ordered him to make his disposition for the attack, and to keep his troops constantly lying upon their arms, to be in readiness at the shortest notice. This

was done with respect to the troops under my immediate command.

About five in the morning, General Dickinson sent an express informing that the front of the enemy had begun their march. I instantly put the army in motion, and sent orders by one of my aids to General Lee, to move on and attack them, unless there should be any powerful reasons to the contrary; acquainting him at the same time that I was marching to support him, and for doing it with the greatest expedition and convenience, should make the men disencumber themselves of their packs and blankets.

After marching five miles, to my great surprise and mortification I met the whole advanced corps retreating, and, as I was told, by General Lee's orders, without having made any opposition, except one fire given by the party under the command of Colonel Butler, on their being charged by the enemy's cavalry, who were repulsed. I proceeded immediately to the rear of the corps, which I found closely pressed by the enemy, and gave directions for forming part of the retreating troops, who, by the brave and spirited conduct of the officers, aided by some pieces of well-served artillery, checked the enemy's advances, and gave time to make a disposition of the left and second lines of the army upon an eminence and in a wood a little in the rear, covered by a morass in front. On this were placed some batteries of cannon by Lord Stirling, who commanded the left wing, which played upon the enemy with great effect; and, seconded by parties of infantry detached to oppose them, effectually put a stop to their advance.

General Lee being detached with the advanced corps, the command of the right wing was given, for the occasion, to General Greene. For the expedition of the march, and to counteract any attempt to turn our right, I had ordered him to file off by the new church two miles from Englishtown, and fall into the Monmouth road, a small distance in the rear of the courthouse, while the rest of the column moved on directly toward the courthouse. On intelligence of the retreat he marched up and took up a very advantageous position on the right.

The enemy, by this time finding themselves warmly opposed in front, made an attempt to turn our left flank; but they were bravely repulsed and driven back by detached parties of infantry. They also made a movement toward our right with as little success; General Greene having advanced a body of troops with artillery, to a commanding piece of ground, — which not only disappointed their design of turning our right, but severely infiladed those in front of the left wing. In addition to this, General Wayne advanced with a body of troops and kept up so severe and well directed a fire, that the enemy were soon compelled to retire behind the defile where the first stand in the beginning of the action had been made.

In this situation, the enemy had both their flanks secured by thick woods and morasses, while their front could only be approached through a narrow pass. I resolved, nevertheless, to attack them, — and for that purpose ordered General Poor, with his own and the Carolina brigade, to move round upon their right, and General Woodford upon their left, and the artillery to gall them in front; but the impediments in the way prevented their getting within reach before it was dark. They remained upon the ground they had been directed to occupy during the night, with the intention to begin the attack early the next morning; and the army continued lying upon their arms in the field of action, to be ready to support them; in the meantime, the enemy were employed in removing their wounded, and, about twelve o'clock at night, marched away in such silence, that, although General Poor lay extremely near them, they effected their retreat without his knowledge. They carried off all their wounded except four officers and about forty privates, whose wounds were too dangerous to permit their removal. The extreme heat of the weather, the fatigue of the men from their march through a deep, sandy country, almost entirely destitute of water, and the distance the enemy had gained by marching in the night made a pursuit impracticable and fruitless. It would have answered no valuable purpose, and proved fatal to numbers of our men, — several of whom died the preceding day with heat.

Were I to conclude my account of this day's transactions with-

out expressing my obligations to the officers of the army in general, I should do injustice to their merit, and violence to my own feelings. They seemed to vie with each other in manifesting their zeal and bravery. The catalogue of those who distinguished themselves is too long to admit of particularizing individuals. I cannot, however, forbear mentioning Brigadier-General Wayne, whose conduct and bravery during the whole action deserve particular commendation. The behaviour of the troops in general, after they recovered from the first surprise occasioned by the retreat of the advanced corps, was such as could not be surpassed.

All the artillery, both officers and men, that were engaged, distinguished themselves in a remarkable manner.

Enclosed, Congress will be pleased to receive a return of our killed and wounded. Among the first were Lieutenant-colonel Bunner of Pennsylvania, and Major Dickinson of Virginia, — both distinguished officers, and much to be regretted. The enemy's slain on the field and buried by us — according to the return of the persons assigned to that duty — were four officers and 245 privates. In the former was the Honourable Colonel Monckton. Exclusive of these they buried some themselves, — as there were several new graves near the field of battle. How many men they have wounded cannot be determined; but, from the usual proportion, the number must have been considerable. There were a few prisoners taken.

The peculiar situation of General Lee at this time requires that I should say nothing of his conduct. He is now in arrest. The charges against him, with such sentence as the court-martial may decree in his case, shall be transmitted, for the approbation or disapprobation of Congress, as soon as it shall have passed.

Being fully convinced by the gentlemen of this country that the enemy cannot be hurt or injured in their embarkation at Sandy Hook (the place to which they are now moving), and unwilling to get too far removed from the North River, I put the troops in motion early this morning, and shall proceed that way, — leaving the Jersey Brigade, Morgan's corps, and other light parties (the militia being all dismissed) to hover about them, countenance

desertion, and prevent depredations as far as possible. After they embark, the former will take post in the neighbourhood of Elizabethtown, the latter rejoin the corps from which they were detached. I have the honour, etc.

G. WASHINGTON.

When Lee had ordered the retreat from the field, Washington, as we know, was at some distance in the rear, coming up with the main body. The retreating men themselves did not understand what they were doing, for apparently all things had been in their favour during the brief engagement, and Mad Anthony was almost beside himself with rage and grief.

As Washington rode forward he met a fifer, who in response to his question replied that the Americans were retreating. Threatening to have the man whipped in the presence of the army if he dared repeat such words, the general again rode forward, and soon the straggling soldiers convinced him that the division was indeed leaving the field. Instantly every power of the great leader seemed to be roused. He sent forward his aides, he gave his commands, and soon was himself face to face with Charles Lee, the cause of all the trouble.

"What is the meaning of this, sir?" thundered Washington, in his wrath.

"Sir, — Sir — " stammered Lee.

Again Washington demanded the explanation, and the miserable Lee tried to explain that his order had been misunderstood, but the commander was too angry to pause and listen. It seemed as if all his plans and hopes, his patient labours, and even the hopes of the new nation were to be blasted by the treachery of one man. In a towering rage he left the stammering Lee, and though

afterward he gave him a command in the battle, he no doubt now understood his man.

After the battle Lee wrote Washington an insulting letter, in which he tried to bolster up his own vanity and poke fun at the pretensions and "tinsel dignity," as he termed it, of the commander. Washington instantly arrested Lee, and ordered a court-martial, from which, through the large-mindedness of Washington, he came forth with only a sentence of dismissal for one year. Surely he deserved a more severe punishment than that, but Washington never appeared to better advantage than in his magnanimous conduct toward the treacherous Lee at this time. He preferred to suffer wrong rather than take any chances of doing it.

Charles Lee wrote so many scurrilous letters to papers and people, in which he abused Washington, that soon after he was expelled from the army, and so relief at last was had.

"Molly Pitcher" is one of the famous characters of the battle of Monmouth. Her husband, a gunner, had fallen, when she sprang to his place and fired the cannon. She was cheered by the men, and afterward honoured, by the recommendation of General Greene, with the commission of a sergeant, and was familiarly known as "Captain Molly." The story is true, but is not true as it is frequently told. "Molly Pitcher" was a name applied by the Continental soldiers, in their hot and weary march through Jersey, to any woman who brought them water to drink. Perhaps this woman had the nickname also, but her true name was Molly Macaulay, and though her early home had been in Monmouth County, New Jersey, she afterward lived and died and was buried in Carlisle, Pennsyl-

vania. She is said to have been a large, red-haired, powerful Irish woman.

The day of the battle was extremely hot, the thermometer before sunrise having registered 96° in the shade! Both sides suffered intensely from the heat, but the British suffered more than their foes, as they were clad in a heavy uniform; and the poor Hessians suffered most of all, as they obstinately refused to discard any part of the heavy garb they wore.

For the Americans, Mad Anthony's men set an example by throwing aside their coats and going into the fight in their shirt sleeves, and not satisfied with this, afterward rolled up their sleeves and fought with bare arms. An old record informs us that "the tongues of great numbers were so swollen as to render them incapable of speaking. Many of both armies perished solely from heat, and after the battle were seen dead upon the field without mark or wound, under the trees and beside the rivulet where they had crawled for shade and water. The countenances of the dead were so blackened as to render it impossible to recognize individuals. Several houses in Freehold (Monmouth Courthouse) were filled with the wounded of the enemy left on their retreat in the care of their surgeons and nurses. Every room in the courthouse was filled. They lay on the floor on straw, and the supplications of the wounded and moans of the dying presented a scene of woe. As fast as they died their corpses were promiscuously thrown into a pit on the site of the present (1844) residence of Dr. Throckmorton, and slightly covered with earth."

Could there be a more terrible picture of war than this?

Two other incidents are perhaps worthy of record.

"Captain Cook of the Virginia corps was shot through the lungs. He was ordered by his surgeon not to speak. An officer came into the room, and on his not answering a question, reported him dead. Upon this intelligence Washington ordered one of the few coffins to be placed under his window. The officer, however, recovered, lived for years, and was a frequent visitor in the region."

A French work has the following: "A general officer of the Americans advanced with a score of men under the English batteries to reconnoitre their position. His aide-de-camp, struck by a ball, fell at his side. The officers and orderly dragoons fled precipitately. The general, though under the fire of the cannon, approached the wounded man to see if he had any signs of life remaining, or whether any aid could be afforded him. Finding the wound had been mortal, he turned away his head with emotion, and slowly rejoined the group who had got out of the reach of the pieces. General Clinton knew that the Marquis de Lafayette generally rode a white horse; it was upon a white horse the officer who retired so slowly was mounted; Clinton desired the gunners not to fire. This noble forbearance probably saved M. de Lafayette's life, for he it was."

In other ways, however, it is to be feared that Clinton was not so careful, for the depredations of the British in the vicinity were terrible. Houses, barns, crops, furniture, etc., were not spared, and even the aged woman in whose house Clinton made his quarters did not escape, for her furniture was carried away, hardly a change of clothing being left for her or her venerable husband.

As after the battle of Trenton, so after Monmouth many of the Hessians were tempted to desert. They had

HOPKINS
TALBOT
PAUL JONES
DALE
BARRY

no heart for the war, and the personal solicitations of men and the written promise of a good farm — a promise which was written on a small piece of paper, and placed within a package of tobacco and sent among the Hessians — induced many to desert the cause of King George and settle in the new land, where, it is a pleasure to relate, the most of those who heeded the words became stanch and respected citizens of the United States.

After the battle of Monmouth, as we have already learned from Washington's letter, the army was moved to the Hudson; and Washington made his camp at White Plains, while his enemy was safe within the shelter of New York. Clinton was now afraid that an attack would be made upon the city; but Washington had by this time come to the conclusion that hope of final victory lay more in trying to hold the redcoats in and keep them from inflicting damage, and at last in making them so weary of the war that they would be glad to abandon it, than in taking many chances of open battles, for which the British were really much better prepared than he.

Besides, great things were now expected of the new allies, the French; but the expectations were for the most part doomed to failure through no fault of the Americans. Count d'Estaing had sailed for America about the middle of April, with six frigates and twelve ships-of-the-line, having on board a minister for the United States [M. Gérard] and the four thousand troops which had been promised.

They arrived at the mouth of the Delaware July 8th, 1778; but upon learning that the British had gone to New York, they too sailed away for that port. An attack was planned, but finally, when it was decided that the large French vessels could not cross the bar, the plan was changed, and

it was decided to go to Newport, the only other port the British then held except New York.

Much was expected of this attack, for General Sullivan who was in command at Providence was strengthened by a force of picked men under Greene, who was himself a Rhode Island man and acquainted not only with the people of the state but with every foot of the region itself; and soon, by the arrival of the neighbouring New England militia, the force consisted of nine thousand Americans and four thousand Frenchmen, in addition to d'Estaing's fleet.

As Sir Robert Pigot, who was in command at Newport, had only about six thousand men all told, it was confidently believed every redcoat on the island would soon be a prisoner. And so they would, had not misunderstandings arisen between the Americans and their allies, d'Estaing having been irritated at what he was pleased to call the undue haste of Sullivan in landing his men at a little hill in the northern part of the island, called Butt's Hill. However, all might yet have gone well had not, just at the time, Admiral Howe appeared with a fleet from New York. The French immediately withdrew from the island, and prepared to fight the ships and the frigates of Howe. For two days the two fleets pretended to be eager to "get at" each other, though there were people who declared that "one was afraid and the other dare not;" but a terrific storm then arose that compelled French sailors and English alike to forget all but themselves, and seek for their own safety.

As soon as the French admiral found that the storm was past, he insisted upon his soldiers and sailors going to Boston to repair the fleet. The same work might have been done

in Providence, but go to Boston he would, despite all the protests and offers of aid.

Very naturally the Americans were indignant at their fickle "allies," and the situation was made worse by a third of the little army declaring that the British could not be driven out of Newport, and that they themselves must go home to look after their crops! This left the Americans with only about the same number of men that the British had; and Pigot, the British commander, plucking up fresh courage, — for up to this time he had good reason to be fearful, — made an attack on Butt's Hill, but was not able to drive the Americans away.

Word was now received that five hundred fresh British soldiers were already on their way to Newport from New York, so Sullivan withdrew, and the ill feeling between the French and Americans became so marked that riots between the sailors occurred; and d'Estaing made matters worse by inviting the Canadians to seize the opportunity to become Frenchmen again! So a part of the object of the French in offering their aid to the United States became apparent, and naturally the Americans were highly indignant.

But Newport was now abandoned by the British; and so the relief and release of the place were accomplished after all, and without bloodshed. In November, 1778, the French fleet sailed away for the West Indies, and General Clinton at once was compelled to strengthen the English forces in those islands; so when five thousand of the redcoats sailed away from New York, fearful that Washington, "the old fox," might think it a good time to make that attack upon the city of which the British were ever talking, though as yet it had failed to appear, the force of Pigot at Newport was withdrawn from that town and also brought to New York.

Indirectly the French had of course helped the Americans by weakening the forces of the British, but directly they had done very little. And that the Americans should not have been overwhelmed by a feeling of gratitude and admiration was not surprising. Perhaps the impulsive General Sullivan had given voice to the feelings of many besides himself when, in his exasperation, he declared "America to be able to procure that by her own arms which her allies refused to assist in obtaining." He may have been only whistling to keep up his courage, but he certainly expressed the desire, if he did not the expectation, of the most of his countrymen.

CHAPTER XXV

SULLIVAN'S EXPEDITION. PAPER MONEY

It was in this year, 1778, that the troubles with the Indians reached such a state as not only to keep the scattered settlers on the borders in a state of terror, but also to arouse the intense anger and increase the determination of those who dwelt in the more thickly populated regions to the eastward to continue the struggle with England. For at the feet of a few Englishmen was laid the charge of arousing the redmen, and encouraging them to join in the quarrel between the colonies and the mother country.

In a large measure the charge was true, and the only points that can be raised to shield such men as Lord George Germain, who had urged the employment of the savages, is that perhaps they did not fully understand just how savage and cruel they were. Besides, as the war continued, very naturally the hatred of the Tories for the "obstinate" Whigs became stronger and stronger, and many leaders like Butler, who favoured using the Indians in quelling the rebellion, found themselves unable to restrain their allies from their fearful deeds of cruelty after a victory had been won.

In addition to these things, there is no doubt that some of the leading redmen were, after their own fashion, patriots, and honestly believed that by aiding the redcoats in conquering the Americans, they would at the same time

banish forever from the land the white men, who were encroaching upon their own abodes. Just what they could have done if the British had been successful cannot be known; but in all probability there would have followed soon another war between the redmen and the redcoats.

Brant, or Thayendanegea, was perhaps the foremost Indian of them all, and certainly he believed he was best serving his own people by trying to exterminate the palefaces in America. An old time manuscript asserts that after the battle of Brandywine, "The plan of operations for the ensuing campaign was laid, and Mr. Brant determined to harass the Frontiers of the Mohawk River abt Cherry Valley [illegible], while Sakayenguaraghton took the Opportunity of this diversion to cut off the settlements of Wayoming on the Susquehanna River."

This border warfare extended into Kentucky and Tennessee, and also into the valleys of the Middle West wherever the daring and hardy settlers had gone; but the limits of this work will prevent us from dealing with more than two of these battles, or massacres, as they might more properly be termed, — those of Wyoming and Cherry Valley.

Wyoming Valley in northeastern Pennsylvania is one of the most beautiful spots in our entire country. To-day, the surrounding hills or mountains, the wooded slopes, the fertile fields, combine to present a charming picture; and one can hardly be surprised that the redmen and whites contended eagerly for its possession.

In 1762 a little band of settlers had entered the valley; but a terrible massacre by the Indians in the following year almost drove back the pioneers. The place was too tempting, however, to be given up; and so again, in 1769, a second colony from Connecticut made their way into the

region where their forerunners had so miserably perished. The colony of Connecticut claimed this region as theirs by the grant of their charter; but the settlers of Pennsylvania boldly disputed the claim, and for a time there was almost as much ill feeling, and even bloodshed, between the white settlers at Bethlehem and Easton and those of Westmoreland in the Wyoming Valley, as there was between the Indians and the pioneers. The surrounding Indians were unfriendly, and away to the north were the Six Nations who had led in the massacre of 1763. The Seneca chief Sayenguaraghton, or Kayingwaurto (his name is spelled in a dozen or more different ways), had declared of the whites — "they have taken their land from us."

The people of the Wyoming settlement were intensely patriotic, and the news of the fight at Lexington and Concord had so stirred them that the few Tories in their midst were practically banished. Tories from the Mohawk Valley, after the defeat of St. Leger, as well as from other parts of the interior, assembled with the Indian warriors at Niagara; and from that fort an expedition started on its mission of woe for the valley of the Wyoming.

Brant had been a leading spirit in planning the movement; but he himself was not to go with the men, although many historians have represented him as the leading spirit of the massacre. The expedition, consisting of from nine hundred to twelve hundred men, Indians and Tories, was led by the detested Tory, Colonel John Butler, and the Seneca chief Sayenguaraghton, or "Old King," as he was commonly known by the white men. In 1774 the settlers of Wyoming, then numbering almost three thousand, had erected five forts near their homes, the strongest of these being known as Forty Fort, a large, rude blockhouse, considered remarkably safe and strong.

June 30th, 1778, was the day when the invading force appeared before Fort Wintermoot, the first of these defences; and without a struggle it fell into their hands. It was declared at the time that its defenders were really Tories at heart, and that it was purposely yielded, and without an effort to hold it. Fort Jenkins soon afterward was surrendered; but by this time the people of the region had learned of the approaching force under Butler and Old King, and hastily assembled at Forty Fort, where the command of the little band of defenders was given to Colonel Zebulon Butler, an experienced officer in the Continental army, who was at home on a furlough at the time. This leader strongly advised that no attempt to fight should be made until other companies of men, who were known to be advancing through the valley, should be given an opportunity to join him. He was overruled, however, and in the afternoon of July 3d, the little band set forth from Forty Fort, having left strict orders as to what was to be done in their absence, and advanced in search of the approaching enemy.

They selected what they thought to be a good place, and arranged their little force in a line about five hundred yards in length, extending from a marsh to the river, — Colonel Zebulon Butler commanding the right wing and Colonels Dorrance and Denison the left. They had not long to wait before the enemy appeared, and so bold and eager were the patriots that they made a rush upon the British, who purposely fell back, while Old King led his followers around to the rear of the left wing, and then fell savagely upon the men who were thus hemmed in.

An order of Colonel Denison for some of his followers to fall back was mistaken for the word "retreat," and a

THE BATTLE OF HARLEM

(From a painting by A. Chappel)

panic and most horrible massacre followed, — a massacre too fearful to be described.

The manuscript of Claus, already quoted from, declares that "At the same time [when the attacks on Cherry Valley and Schenectady were made] Sakayenguaraghton put his plan into Excution, making every preparation, Disposition, and Maneouvre with his Indns himself and when the Rebels of Wayoming came to attack him desired Col. Butler to keep his people separate from his for fear of Confusion and stood the whole Brunt of the Action himself, for there were but two white men killed [illegible]. And then destroyed the whole Settlement without hurting or molesting Woman or Child, wch these two Chiefs, to their honour be it said, agreed upon before they [went into] Action in the Spring."

Other reports, however, differed materially from this, and stories of terrible cruelty and suffering followed. One of these was that some of the living surrendered men were placed in a double circle around Bloody Rock, and the Indian Queen Esther with her own bloody hand hacked into pieces the wretched prisoners. At all events, when the invading force withdrew from the valley on July 8th, they had many more scalps than had been secured in the battle; and as the British had offered ten dollars for each scalp they secured, a goodly sum was received by these obedient subjects of good King George III. The valley itself was a scene of smoking ruins, and the beauty of the region was marred by the desolation that only roused the army to do more.

After the massacre, the surviving people fled by the river, by paths across the mountains, through the forests, anywhere, everywhere, to get away from their merciless

foes. In one party consisting of a hundred people it is said there was only one man. A story is told of one woman, a Mrs. Gould, who, with her children, was mounted on a horse, but at the sight of the aged or infirm about her, she dismounted, gave up her horse, and fled with her little ones clinging to her hands. It is a pleasure to know that at last she escaped. One young man, after the battle, plunged into the river and swam to a small island where he concealed himself in the bushes near the bank. Twenty of his friends who had not followed his example fell beneath the tomahawk. He himself expected every moment that the searching Indians would discover him, but though one once stepped upon the very bush beneath which he was concealed, he was not found. One brave mother with her six little ones succeeded in at last making her way, after terrible perils and suffering, to the Connecticut land from which she had come. Another, whose five brothers had fallen, escaped with six people in a canoe, and, without a mouthful of food, started down the river. At last, meeting a boat laden with supplies, that was making its way up the river to the settlement, their hunger was relieved, and all succeeded in reaching Harrisburg after a most terrible voyage.

It was November 10th of the same year when the massacre at Cherry Valley, New York, occurred; and many of the attacking party were those who had had a share in the horrible work at Wyoming. Houses, supplies, barns were burned, and fifty men, women, and children were slain. It is claimed by the friends of Brant that he tried to hold back the redmen from the slaughter of the innocent, but either the report was not true or even his powers failed. The band of seven hundred Tories and Indians left of

Cherry Valley only smoking ruins and a name. One or two stories will serve to show the character of the assault on the peaceful little settlement.

A young lady (Miss Jane Wells) having escaped from her house during the attack, tried to conceal herself in a woodpile. An Indian discovered her, and, thrusting his scalping knife into its sheath, seized her by one hand while he brandished his tomahawk in the other. As she could speak the Indian language, she begged him to have mercy upon her; and one of the Tories named Peter Smith, who was in the invading party, joined in begging the savage to spare her life, pretending that she was his sister (he had at one time been a servant in the family). But the Indian would not listen, and the poor girl was stretched lifeless by a blow.

A man named Mr. Shankland had removed his family from Cherry Valley, when rumours came of the intended attack, but, with his son, had himself returned to look after his possessions. Just before daylight he heard the Indians trying to break in his door with their tomahawks. He had two guns in the house, and telling his son to keep them loaded, he fired them in rapid succession. But it was too dark to enable him to see whether he was inflicting any damage or not, so he determined to make a rush upon his foes, hoping by his very boldness to put them to flight. Seizing a spear, he carefully unbarred the door, and then, with a yell, started forth. The astonished Indians fell back, and one, whom Mr. Shankland could see fleeing before him, he closely followed. The redman stumbled in his flight over a log, and the furious white man struck at him with his spear; but the spear-head entered the wood, and the shaft parted asunder. Wrenching the blade

from the log, the intrepid pioneer started swiftly back to his house, the shelter of which he gained before his foes fairly realized what was going on.

Meanwhile his son, during the turmoil, had fled from the house, and his absence had no sooner been discovered by his father than the loud yells of the Indians betrayed the fact that he had been captured.

Still the desperate man fought on, single-handed now, the bullets of the Indians frequently coming in through the window casements, and he returning the fire as rapidly as possible. He was fearful of making another sally, lest he should also involve his boy in the death that he believed must surely follow.

At last the wearied Indians succeeded in setting fire to the building; and their loud yells of delight, as well as the blaze of the flames, at once betrayed to Mr. Shankland his peril. But he was not even yet ready to give up. In the rear of the house, and between it and the adjacent forest, was a field of hemp; and the daring man ran from the back door for its shelter. Delighted to find that the darkness had favoured him, he crept on through the hemp field, at last gained the shelter of the forest, and then made good his retreat to the Mohawk; while the delighted Indians, waiting until the house had burned to the ground, at last having no doubt that the brave man had perished in the flames, returned with their prisoner to their fellows with shouts of victory. Of such stern stuff were our heroic forefathers made.

The feelings of the patriotic Americans had been so aroused by the horrors of these massacres and by the reports of similar sufferings in the south and west, that Congress, on February 27th, 1779, passed a resolution

authorizing Washington to take such measures as seemed best to him to punish the Indians and protect the scattered settlers. General Washington, after consulting with Colonel Zebulon Butler and others who had escaped from the Wyoming massacre, resolved to strike, and strike hard, and in the only manner which the savage allies of the British would be able to understand. He therefore resolved that an army of five thousand men, consisting of New Jersey, New Hampshire, and Pennsylvania troops, should be sent directly into the country of the Six Nations, and strike such a blow as would teach the offending redmen a lesson that was certainly very much needed at the time.

At first Washington was at a loss to know which of his generals should be placed in command. Hundreds of miles must be traversed, a way must be found through a trackless forest, and by day and by night a merciless and almost invisible foe must be guarded against. After a time he concluded to offer the command to Gates; but in response to the letter he sent he received the following reply from that weak and incompetent man: "Last night I had the honour of your Excellency's letter. The man who undertakes the Indian service should enjoy youth and strength, requisites I do not possess. It therefore grieves me that your Excellency should offer me the only command to which I am entirely unequal. In obedience to your command I have forwarded your letter to General Sullivan."

Slight cause for wonder is it that in his letter to Congress, Washington should have complained as he did of Gates's petty reply. "My letter to him on the occasion, I believe you will think was conceived in very candid and polite terms, and it merited a different answer from the one given to it."

However, hardy General Sullivan was ready to undertake the difficult task, and, while a part of his little army went up the Mohawk Valley, led by General James Clinton, he himself, with the remaining force, moved up the Susquehanna. In the latter part of August, 1779, the two divisions met, and, joining forces, attacked the Indians and the Tories that were assembled at Newtown, the site of the present city of Elmira.

Brant was there, and so were Sir John Johnson and the two Colonels Butler, whose cruelty had been believed to be even greater than that of their savage allies. In the battle that followed, Sullivan's followers were entirely successful; and, after receiving some losses, the enemy broke and fled.

Then began the further advance of the army under Sullivan. Indian towns were burned, crops were destroyed, warriors were killed, and all the horrible, but apparently necessary, experiences of a struggle with savages were endured. Brant was equally active, but he was not able to check the advance of the army; for forty or more of the Indian villages were now destroyed. But the long march, the increasing sickness, and the lack of provisions began to accomplish what the Tories and Indians had failed to do; and at last Sullivan was compelled to turn back without having destroyed Fort Niagara, which had been one of the great objects of his expedition.

The power and spirit of the Indians had received so severe a blow that they never wholly recovered from it; and though their depredations did not entirely cease, and among the terrible forms of revenge used by Brant was the destruction of the Oneida tribe, which, as we know, had been friendly to the Americans during St. Leger's

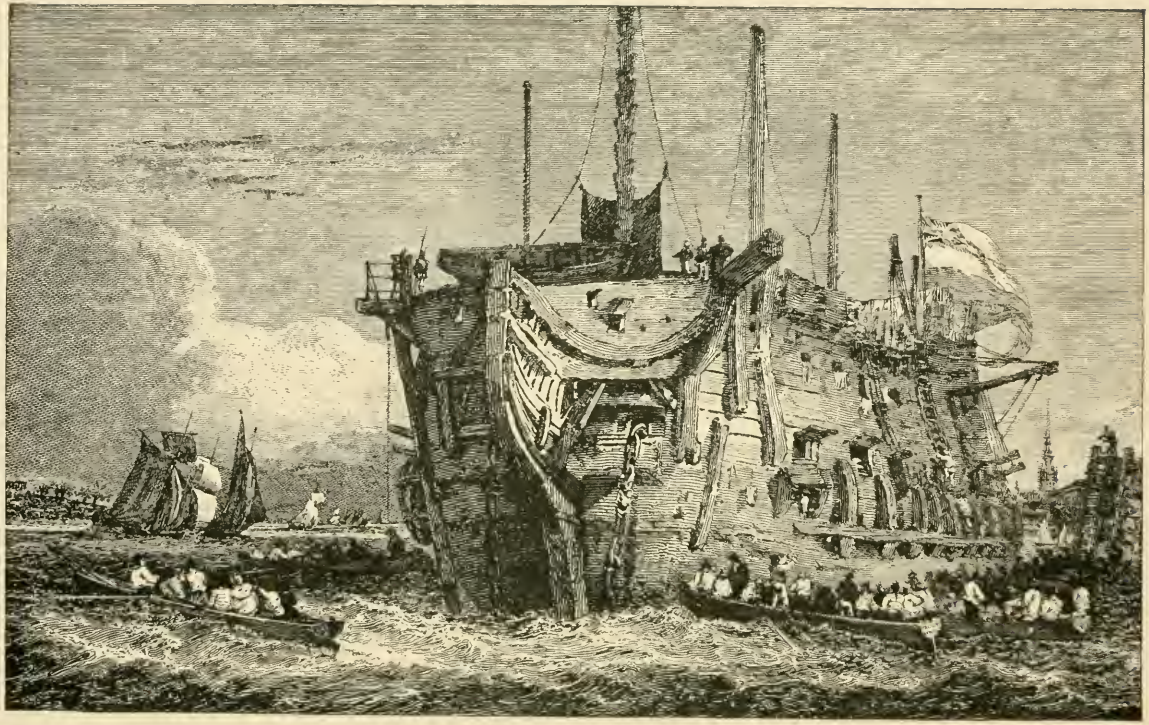
advance into the Mohawk Valley in 1777, and many a home of a lonely settler was destroyed by the savage redmen, still never again were the experiences of Wyoming and Cherry Valley to be repeated.

It was at this time that the troubles of Washington and the army, as well as of the people, were greatly increased by something that was only indirectly connected with the war. We often hear to-day the expression, "Not worth a continental," but not always do we stop to think of what it means. In order to pay the expenses of the army and of the new government, Congress had been issuing "paper money"; but when a country has more of this than it can pay in gold, or its promises to pay are not believed, it speedily comes to pass that each "dollar" decreases in value, and two or three or more dollars are made to do the work of one.

In 1778, Congress had issued so much of this paper money that eight "continental dollars" would only purchase as much as would one dollar in gold. The British and Tories in New York now began to counterfeit this money, and this was done so easily and so boldly that the farmers and the poorer people, upon whom the burden of "cheap money" always falls most heavily, very soon were not willing to take any of it in return for their produce or labour; and before the war was brought to an end, the continental dollars would hardly purchase anything at all. So arose the expression "not worth a continental," by which the people who used the term meant that the object offered them was utterly worthless.

It would seem as if the troubles of Washington were already more than he could bear. Still, like the strong man that he was, he did not complain. Many of his gen-

erals were of no great assistance to him; Congress was timid and fearful; many of the people were discouraged because the war was lasting so long; there were treacherous men, and even traitors among his so-called friends; but the resolute heart of George Washington did not falter. He now knew that not by open fighting, for which his enemies, in spite of the fact that the Continentals were better disciplined than ever they had been before, were better prepared than he, could he gain the freedom of the nation. He must tire the British out. This was his only hope; and now that the French had failed in rendering very much assistance, the character of the war, at least in the northern part of the country, entirely changed.



A PRISON SHIP

(From a drawing by Samuel Prout)

CHAPTER XXVI

THE TAKING OF STONY POINT

In the year 1779 only one event occurred in the nature of an open attack. This was the capture of Stony Point, a fort on the Hudson, which Sir Henry Clinton had seized in his tardy advance in 1777 to the aid of the struggling forces of John Burgoyne.

In July, 1779, Mad Anthony Wayne, with twelve hundred picked men, resolved to retake this fort. This force, after silently and carefully making its way through the narrow defiles and across the deep swamps, rendezvoused at a place about a mile and a half below the fort. Leaving his men there, Mad Anthony and a few officers went forward to reconnoitre and form their plans.

It was resolved that not a bullet should be used, but that the men should depend upon their bayonets only; and for such a desperate venture Mad Anthony Wayne was the ideal leader. Although this fort was on a high bluff, with a swamp in its rear, and the waters of the Hudson on three sides of it, and was well equipped with cannon and defended by brave men, not even these obstacles could check this daring and resolute man.

Pompey, a negro slave of a true-hearted Whig who dwelt near the river, had been in the habit of going to the fort with strawberries for the officers; but pleading that his tasks for his master would prevent him from coming more

in the daytime, he was given permission to come by night, and was also informed what the countersign was: "The fort's our own."

Pompey's knowledge was at once used by Anthony Wayne. At half-past eleven o'clock that night, July 15th, 1779, the American soldiers (Massachusetts men, for the most part) began to move forward in the darkness. In advance were Pompey and two strong men, who seized and gagged the first sentinel as Pompey gave the countersign. The way was still further cleared, and a little after midnight the Americans, having been carefully placed, dashed forward. In the face of the terrible fire they kept on and on, using their bayonets and fighting desperately. A ball grazing his head caused Mad Anthony to fall, and as he thought himself to be mortally wounded, he called out: "March on! Carry me into the fort, for I will die at the head of my column!" He, however, soon recovered, and in a brief time, after a desperate struggle, the fort had been taken; and in sharp contrast to the acts of the British at Fort Washington and elsewhere, it is said that not a redcoat was struck after the garrison had surrendered. Only 15 of Wayne's men had been killed in the attack, though 83 were wounded. The British had lost 63 killed, and Johnston, the commander of the fort, and 543 of his men became prisoners of the victorious Mad Anthony, who, in his joy, could not wait, but immediately despatched a letter to his commander with the news of the wonderful victory.

MAD ANTHONY WAYNE'S LETTER.

STONY POINT, 16th July, 1779. 2 o'clock A.M.

Dear Gen'l: The fort and garrison with Col° Johnston are ours. Our officers and men behaved like men who are determined to be free.

Yours most sincerely,

ANT'Y WAYNE.

GEN'L WASHINGTON.

Great as was the rejoicing among the Continentals, and strong as was the effect of the capture of the fort, Washington clearly perceived that it would be unwise to attempt to hold it. It was therefore decided to evacuate it, and an attempt was made to carry away the cannon. Although this was not successful, the fort was, nevertheless, stripped, and when the redcoats entered it again, as they did July 20th, it was not much more than a stony point indeed. Very naturally the country rang with the praises of Wayne. Congress voted him a medal, General Wayne became a popular toast, and even Charles Lee, who did not love Mad Anthony any more than he did Washington, wrote him: "I do most seriously declare that your assault of Stony Point is not only the most brilliant, in my opinion, throughout the whole course of the war, on either side, but that it is the most brilliant I am acquainted with in history; the assault of Schiveidnitz by Marshal Loudon I think inferior to it."

CHAPTER XXVII

SUFFERINGS AND EXPLOITS OF THE COMMON PEOPLE

From this time forward the character of the war in the north decidedly changed. The policy of Washington was not to engage in battles in which he had much to lose in case of defeat, and not very much to gain if victory crowned his efforts. Of course he was bitterly criticised by many of the people who wished to see him sweep the enemy into the sea, and so forever free the colonies from the yoke that was so galling to them. But Washington, who was as well aware of the strength of the British as he was of the weakness of his followers, was not to be swerved from his purpose, which as we know was to tire out or wear out the redcoats rather than to conquer on the field. The poverty of the little nation, the lack of men and equipments as well as of means, made him see readily that his own plan was best, and so, uncomplainingly and patiently, he bore the bitter attacks of those who at heart were his friends, as well as those who were his open and more pronounced foes.

At this time a series of reverses in the south also tended to discourage the struggling patriots. To-day we can understand that these apparent defeats in the south all aided in securing the final victory in the war; but the consideration of these events we must leave to another chapter.

While the opposing armies in the north apparently were doing little more than watch each other, both, in a sense,

being on the defensive and fearful of the moves of an enemy that they had been taught to respect, the scattered people of the region were those who now were compelled to endure hardships and suffering that are almost beyond our comprehension to-day. Homes were invaded, houses were burned, possessions were seized, outrages were committed that were terrible beyond compare. Families were divided, brothers ofttimes taking opposite sides in the struggle, and it frequently became literally true that "a man's foes were they of his own household." Neighbours who had been friends for years were now arrayed against one another; and the most intense and bitter hatred felt by the Whigs was first against the Tories, then against the Hessians or "Dutch butchers," and last of all against the redcoats.

As an indication of the state of feeling against the Tories, the following extract from a patriotic newspaper published in June, 1779, will plainly serve: "Rouse, America! Your danger is great — great from a quarter where you least expect it. The Tories will yet be the ruin of you! 'Tis high time they were separated from among you. They are now busily engaged in undermining your liberties. They have a thousand ways of doing it, and they make use of them all. Who were the occasion of this war? The Tories! Who persuaded the tyrant of Britain to prosecute it in a manner before unknown to civilized nations, and shocking even to barbarians? The Tories! Who prevailed on the savages of the wilderness to join the standard of the enemy? The Tories! Who have assisted the Indians in taking the scalp from the aged matron, the blooming fair one, the helpless infant, and the dying hero? The Tories! Who

advised, and who assisted in burning your towns, ravaging your country, and violating the chastity of your women? The Tories! Who are the occasion that thousands of you now mourn the loss of your dearest connections? The Tories! Who have always counteracted the endeavours of Congress to secure the liberties of this country? The Tories! Who refused their money when as good as specie, though stamped with the image of his most sacred Majesty? The Tories! Who continue to refuse it? The Tories! Who do all in their power to depreciate it? The Tories! Who propagate lies among us to discourage the Whigs? The Tories! Who corrupt the minds of the good people of these States by every species of insidious counsel? The Tories! Who hold a traitorous correspondence with the enemy? The Tories! Who daily send them intelligence? The Tories! Who take the oaths of allegiance to the States one day, and break them the next? The Tories! Who prevent your battalions from being filled? The Tories! Who dissuade men from entering the army? The Tories! Who persuade those who have enlisted to desert? The Tories! Who harbour those who do desert? The Tories! In short, who wish to see us conquered, to see us slaves, to see us hewers of wood and drawers of water? The Tories!"

In the intense bitterness, which increased as the struggle continued, much of any feeling of charity for the honesty of mind of those who differed in their preferences was forgotten; and as the months slowly passed the hatred became still more bitter. In New York there was a company of Tories known as "The Board of Associated Loyalists," and at the head of this board was William Franklin, the last royal governor of New Jersey and the son of Benjamin

Franklin himself. These men were constantly plotting against their former neighbours, and sending forth expeditions to plunder when they learned from their spies, whom they had sent out in all the surrounding region, that the men were not at home.

As was but natural now the brunt of this fell upon the patriots of the near-by regions, and with the exception of South Carolina no part of our land suffered as did New Jersey and the shore of Connecticut. Small parties would be sent from New York, and, sometimes meeting their friends by appointment, would burn little hamlets, drive away cattle, seize whatever property they cared to take, and then go back to their refuge in the city to set forth soon on another similar errand. Not always were they successful, and some of the most bloody and stubborn contests of the entire war of the Revolution were those that took place between little companies of patriots and the band of invading Tories or redcoats.

July 4th, 1779, the detested Tryon with a force of twenty-six hundred men, which had been carried up the Sound by the *Camilla* and *Scorpion*, two of the British ships of war, and by forty-eight tenders and transports, entered New Haven Bay; and to counteract the sentiments aroused among the patriots by the celebration of the day they had been having, caused a "proclamation" to be scattered among the people of the region. It would seem as if "proclamations" had already been sufficiently tested; but Tryon, undeterred, now sent forth another, in which he mingled threats and promises in such a manner as might well have confused even the best of his friends.

Without waiting, however, for his pompous words to take effect, early on the following morning forces were landed,

and prepared to march upon the town. The hardy minute-men were not idle meanwhile, and hastily assembling began to fire at the approaching redcoats and Hessians. Although they were few in number, they delayed the invaders, and some of their men and some of the best of their officers fell, but the oncoming body could not be checked. Many of the frightened people had fled to East Rock, and all through the day watched the movements of the heartless army, and vainly waited for it to depart.

Twenty-five or more of the Yale boys joined in the attempt to beat off the redcoats, and President Daggett of the college was also among the defenders. Their best efforts were in vain, however, and the president would have been killed after he had surrendered had it not been for one of his own students, a Tory in the ranks of the invaders. When Dr. Daggett was asked if he would take up arms again if he should be released, he replied, "I rather think I shall." In his own account of the affair he declares: "I was insulted in the most shocking manner by the ruffian soldiers, many of which came at me with fixed bayonets, and swore they would kill me on the spot. They drove me with the main body a hasty march of five miles or more. They damned me, those that took me, because they spared my life. Thus amid a thousand insults my infernal driver hastened me along faster than my strength would admit in the extreme heat of the day, weakened as I was by my wounds and the loss of blood, which at a moderate computation would not be less than one quart. And when I failed, in some degree through faintness, he would strike me on the back with a heavy walking-stick, and kick me behind with his foot. At length, by the supporting power of God, I arrived at the Green,

MARION
PINCKNEY
Wm WASHINGTON
SUMTER
PICKENS

New Haven. But my life was almost spent, the world around me several times appearing as dark as midnight. I obtained leave of an officer to be carried into the widow Lyman's and laid upon a bed, where I lay the rest of the day and succeeding night in such acute and excruciating pain as I never felt before."

The little body of men who were striving to protect their homes was not able to beat off the enemy. The town was taken possession of, and for a day and a night the brutal soldiers committed such outrages as cannot be described. Only a very few houses escaped them, and these few belonged to well-known and bitter Tories. Not only were houses plundered, but furniture, glass, and valuables of every kind were wantonly smashed.

But many of the Tories suffered as did the Whigs. Old men were slain, and even sickness was no protection. In these brutal deeds the Hessians, who could not of course speak English, and were in the war because they had been sent into it and given permission to plunder, were the worst; but almost as bad were the Tories. Some of the redcoats were not so bad, but others were exceedingly cruel, and Tryon perhaps was the worst of all.

It had been their plan to burn the town of New Haven; but the countrymen were assembling so rapidly, and were so filled with rage at what was going on, that Tryon, who perhaps had not forgotten the expedition he had previously led to Danbury, decided to withdraw; so on the 7th of July with his fleet he set sail to the westward. The Americans had had 23 killed and 15 wounded.

But the British were not yet satisfied with the damage they had inflicted, and under cover of a heavy fog landed

at Fairfield, where their coming was so unexpected that there was scarcely any one there to oppose them. Angered by what had occurred at New Haven, and wild with the desire of pillaging, small wonder is it that their coming struck terror to the hearts of the people in the little town.

At first the few brave men tried with their cannon to make a stand on the village green, but they were soon driven from their position. Then the soldiers were let loose, and a terrible time followed. Entering the houses, it mattered not whether they belonged to Whig or Tory, they seized everything of value. They broke open closets, smashed chests, and tore buckles and rings from the hands of the terrified women and children. To no pleas would General Tryon listen; perhaps he could not have stopped the men if he would.

At last, having satisfied themselves with plunder, they began to fire the town. Two or three Tories, whose homes were there, served as guides, and pointed out the abodes of the patriots; and as the invaders made their way back to their boats, leaving not much besides smoking ruins of Fairfield behind them, the militia and farmers followed them, firing from behind trees and rocks, and inflicting no slight damage upon an enemy who had almost ruined them. But at last the fleet set sail for Long Island, and then in a few days came back across the Sound, and again they destroyed the salt-pans, burned vessels, and set fire to houses as they had done before at Fairfield and New Haven.

Such wanton cruelty, such brutality of the soldiers, as well as the threats of the British, only made the Connecticut Whigs more determined than ever they had been. If this was the kind of treatment they were likely to receive,

then, as one of her heroes said, "they would live in poverty; and never would they live, though palaces were offered them, under the rule of such monsters." Tryon's name was thoroughly detested; for though such deeds as he had done might have been expected from the uncivilized savages, when an Englishman stooped so low he deserved the greater blame. So the Yankee Whigs, instead of being made submissive by Tryon's threats and raids, were only made the more angry and determined. The action of the Yale president and students was a sample of the feeling in that college. At one time a note was sent to one of the college boys, who was suspected of being a Tory, demanding that he deny the charge. In response he wrote the following note: —

To the Honourable and Respectable Gentlemen of the Committee now Residing in Yale College.

May it please your honours — ham — ham — ham —

Finis cumsistula popularum gig,
A man without a head has no need of a wig.

Abiather Camp.

But Abiather Camp could not withstand the storm he had raised, and soon afterward publicly asked to be forgiven for his offence, and abandoned the Tory side.

This growing feeling the British were slow to perceive. They did not understand it, and so they could find no cure. They continued to ridicule the "peasants" and make fun of their patriotism, which was about the very best means they could have taken to strengthen it. In one of the Tory papers a writer ridiculed the colonies and their leaders in words which, to us at least, show the feeling he did not understand.

"Thirteen is a number peculiarly belonging to the rebels. A party of naval prisoners lately returned from Jersey say that the rations among the rebels are thirteen dried clams per day; that the titular Lord Stirling takes thirteen glasses of grog every morning, has thirteen enormous rum bunches on his nose, and that he always makes thirteen attempts before he can walk; that Mr. Washington has thirteen toes on his feet (the extra ones having grown since the Declaration of Independence) and the same number of teeth on each jaw; that the Sachem Schuyler has a topknot of thirteen stiff hairs which erect themselves on the crown of his head when he grows mad; that Old Putnam had thirteen pounds of his posteriors bit off in an encounter with a Connecticut bear ('twas then he lost the *balance* of his mind); that it takes thirteen paper congress dollars to equal one penny *sterling;* that Polly Wayne [Polly was the nickname the British had bestowed upon Anthony Wayne] was just thirteen hours in subduing Stony Point and as many seconds in leaving it; that a well-organized rebel household has thirteen children, all of whom expect to be generals and members of the High and Mighty Congress of the 'thirteen United States'; that Mrs. Washington has a mottled cat (which she calls in a complimentary way 'Hamilton') with thirteen yellow rings around his tail, and that his flaunting it suggested to the Congress the adoption of the same number of stripes for the rebel flag."

But scurrilous abuse and ridicule never yet have won a fight, and then, as ever, they only served to increase the rage and strengthen the determination of the men who preferred death to servitude.

It was in New Jersey, however, that the patriotic fami-

lies suffered most at this time. The Jersey Tories had been particularly bitter, and many of them, when their property had been confiscated, had fled to New York, where William Franklin and his Board of Associated Loyalists were only too glad to fan the flames of their hatred and assist them in plundering their former neighbours. As many of the Tories disguised their real feelings and refused to leave their homes, they were of great assistance to their friends the enemy, in carrying intelligence of the best times in which to make invasions, or when the men were absent and so their possessions would be left unprotected.

The result was that bands of Tories, assisted by a few of the regulars from New York City or by detachments of "The Greens," — the name by which the Tories who enrolled themselves as militia willing to fight for King George were known, — would sweep unexpectedly down upon some lonely farmhouse or unprotected hamlet, and drive away cattle, seize whatever valuables they could find, and though the patriots of the region would assemble at the alarm and pursue the marauders, firing upon them from behind trees or fences, almost always the invaders would succeed in making their way, frequently with a few prisoners, for which the British always offered a reward, back to the shore and in setting sail for the city.

On the shore near Sandy Hook was a little settlement known as Refugee Town, where the fugitive slaves and rascally whites found a landing-place and a place of shelter for the regulars and Tories who came down from New York.

In addition to the Tories, the patriots suffered greatly at the hands of the "Pine Robbers." These were numer-

ous bands of reckless men who made "the pines" of New Jersey their headquarters. It was almost impossible to discover their hiding-places and not safe for any, except a large force of men, to enter the region. From their strongholds they would set forth, usually in the night-time, and attack some household which they had already learned was undefended. Frequently they tortured the women to make them disclose the place where the sock in which the little money the family had was concealed.

The villains declared they were in favour of neither side engaged in the war; but somehow the Whigs suffered more at their hands than did their neighbours. Perhaps this was due to the fact that the pine robbers, after they had hidden away a goodly store in the places of concealment they had dug in the sand-hills among the pines, would load their booty some dark night on a swift vessel, and sail away for New York, where they found a ready market for their wares.

As illustrations of their methods, the following incidents recorded in an early work [1] may be cited: "One of the leaders of one of the worst of these gangs was a blacksmith named Fenton. On one occasion he had robbed a tailor's shop, and word was sent him by the angry Whigs that if he did not return the clothing within a week he would be hunted and shot. Somewhat alarmed by the threat, Fenton returned the property, and with it sent the following note: 'I have returned your rags. In a short time I am coming to burn your barns and houses and roast you all like a pack of kittens.'

"One summer night this villain with his band attacked at midnight the dwelling of Mr. Thomas Farr, in the

[1] "Historical Collections of the State of New Jersey," by Barber and Howe.

vicinity of Imlaystown. The family, consisting of Mr. Farr and wife, both aged, and their daughter, barricaded the door with logs of wood. The assailants first attempted to beat in the door with rails, but being unsuccessful fired through a volley of balls, one of which broke the leg of Mr. Farr; then, forcing an entrance at a back door, they murdered his wife, and despatched him as he lay helpless on the floor. His daughter, though badly wounded, escaped; and the gang, fearing she would alarm the neighbourhood, precipitately fled without waiting to plunder.

"After perpetrating many enormities, Fenton was shot under the following circumstances: Fenton and Burke beat and robbed a young man named Van Mater of his meal as he was going to mill. He escaped, and conveyed the information to [Light-Horse Harry] Lee's Legion, then at the [Monmouth] courthouse. A party started off in a wagon in pursuit, consisting of a sergeant, Van Mater, and two soldiers. The soldiers lay in the bottom of the wagon concealed under straw, while the sergeant disguised as a countryman sat with Van Mater on the seat. To increase the deception two or three empty barrels were put in the wagon. On passing a low groggery in the pines, Fenton came out with pistol in hand, and commanded them to stop. Addressing Van Mater he said: —

"'You rascal! I gave you such a whipping I thought you would not dare show your head.' Then, changing the subject, inquired, 'Where are you going?'

"'To the salt works,' was the reply.

"'Have you any brandy?' demanded the robber.

"'Yes. Will you have some?'

"A bottle was given him; he put his foot on the hub of the wagon-wheel, and was in the act of drinking when the

sergeant touched the foot of one of the soldiers, who arose and shot the pine robber through the head. Carelessly throwing the body into the wagon they drove back furiously to the courthouse, where, on their arrival they jerked out the corpse by the heels, as though it had been that of some wild animal, with the ferocious exclamation, 'Here is a cordial for your Tories and wood-robbers.'

"Another of the worst of the leaders of these gangs was Fagan. His deeds were so terrible that at last a force of two hundred men and boys was organized, and Fagan was pursued to his death. Some time after the burial the infuriated people disinterred the remains, and, after heaping indignities upon it, enveloped it in a tarred cloth and suspended it in chains, with iron bands around it, from a large chestnut tree about a mile from the courthouse, on the road to Colt's Neck. There hung the corpse in midair, rocked to and fro by the winds, a horrible warning to his comrades and a terror to travellers, until the birds of prey picked the flesh from its bones, and the skeleton fell piecemeal to the ground. Tradition affirms that the skull was afterward placed against the tree with a pipe in its mouth in derision."

These horrible examples, taken from many that might be given, serve well to show the nature of the struggle of the lonely people in New Jersey, and its terrible effect on the evil passions of all who engage in war.

At one time a young Jerseyman named Stephen Edwards, a Tory himself and the son of a Tory, enlisted among the forces of the king in New York. Venturing one night to visit the home of his father, where his young wife was staying during the absence of her husband, his presence was suspected by the watchful militia; and, sur-

THE SIEGE OF CHARLESTON

(From a painting by A. Chappel)

rounding the house, they demanded that Stephen should come forth and give himself up. As no response to the hail was made, they forced their way into the house, and searched it thoroughly until they came to the room of young Mistress Edwards. Disregarding the pleadings of the old man, they gave the young woman time in which to dress, and then entered, and at once perceived some one in the bed. Apparently it was a woman, for the face was almost concealed by a huge nightcap.

"Who is this? What have you here?" demanded the leader.

"My serving-woman, with whom I am compelled to share my room," stammered young Mrs. Edwards.

A quick seizure of the nightcap revealed the face of Stephen Edwards, and as papers were also found in his pocket in which he had been directed by the Board of Loyalists in New York to find out the number of defenders and all he could learn as to the property of the region, and the best way of plundering it, the young soldier was declared to be a spy, and, despite his protests, was taken to the courthouse and hanged, as a score or more of the pine robbers had been treated before him.

Naturally, the affair produced a great excitement in the region, and Captain Joshua Huddy, who had been active in the work, became the object of the bitter hatred of the refugees, the Tories, and the loyalists in New York. He was one of the leaders of the militia, and was doing his utmost to protect the people from the invaders. So many homes had been destroyed, so many people had been killed, and there was such a veritable reign of terror that Captain Huddy and the other leaders found their hands full.

One time Captain Huddy was in charge of the little fort at Tom's River. Less than a score of men were with him, and, for the time, they were trying to protect the salt works in the vicinity. These salt works were one of the few sources of income to the government, and were the special objects of attack on the part of the Tories. A large force of these, together with refugees and pine robbers, attacked Captain Huddy and his followers in the fort, and, after a desperate contest, succeeded in making him a prisoner. They carried him in irons back to the city; and a few days afterward Lippencott, a Tory refugee, with a few others, by the orders of William Franklin, took the captain down to the Jersey shore, erected a rude gallows, and hanged the patriot, leaving upon his breast the following placard: —

UP GOES HUDDY FOR PHIL WHITE

Philip White was a pine robber, and had been shot as he tried to escape from the hands of the little party which had striven to take him for the murder of Mr. Russell, one of the patriots of New Jersey.

The anger of the people at the death of the noble Huddy — for he was a true man — was intense. Washington was appealed to; and he, by the order of Congress and the advice of his generals, wrote Sir Henry Clinton that the men who had hanged Huddy must be given up, or he himself would retaliate by hanging one of the prisoner captains of the British.

Sir Henry, without doubt, would gladly have given up the men who had killed Huddy; but Benjamin Franklin's son William, the most bitter Tory of them all, was involved, and so no one was surrendered. Washington

retaliated, and compelled four British captains to "draw lots" to see who should die as Huddy had. The lot was drawn by young Captain Asgill, only nineteen years of age, the son of an English nobleman. The strongest of pleas were made in his behalf. Lady Asgill, his mother, besought King George to interpose; the French, as allies and friends of the Americans, were besought to add their influence in behalf of the unfortunate young officer. The sentence, however, was kept suspended over his head until the war was practically ended, when he was released and permitted to return to his home in England. In all probability Washington had not intended any of the time that the young officer should suffer death, but hoped that the suspended sentence would prevent the Tories from committing other crimes of a similar nature.

All along the Jersey shore at this time little privateers were busy. The character of this part of the warfare may be learned by the following extract from the *New Jersey State Gazette*: —

"June 23, 1779. An open boat called the *Skunk*, mounting two guns and twelve men, belonging to Egg Harbor, sent in there, on Wednesday last, a vessel with a valuable cargo, which makes her nineteenth prize since she was fitted out. Upon one occasion this boat had quite [*sic*] an adventure when commanded by Captain Snell and John Goldin. They thought they had discovered a fine prize off Egg Harbor in a large ship wearing the appearance of a merchantman. The boat approached cautiously, and, after getting quite near, the little *Skunk* was put in a retreating position, stern to the enemy, and then gave him a gun. A momentary panic ensued. All at once the merchantman was transformed into a

British 74, and in another moment she gave the *Skunk* such a broadside that, as Goldin expressed it, 'the water flew around them like ten thousand waterspouts.' She was cut some in her sails and rigging, but by hard rowing made good her escape, with Goldin to give the word, 'Lay low, boys! lay low, for your lives!'"

From Cape May to Sandy Hook this was a sample of what was going on. The Americans could not hope to do anything before the British frigates; but their whale-boats, manned sometimes by twenty or more oarsmen, and the fleet little sloops did great damage. Sometimes they were severely punished for their rashness, and sometimes the great guns of the enemy's boats inflicted great damage; but the hardy pioneers, ready with boat or musket, were not daunted, and until the end of the Revolution were busy all along the shore.

The deeds of one of these men is especially worthy of record. Captain Adam Hyler at one time had been a sailor in the British navy, but at the outbreak of the war, despite the threat that if he should be taken he would be hanged from the yard-arms, he joined his countrymen in their effort to establish the freedom of the United States. He made his headquarters at [New] Brunswick, built many whale-boats, and had a stanch band of followers. These men practised rowing in the long, swift whale-boats until they could drive them over the water almost as silent as the shadow of a moving cloud, and with the speed of the wind. The boats were concealed along the shores of the Raritan River and Amboy Bay, and woe betide the luckless vessel, no matter what its size, which ventured to despise these humble foes, or to relax its vigilance even for one night. In case it did, over the waters of the bay these silent whale-

boats would be driven by the daring men, and many a time the unsuspecting crew of some vessel would find themselves prisoners and their good ship seized, before they were fully aware that they were being attacked. Of course no great deeds were attempted by Adam Hyler and his bold men, that is, great in the sense of the numbers engaged, but his efforts were a perpetual menace and an unfailing source of annoyance and fear. One or two examples selected from the records of their many bold deeds, will best serve to illustrate the character of the warfare waged by the bold followers of the still bolder Captain Hyler.

"Oct. 7, 1781. On Friday last Capt. Adam Hyler with one gunboat and two whale-boats, within a quarter of a mile of the [British] guardship at Sandy Hook attacked five vessels, and after a smart conflict of fifteen minutes carried them. The hands made their escape and took refuge in a small fort in which were mounted twelve swivel-guns, from which they kept up a continual firing; notwithstanding which he boarded them all without the loss of a man. He took from them fifty bushels of wheat, a quantity of cheese, several swivels, a number of fusees, one cask of powder, and some dry-goods. . . . After which he set all on fire, save one, on board of which was a woman and four small children, which prevented her from sharing a similar fate."

"Oct. 15, 1781. On the 13th inst. Capt. Adam Hyler with one gunboat and two whale-boats boarded one sloop and two schooners, which all the hands except two had left to go ashore on Sandy Hook, and brought them off. Being pursued, one of the schooners running aground by accident was stripped and left, and the other with two prisoners was brought safely to port."

Another instance was thus related by one of the prisoners taken: "I was on deck on a very pleasant evening with our sentinel fixed. Our vessel was at anchor near Sandy Hook and the *Lion* man-of-war about a quarter of a mile distant. It was calm and clear, and we were all admiring the beautiful and splendid appearance of the full moon. While we were thus attentively contemplating the serene luminary, we suddenly heard several pistols discharged into the cabin, and turning around perceived at our elbows a number of armed people, fallen as it were from the clouds, who ordered us to surrender in a moment or we were dead men. Upon this, we were turned into the hold and the hatches barred over us. The firing, however, had alarmed the man-of-war, who hailed us and desired to know what was the matter. As we were not in a situation to answer, Captain Hyler was kind enough to do it for us; telling them through his speaking trumpet that all was well. After which, unfortunately for us, they made no further inquiry."

Perhaps the most daring of all the deeds of Captain Hyler was his attempt to take Lippencott, the murderer of Captain Huddy. "On inquiry he learned that Lippencott resided in a well-known house in Broad Street, New York. Dressed and equipped like a man-of-war press-gang, with his men he left the Kills with one boat after dark, and arrived at Whitehall about nine o'clock. Here he left his boat in charge of three men and then passed to the residence of Lippencott, where he inquired for him and found he was absent and gone to a cockpit. Thus failing in his object, he returned to his boat with his *press-gang* and left Whitehall; but finding a sloop lying at anchor off the Battery, from the West Indies, and laden with rum, he took her, cut her cables, set her sails, and with a northeast wind

sailed to Elizabethtown Point; and before daylight had landed from her and secured forty hogsheads of rum. He then burned the sloop to prevent her recapture."

Of course all efforts were not equally successful, but even when a British frigate destroyed the whale-boats, the daring patriots quickly rebuilt them, and continued the only efforts they could make against the powerful navy of their foes. Adam Hyler himself did not live to see the peace come for which he fought, but his successors were numerous and the petty warfare was maintained to the end.

CHAPTER XXVIII

MINOR ENGAGEMENTS. ARNOLD AND ANDRÉ

EACH of the northern armies during these closing years of the war was striving to tire out the other, and only minor engagements between the opposing forces occurred. A few of these will serve to show the general character of the struggle as it was carried on in the north.

Near the close of the summer of 1779, after the seizure and abandonment of Stony Point by General Wayne, Major Lee ("Light-Horse Harry") advanced upon Paulus Hook, the ancient name of Jersey City, at that time a sandy peninsula on which the British had erected a fort of considerable strength, garrisoned at this time by Clinton's men.

Major Lee had three hundred men; and behind him, as a reserve force, came also a band of Stirling's followers. As the Continentals marched from the place they had been holding on the Hudson, the people of the region thought but little of their advance, for foraging parties were common, and doubtless they thought that this was one of them. It was three o'clock in the morning of August 19th, 1779, when Major Lee, having carefully arranged his little force, advanced stealthily upon the fort. The sentinels were sleeping in their sense of false security, and before any one fairly realized what had taken place, one hundred and fifty-nine British soldiers were prisoners in Lee's hands, with whom he quickly withdrew, rather than attempt to attack

GENERAL FRANCIS MARION

the stronger circular redoubt into which the remaining part of the garrison had quickly withdrawn. For this gallant deed Lee received the thanks of Congress, and a gold medal was also given him.

In the following year Light-Horse Harry, with Mad Anthony Wayne and some of the troops, horse and foot, was sent to storm the blockhouse at Bergen Neck, and attempt to drive within the American lines the cattle the British had there. Although the attack upon the blockhouse was spirited, the guns were too light to produce any marked effect, and so the dragoons returned to the camp, though they succeeded in driving before them a large number of cattle. This "attack" became a source of sport and ridicule, and Major André, whose name we shall soon hear again, wrote a poem entitled "The Cow Chase," which afforded the redcoats much amusement at the time. This "poem" consists of three cantos, and its character may be learned from the following extracts: —

"At six, the host with sweating buff
Arrived at Freedom's Pole
When Wayne who thought he'd time enough
Thus speechified the whole:

"'O ye whom glory doth unite
Who freedom's cause espouse
Whether the wing that's doomed to flight
Or that to drive the cows;

"'Ere yet you tempt your further way
Or into action come,
Hear, soldiers, what I have to say
And take a pint of rum.'

"Then from the cask of rum once more
They took a ready gill
When one and all they loudly swore
They'd fight upon the hill."

In the summer of 1780, a large force of the enemy crossed from Staten Island to Elizabethtown, and started across the county to attempt to drive Washington from his camp at Morristown ; but speedy messengers were sent in every direction, the alarm was given, the "old sow," a cannon kept upon a hilltop to warn people of the coming of the enemy, was fired, and soon a crowd of men and boys were so harassing the redcoats and Hessians by their fire from behind the trees and fences, that they were glad to retire.

A few days afterward, the British under the lead of Clinton once more attempted the same thing ; but at Springfield the farmers and militia rallied, and from an advantageous ground fought so desperately that, alarmed also by the reports of what Washington was doing and where he was, once more the redcoats retired, having suffered quite a severe loss, and the camp at Morristown was still unmolested.

One of the most pathetic stories of the Revolution is that of the death of Mrs. James Caldwell at the time just mentioned. Her husband, the Reverend James Caldwell, had, with the men of the Presbyterian church he served at Elizabethtown, fought bravely for the cause of the colonies. Indeed, he had preached from his pulpit when a pistol lay on each side of his Bible and a row of muskets was in the front of the church ready for instant use. So strong had his efforts been that the British had offered a reward for him dead or alive, as they had also for Governor Livingstone.

At this time Parson Caldwell had sent his family to a near-by place in the country for safety, and when the Hessians were marching past the house occupied by his wife,

she, with a maid and her youngest child, retired to a secluded room. There, looking out of the window the maid said: —

"A redcoat soldier has jumped over the fence, and is coming up to the window with a gun."

The baby, two years of age, called out, "Let me see! Let me see!" and ran toward the maid.

Mrs. Caldwell rose from the bed on which she had been sitting, and at that moment the soldier fired his musket at her through the window. It was loaded with two balls, both of which passed through her body.

Naturally, the death of Mistress Caldwell roused the people and soldiers to a fearful pitch of excitement, and Parson Caldwell fought as never he had fought before. In the heat of the contest at Springfield the wadding for the guns unexpectedly gave out, but the parson rushed into the old church by the roadside, and coming forth with his arms filled with many well-worn copies of Watts' hymns, shouted: "Now put Watts into them, boys! Give 'em Watts!"

Doubtless all those men knew by experience that it was possible to beat learning into boys, but to shoot men with Watts' hymns — that was another matter. But they drove back the redcoats!

CALDWELL, OF SPRINGFIELD, N.J.

Here's the spot. Look around you. Above on the height
Lay the Hessians encamped. By that church on the right
Stood the gaunt Jersey farmers. And here ran a wall —
You may dig anywhere and you'll turn up a ball.
Nothing more. Grasses spring, waters run, flowers blow,
Pretty much as they did ninety-three years ago.
Nothing more, did I say? Stay one moment, you've heard

Of Caldwell, the parson, who once preached the Word
Down at Springfield ? What ! no ? Come — that's bad ; why, he had
All the Jerseys aflame ! And they gave him the name
Of the "rebel high priest." He stuck in their gorge,
For he loved the Lord God and he hated King George.
He had cause, you might say ! When the Hessians that day
Marched up with Knyphausen they stopped on their way
At the "Farms," where his wife, with a child in her arms,
Sat alone in the house. How it happened none knew
But God — and that one of the hireling crew
Who fired the shot. Enough ! there she lay,
And Caldwell, the chaplain, her husband away !
Did he preach ? Did he pray ? Think of him as you stand
By the old church to-day ; think of him and that band
Of militant ploughboys ! See the smoke and the heat
Of that reckless advance — of that straggling retreat !
Keep the ghost of that wife, foully slain, in your view
And what could you — what should you, what would you do ?
Why, just what he did ! They were left in the lurch
For the want of more wadding. He ran to the church,
Broke the door, stripped the pews, and dashed out in the road
With his arms full of hymn books, and threw down his load
At their feet ! Then above all the shouting and shots
Rang his voice — "Put Watts into 'em — boys, give 'em Watts !"
And they did. That is all. Grasses spring, flowers blow,
Pretty much as they did ninety-three years ago.
You may dig anywhere and you'll turn up a ball —
But not always a hero like this — and that's all.

— BRET HARTE.

Such skirmishes were not few nor infrequent, and occurred, for the most part, near the places where the armies were encamped. But the main struggle dragged on, and apparently was no nearer the end with every passing month. Money had depreciated in value until it was practically worthless, and the colonies or "states" had few common bonds. Many were weary of the long war and hopeless of ever gaining their freedom, and the reports that came from the south were very discouraging. Still it

is at just such a time that the qualities of a great man shine forth. It is easy enough to keep up heart when all things move in our favour, but to be brave when others despair tests the stuff of which strong men are made.

It would seem as if the feeble little country and its lion-hearted leaders had all that they ought to bear; but at this very time a blow fell upon them that was almost crushing in its weight. And that was the treason of Benedict Arnold. What wonder is it that the noble-hearted Washington wept like a little child when he could no longer doubt its truth!

We have already seen how Arnold had suffered from the envy, injustice, and pettiness of his rivals and the incompetency of some of the leading men. His rage at the treatment he had received — and he certainly had cause for complaint, for he had laboured as few had done and displayed a bravery that was heroic — might have led him into serious trouble on the field, had he not been wounded in the fight with the forces of John Burgoyne, when, against the wish if not the order of Gates, he had ridden at full speed against the redcoats, and, by his example, roused his comrades and won the day.

Severely wounded in the leg, and therefore unfitted for service on the field, he had been placed in command at Philadelphia after the withdrawal of the British under Sir Henry Clinton from that city in 1778. As soon as Congress returned to the city, an opportunity was given, which a man as impulsive and hot headed as Benedict Arnold was certain to use, to have many a quarrel. And quarrel he did, for, blaming the members of Congress and the board of war for the injustice he had suffered, it was but natural that hard things should be said by both parties.

In addition to these things, Arnold entered into the social life of the city, for which by nature he was much better adapted than many of his rough-mannered but true-hearted comrades in the war; and that, too, had a marked effect upon him.

Without doubt the young girl, Margaret Shippen, who became his wife also had much to do with the change. No one would ever think of accusing her of being the cause of her husband's treason, but indirectly there can be no doubt that she, at the very least, did not retard him, though she never knew of his plan until the fatal moment arrived when he fled for his life. Her family were known to be sympathizers with the king's side. Their home was a beautiful one, and in the preceding winter had been the resort of many of the young British officers; and in the Mischianza, Margaret Shippen had had a leading part. In her home she had been accustomed to hear the Continentals held up to ridicule for their rough and boorish appearance, in such marked contrast to the well-dressed and polite young officers of the British. So the whole influence of the family upon this bright and beautiful young girl had been to make her feel almost ashamed of her own countrymen, and her own indirect influence upon Arnold had naturally been of a similar kind.

But Benedict Arnold, handsome, bold, dashing, was an exception to his fellows; and his manners and bearing at once appealed not only to Margaret Shippen but to her aristocratic family as well. Arnold was a "gentleman" in their estimation, for they looked only upon the surface. As he was naturally fond of society, and lived in the best of style, having his coach and four and giving the most elaborate of dinner parties and lavish entertainments, his

manner of living also appealed to the Shippens. But they did not realize to what lengths these extravagances were leading the reckless officer, and soon he was in dire straits for money with which to pay his debts. And all this time he was quarrelling with Congress, and arrogantly demanding from them what they were not disposed to grant. So keen was Arnold's demand for money that he even went to the French to secure a "loan," which naturally, under the circumstances, was not granted; and the refusal only made the debt-laden man the more desperate, for money he must have, and soon.

At last the quarrel became so heated that specific charges were made against Arnold, one of which was that he was using the position he held as a means of making money for himself, and a court-martial was ordered. The bravery of the man, his former services, and his recognized ability inclined the men who tried him to be lenient, and he was virtually acquitted of the charges; but in order not to make the members of Congress more angry than they already were, it was decided that Washington, who was known to have a very friendly feeling for his brave comrade-in-arms, should administer a public reprimand.

Mildly as possible, Washington did as the court directed, striving at the same time to save the feelings of Arnold and not increase the rage of the members of Congress, who felt that their own dignity had been assailed. The commander is said to have spoken to Arnold, when he was brought before him to receive the reprimand, as follows: "Our profession is the chastest of all. Even the shadow of a fault tarnishes the lustre of our finest achievements. The least inadvertence may rob us of the public favour, so hard to be acquired. I reprimand you for having forgotten that, in

proportion as you had rendered yourself formidable to our enemies, you should have been guarded and temperate in your deportment to your fellow-citizens. Exhibit anew those noble qualities which have placed you on the list of our most valued commanders. I will furnish you, as far as it may be in my power, with opportunities of regaining the esteem of your country."

But Arnold was in no mood to receive even the mild words of the great commander. Already goaded by the injustice with which he had been treated (and that he was treated unjustly no one can deny), tormented by the lack of money with which to pay the many debts he owed, and hearing constantly his former friends and comrades held up to ridicule for their lack of elegance and their boorish manners, he had been for a considerable time in correspondence with the enemy. He had written, with a feigned handwriting, letters which he signed "Gustavus"; and the replies had come signed by "John Anderson," which was the fictitious name assumed by Major André, one of the best of the younger British officers. This young man had been in Philadelphia the preceding winter, and at many of the festivities had met Margaret Shippen, with whom he had formed a strong friendship.

If Benedict Arnold had in a sudden fit of rage deserted to the enemy, or if he had really come to believe that the cause of the Americans was hopeless, and had gone over to the other side because of his belief, then in spite of his dastardly act some slight charity might still be found for him. But coolly and deliberately for many months he had been carrying on the correspondence, and his treachery, therefore, has not the shadow of a shade of an excuse. If he had been a truly great man, he would have borne his

BATTLE OF GUILFORD COURT HOUSE

insults in patience, just as Washington was doing; and time would have set him right before the world. But his vanity was wounded, and his desire for money had become so keen that as truly as Judas did he sold himself for silver, and, too, like Judas, in reality he only betrayed himself.

Washington, who, as has been said, liked Arnold and sympathized with him, was really desirous of giving him an opportunity to restore himself, and believed that as soon as he was engaged in the active conflict he would forget his troubles and win for himself a name that would be remembered, now offered him a command in the army. But Arnold was now plotting to betray his commander, his country, and his countrymen, and believed that West Point would be the best place to give over, for Washington had been busy in erecting some forts along the Hudson, of which the most prominent one was at West Point. The French had come to Newport, and Sir Henry Clinton was inclined to attack them there; but the moment he prepared to move, Washington also prepared to attack New York, so Clinton gave up the project for the time. The scheme then was for the British to pretend to move in another direction, and when the Americans had been misled by the action, then a sudden movement up the Hudson was to be made, and Arnold was to exchange and scatter the forces he had, so that easily West Point and other places would fall into the hands of the redcoats.

There is not the slightest foundation for the story that the British were trying to "buy" Arnold. It was Arnold himself who made the offers, and it was only natural that Clinton should be ready to receive his proposals. For his treachery Arnold was to receive a sum of money and a commission as brigadier-general in the army of King George.

Major André sailed up the Hudson on the *Vulture*, and after landing, met Arnold, with whom he had a conference on the shore that lasted almost all night. Clinton had urged him to wear his uniform, and not to attempt to conceal any papers on his person; but the light-hearted and too confident young officer disregarded both pieces of advice, for he neither wore his uniform nor refused to receive the papers in which Arnold had given a full account of the men, the defences, and the places on the Hudson. These papers André placed between his stockings and shoes.

Some of the near-by patriots had opened fire upon the *Vulture* in the darkness, and to avoid the shot from an unseen enemy, the vessel dropped farther down the stream, so that André could not return to New York as he had come. But Arnold had given him a pass which read as follows:—

Head Quarters Robinson
House Sep^{r} 22^{d} 1780

Permit Mr. John Anderson to pass the grounds to the White Plains or below if He chooses. He being on public Business by my Direction.

B. Arnold M. Gen'l.

Equipped with this pass, André felt safe, and started across the country toward White Plains, where he expected to find the British outposts. Near Tarrytown, he was stopped by three men, John Paulding, David Williams, and Isaac van Wart. At first the major mistook these men for Tories, and so somewhat boldly declared the side to which he belonged; but when he perceived his mistake, it was too late to change, even Arnold's pass not satisfying

his captors. Then he offered them a hundred guineas to let him go, and even raised the offer to four hundred; but the men refused to listen, and took him to one of their officers, who ordered him to be searched; and as his shoes were the first articles of clothing to be removed, the papers given him by Arnold were immediately discovered.

Not in any way suspecting that Benedict Arnold was mixed up in the affair, Colonel Jameson, the officer to whom André had been brought, sent word to Arnold of the capture of the spy, and instantly the traitor knew that his own part had been, or would speedily be, discovered. He was seated with his young wife at the breakfast table, and with them were Hamilton and others who had gone with Washington to Hartford to meet some of the newly arrived Frenchmen, and consult with Rochambeau. This very morning they had returned, and the younger members of the party had gone in advance of Washington to Arnold's quarters, in their desire to be the guests of Mrs. Arnold, who two days before this time had brought her baby to West Point and joined her husband.

This party was at the breakfast table when the letter was handed to Arnold which informed him of his desperate plight. Excusing himself from the company, the traitor retired to his room, where he summoned his wife and informed her of his peril. Overcome by the shock, the girl wife screamed and fainted in his arms; but there was no time given for her husband to look to her wants. Placing her upon the bed and hastily kissing their baby, Arnold rushed from the house, leapt on the back of his horse, and rode swiftly down an unused path to the shore of the river, where he was taken on board a barge, and by the eight waiting men rowed swiftly eighteen miles down

the stream to the place where the *Vulture* was at anchor, and there he was safe. Once on board the ship, Arnold quickly wrote a letter to Washington in which he declared that his young wife was innocent of any part or knowledge of his treachery, and entreated that she might be permitted to go to her father's house in Philadelphia, or to come to him should she so desire.

This letter, in addition to other papers, at once showed Washington the plot and the traitor. From Mrs. Arnold he could learn nothing, for the poor woman was in hysterics, and amidst her sobs and tears declared that Washington himself was to blame, that he was the murderer of her baby boy, and guilty of other similar charges. Moved as Washington was by the discovery of the treason, he did not blame the wife, and even took pains to tell her after he had received Arnold's letter that her husband was safe among the British.

The first thing to be done was to look to the defences, and this was what Washington did. The next was to decide as to the fate of André. The young prisoner had written a frank letter to Washington in which he told the entire story, and declared that he was not a spy. This, however, was yet to be decided; and a commission of fourteen generals, of which Greene was at the head, decided that André was a spy, and must be executed as such.

The decision, though it was recognized as just, caused profound sorrow, not only among the British, but among the Americans as well. Some even proposed that if Clinton would give up Arnold, André's life should be spared; but Sir Henry was in duty bound to live up to his promise to the traitor, and of course refused to listen to the proposal.

Major André, when he found there was no hope for him, begged that he might be shot instead of being hanged, but even this request Washington felt obliged to refuse. It was a terrible time, and made worse by reports that came from the British that other American generals were in the plot and were coming over to the British side. This report was not true; but coming as it did at the time of Arnold's treason, it made all fearful, and the leaders knew that only the sternest of measures must now be used.

The execution of André was delayed until October 2d, 1780. The plans could not be changed, and André had to die. His breakfast on that fatal morning was sent him by Washington himself, and André ate it calmly. Indeed, he was the calmest of all, and said to the servant in his room, who was in tears, "Leave me until you can show yourself more manly." To the guard officers he said cheerfully, "I am ready at any moment, gentlemen, to wait on you." Major André walked quietly from the stone house in which he had been confined, arm in arm with the two officers who had been sent to conduct him to the gallows. The eyes of all the assembly were fixed upon him, but apparently he was the most unmoved of all.

When he perceived the gallows he faltered for a moment, and then rallying, said, "I am reconciled to my death, but I detest the mode. It will be but a momentary pang." He held up his arms, and with his own hands bandaged his eyes with one of the two handkerchiefs the provost marshal had with him, and then with the other his arms were pinioned. Many were now in tears, but André was still calm. He stepped upon the wagon, and himself adjusted the noose. When he was asked if he had anything to say, he replied calmly, "I pray you to bear me witness that I meet

my fate like a brave man." The wagon was then started, and in a few brief minutes John André was with his Maker. What a shame that such a man had to die while the arch-traitor, Arnold, could live!

Mrs. Arnold went first to Philadelphia, but some letters of Major André to her, in which he had offered to make some purchases for her in Newport, were found; and it was at once concluded that she must have been a party to the treason, and that these words meant more than appeared upon the surface. There was not a word of truth in the charge, but the Philadelphia men believed it, and she was ordered to leave.

As she rode across New Jersey on her way to join her husband in New York, she found many tokens of hatred for the traitor. In many towns he was being burned in effigy, and one place was just preparing the fire when she entered. Out of respect to her the "celebration" was delayed until she had passed on. She rejoined her husband and after the close of the war resided with him for a time in St. Johns, New Brunswick, where it is said "she was much praised for her beauty and fascination," and afterward lived in England. Although she survived her husband three years, she must have suffered much, for she was only forty-three years of age at the time of her death. Only one of her four sons was born in America, but there was not one of her children who did not feel ashamed of his name.

The storm which Arnold's treason aroused may be best understood by the means the people took of showing their indignation. In many places he was burned in effigy. A plot was formed for his capture in New York, but it failed, though the men who entered the town to seize him were

bold and brave. In Philadelphia, where he was detested more than in any other place, the following "exhibition" took place, as related by the *Pennsylvania Packet*, in an issue of October, 1780: —

"This afternoon (Sept. 30) the people of Philadelphia and vicinity made a demonstration somewhat unfavourable to the late commander at West Point, by carting that notorious conspirator through the streets of the city. The exhibition was as follows: A stage on the body of a cart, in which was an effigy of General Arnold sitting; this was dressed in regimentals, had two faces, emblematical of his traitorous conduct, a mask in his left hand, a letter in his right from Beelzebub, telling him that he had done all the mischief he could do, and now he must hang himself.

"At the back of the general was a figure of the Devil, dressed in black robes, shaking a purse of money at the general's left ear, and in his right hand a pitchfork, ready to drive him into hell, as the reward due for the many crimes which his thirst for gold had made him commit.

"In the front of the stage, and before General Arnold, was placed a large lantern of transparent paper, with the consequences of his crimes thus delineated, *i.e.:* On one part, General Arnold on his knees before the Devil, who is pulling him into the flames; a label from the general's mouth with these words, 'My dear sir, I have served you faithfully;' to which the Devil replies, 'And I'll reward you.' On another side, two figures hanging, inscribed, 'The Traitor's Reward,' and written underneath, 'The Adjutant-general of the British Army, and Joe Smith; the first hanged as a spy, and the other as a traitor to his country.' And on the front of the lantern was written the following: —

"Major-General Benedict Arnold, late Commander of the Fort, West Point, THE CRIME OF THIS MAN IS HIGH TREASON.

"He has deserted the important post, West Point, on Hudson River, committed to his charge by his Excellency, the Commander-in-chief, and has gone off to the enemy at New York.

"His design to have given up this fortress to our enemies, has been discovered by the goodness of the Omniscient Creator, who has not only prevented him carrying it into execution, but has thrown into our hands André, the Adjutant-general of their army, who was detected in the infamous character of a spy.

"The treachery of this ungrateful general is held up to public view, for the exposition of infamy, and to proclaim with joyful acclamation, another instance of the interposition of bounteous Providence.

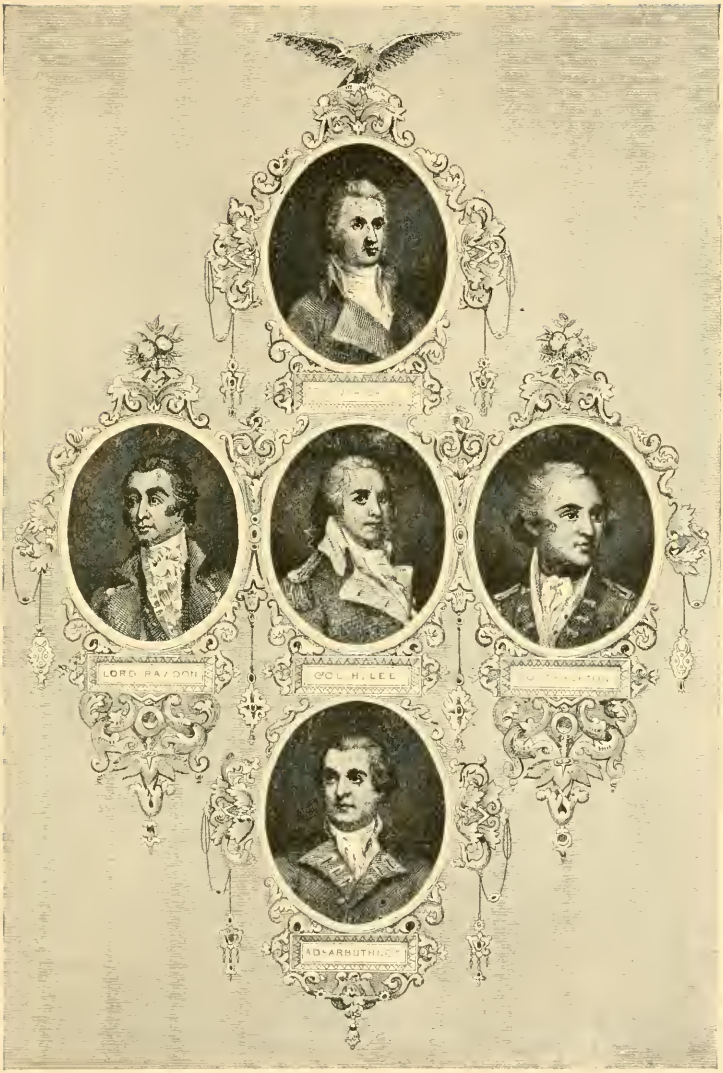
"The effigy of this ingrate is therefore hanged (for want of his body) as a traitor to his native country and a betrayer of the laws of honour.

"The procession began about four o'clock, in the following order: Several gentlemen mounted on horseback, a line of Continental officers; sundry gentlemen in a line; a guard of the city infantry; just before the cart, drums and fifes playing the 'Rogue's March'; guards on each side.

"The procession was attended with a numerous concourse of people, who, after expressing their abhorrence of the treason of the traitor, committed him to the flames, and left both the effigy and the original to sink into ashes and oblivion.

"In addition to this procession, copies of the following letter were scattered among the people in order to give expression to the feelings which Arnold's treason had aroused:—

"A letter from his Infernal Majesty, Burlatarra Beelzebub, to Alan Buzrael, commonly called Benedict Arnold, a


LORD RAWDON
COL. H. LEE
ADM. ARBUTHNOT

true copy of the original which he had in his hand before he was burnt, in Philadelphia, Sept. 30, 1780: —

"FAITHFUL BUZRAEL, — You remember that before we sent you into the world to prepare the ruin of America (the worthy object of our indignation being by its situation capable of more virtue than any country in the world), we ordered you to begin by great exertions of bravery; to gain the affections of the inhabitants, and bestow on yourself their confidence and their friendship. You succeeded very well in this business, and you were even skilful enough to seduce associates to your operations, some powerful citizens of their country, whom we shall reward in time for their great achievements. We assure you of our royal satisfaction in this particular, and we are glad to see that you obtained the title of a general, in which dignity you may be able to do more mischief than in any other. But we cannot approve of the choice you made of your face, which has something roguish in it, and does not quite inspire all that confidence we expected. We understand, by some savages, both English and Americans, lately arrived in our dominions, that what they call the virtuous citizens of America, suspect you very much of being an enemy to their country. We see with great abhorrence that, notwithstanding all your secret intrigues, the independence of America acquires every day more strength and solidity. Their commerce is flourishing more than ever, their country affords them every kind of provisions, their patriotism grows more and more invincible. We deplore with our friends in England the good condition of their army, and the bravery of their soldiers. Our kingdom trembles at the very name of Washington, and we detest him as much as he is adored by his countrymen. We expect that you will find some effectual means to deliver us from this powerful enemy, but particularly to put an end, by a capital stroke, to all the pretensions of that people, and we flatter ourselves that after their subjection they will be in a few years as corrupted, as wicked, as cruel as their mother-country. We rely entirely upon your abilities, but at the same time we require a prompt execution of our orders.

"Your affectionate king,

"BEELZEBUB."

Poor Benedict Arnold! Detested by the Americans and despised by the very British to whom he had gone, his life was to end in ignominy and disgrace. The space that belonged to him on the beautiful monument that marks the place of his wonderfully brave fight at Saratoga is left vacant; and the place he once held and might have kept in the hearts of his countrymen is filled, not with the picture of one whom men delight to honour, but one whom they despise. He was untrue to himself, and so could not be true to any man. But before his end came, he was to increase the bitter hatred his countrymen felt for him by other and evil deeds.

CHAPTER XXIX

THE REVOLT OF THE SOLDIERS. THE PRISON SHIPS

The life of the soldiers in the American camps, at least in the northern army, was one which it is difficult to describe. The very fact that but few open engagements with the redcoats were possible, — for each army seemed to be bent upon holding the other in the position it occupied, the British being in New York, and the Americans not far away, in the vicinity of the city in the highlands of the Hudson or among the hills of New Jersey, — all this kept the soldiers in a perpetual state of anxiety and inactivity. Added to these things was the failure to receive much of the pay that was due them, and the little they did receive was of slight value owing to the "cartloads" of counterfeits the British in New York made and scattered. Naturally, as a result, the vices that are only too common in camp life multiplied, the hunger and homesickness increased, and perhaps among many came a feeling of despair; for with the slowly passing years the outcome of the struggle seemed almost as far away as when the war had been begun. Log or stone huts or ragged canvas tents afforded them insufficient shelter from storm and cold, and provisions at times were so scanty that hunger was no stranger to the camps.

In a letter to a friend, General Washington wrote at this time: "We have had the virtue and patience of the

army put to the severest trial. Sometimes it has been five or six days together without bread, at other times as many days without meat, and once or twice two or three days without either. I hardly thought it possible, at one period, that we should be able to keep it together, nor could it have been done but for the exertions of the magistrates in the several counties of this state (Jersey), on whom I was obliged to call, expose our situation to them, and in plain terms declare that we were reduced to the alternative of disbanding or catering for ourselves unless the inhabitants would afford us their aid. . . . Nothing but this great exertion could have saved the army from dissolution or starving. . . . At one time the soldiers ate every kind of horse food but hay. Buckwheat, common wheat, rye, and Indian corn composed the meal that made their bread. As an army, they bore it with heroic patience; but sufferings like these, accompanied by the want of clothes, blankets, etc., will produce frequent desertions in all armies; and so it happened with us, though it did not excite a single mutiny."

Washington learned, however, that it not only could, but that it did, cause mutiny to arise. The officers themselves fared no better than the men. At Morristown, one day early in January, 1780, Mrs. Thompson, the Irish housekeeper of the commander, came to him and said, "We have nothing but the rations to cook, sir."

"Well, Mrs. Thompson," replied the general, "you must then cook the rations, for I have not a farthing to give you."

"If you please, sir, let one of the gentlemen give me an order for six bushels of salt."

"Six bushels of salt! For what?"

"To preserve the fresh beef, sir."

One of the aides gave the order, and the next day his Excellency's table was, in a measure, provided for. Mrs. Thompson was sent for and told that she had done very wrong, for it was not known when she could be repaid. "I owe you too much, already," said Washington, "to permit the debt being increased; and our situation is not at this moment such as to induce a very sanguine hope."

"Sir," she replied, "it is always darkest just before daylight, and I hope your Excellency will forgive me for bartering the salt for some of the necessaries that were on the table." Salt was valued at *eight dollars a bushel* at the time.

In Thatcher's *Military Journal* occurs the following record of a soldier's words: —

"On the 3d we experienced one of the most tremendous snow-storms ever remembered. . . . Several marquees were torn asunder and blown down over the officers' heads in the night, and some of the soldiers were actually covered while in their tents, and buried like sheep under the snow. My comrades and myself were roused from sleep by the calls of some officers for assistance; their marquee had blown down, and they were almost smothered in the storm before they could reach our marquee, only a few yards; and their blankets and baggage were nearly buried in the snow. We are greatly favoured in having a supply of straw for bedding; over this we spread all our blankets, and, with our clothes and large fires at our feet, while four or five are crowded together, preserve ourselves from freezing. But the sufferings of the poor soldiers can hardly be described; while on duty they are unavoidably exposed to all the inclemency of storms and severe cold;

at night they now have a bed of straw on the ground and a single blanket to each man; they are badly clad, and some are destitute of shoes. . . . The snow is now five or six feet deep, which so obstructs the roads as to prevent our receiving a supply of provisions."

Under such circumstances it is not strange that repeated complaints came to Washington that some of the soldiers were stealing the poultry, pigs, and even the cattle of the people dwelling in the region. The sternest and strictest of orders were issued against this practice, but still many of the hungry men persisted. The punishment of death was inflicted in a few flagrant cases, but the general method of punishment was by a public whipping, the number of stripes varying in proportion to the offence. No one was punished without a fair trial, and as many as a hundred lashes were sometimes laid on the bare back by the drummers and fifers to whom was assigned this terrible task. Some of the hardened men were accustomed to place a bullet between their teeth and *chew it* while they were receiving their lashing, and it is recorded that sometimes the bullet was "flat and jagged" when the torture ceased, for the whip was made of several knotted cords, "which sometimes cut through the skin at every stroke."

Another mode of punishment was by "running the gauntlet." "This is done by a company of soldiers standing in two lines, each [man] furnished with a switch, and the criminal is made to run between them and receive the scourge from their hands on his naked back." It is not without a gleam of sympathy that we read that "frequently the delinquent runs so rapidly, and the soldiers are so apt to favour a comrade, that it often happens in this way that

the punishment is trivial; but on some occasions a soldier is ordered to hold a bayonet at his breast to impede his steps."

The lighter side of camp life was not entirely neglected, however, and many festivals were planned, particularly by the wives of the officers, many of whom spent all the time they could spare from their families with their husbands in the camps. The cheery, brave, and patient endurance by the wife of General Greene of the sufferings of the camps is a frequent cause of comment, and her influence was almost as great over the soldiers as it was over her illustrious husband. Mrs. General Knox was another helpful woman, and her "parties" and "functions" in the camps are frequently mentioned. Then there was the celebration of great days, notably of the anniversaries of the Declaration of Independence and of the alliance with France. At such times "droll processions" were formed, and effigies of prominent Tories or redcoats were carried about,— King George, Lord North, and Lord George Germain being the favourites. After the march these effigies were burned, and as "an extra gill of rum was served each soldier," doubtless the hilarity lasted far into the night.

But hunger, homesickness, despair, and, more than all, the failure to receive their pay at last had so strong an effect that the dreaded mutiny came to pass, and the following quotation will explain it in detail: —

THE REVOLT OF THE PENNSYLVANIA LINE

The Pennsylvania line of troops, consisting of about two thousand men, in winter quarters in the vicinity of Morristown, have come to the desperate resolution of

revolting from their officers. Though the Pennsylvania troops have been subjected to all the discouragements and difficulties felt by the rest of the army, some particular circumstances peculiar to themselves have contributed to produce the revolt. When the soldiers first enlisted, the recruiting officers were provided with enlisting rolls for the term of three years, or during the continuance of the war; and as the officers indulged the opinion that the war would not continue more than three years, they were perhaps indifferent in which column the soldier's name was inserted, leaving it liable to an ambiguity of construction. It is clear, however, that a part enlisted for three years, and others for the more indefinite term, "during the war." The soldiers now contend that they enlisted for three years at furthest, and were to have been discharged sooner, in case the war terminated before the expiration of this term. The war being protracted beyond the time expected, and the officers knowing the value of soldiers who had been trained by three years' service, are accused of putting a different construction on the original agreement, and claiming their services during the war. The soldiers, even those who were actually listed for the war, having received very small bounties, complain of imposition and deception, and their case is extremely aggravated by the fact that three half-joes have now been offered as a bounty to others who will enlist for the remainder of the war, when these veteran soldiers have served three years for a mere shadow of compensation!

It was scarcely necessary to add to their trying circumstances a total want of pay for twelve months and a state of nakedness and famine, to excite in a soldier the spirit of insurrection. The officers themselves, also feeling

THE BATTLE OF EUTAW SPRINGS

(From a painting by A. Chappel)

aggrieved and in a destitute condition, relaxed in their system of camp discipline, and the soldiers occasionally overheard their murmurs and complaints. Having appointed a sergeant-major for their commander, styling him major-general, and having concerted their arrangements, on the first day of the new year [1781] they put their mutinous scheme into execution. On a preconcerted signal, the whole line, except a part of three regiments, paraded under arms without their officers, marched to the magazines and supplied themselves with provision and ammunition, and seizing six field pieces, took horses from General Wayne's stable to transport them. The officers of the line collected those who had not yet joined the insurgents, and endeavoured to restore order, but the revolters fired and killed a Captain Billing, and wounded several other officers, and a few men were killed on each side. The mutineers commanded the party who opposed them to come over to them instantly or they should be bayoneted, and the order was obeyed.

General Wayne, who commanded the Pennsylvania troops, endeavoured to interpose his influence and authority, urging them to return to their duty till their grievances could be inquired into and redressed. But all was to no purpose, and, on cocking his pistol, they instantly presented their bayonets to his breast, saying, "*We respect and love you; often have you led us into the field of battle, but we are no longer under your command; we warn you to be on your guard; if you fire your pistol or attempt to enforce your command, we shall put you instantly to death.*" General Wayne next expostulated with them, expressing his apprehension that they were about to sacrifice the glorious cause of their country, and that the enemy would

avail themselves of the opportunity to advance and improve so favourable an occasion. They assured him that they still retained an attachment and respect for the cause which they had embraced, and that, so far from a disposition to abandon it, if the enemy should have to come out of New York, they would, under his and his officers' orders, face them in the field, and oppose them to the utmost in their power. They complained that they had been imposed on and deceived respecting the term of their enlistment, that they had received no wages for more than a year, and that they were destitute of clothing, and had often been deprived of their rations. These were their grievances, and they were determined to march to Philadelphia, and demand of Congress that justice which had so long been denied them. They commenced their march in regular military order, and, when encamped at night, they posted out pickets, guards, and sentinels. General Wayne, to prevent their depredations on private property, supplied them with provisions, and he, with Colonels Stewart and Butler, officers whom the soldiers respected and loved, followed and mixed with them to watch their motions and views, and they received from them respectful and civil treatment. On the third day the troops reached Princeton, and by request of General Wayne they deputed a committee of sergeants, who stated to him formally in writing their claims, as follows: 1st, A discharge for all those, without exception, who had served three years under their original engagements, and had not received the increased bounty and reënlisted for the war. 2d, An immediate payment of all their arrears of pay and clothing, both to those who should be discharged, and those who should be retained. 3d, The residue of their bounty,

to put them on an equal footing with those recently enlisted, and future substantial pay to those who should remain in the service. To these demands in their full extent General Wayne could not feel himself authorized to reply in the affirmative, and a further negotiation was referred to the civil authority of the state of Pennsylvania. General Washington, whose headquarters were at New Windsor on the west side of the Hudson, received the intelligence on the 3d instant, and summoned a council of war, consisting of the general and field officers, to devise the most proper measures to be pursued on this alarming occasion. Great apprehension was entertained that other troops, who have equal cause of discontent, would be excited to adopt a similar course. It is ordered that five battalions be formed by detachments from the several lines, to be held in perfect readiness to march on the shortest notice, with four days' provision cooked; and measures, it is understood, are being taken to bring the militia into immediate service if required.

Intelligence of the revolt having reached Sir Henry Clinton, he cherished the hope that, by encouraging a rebellion, and turning the swords of our own soldiers against their country and brethren, he should have it in his power to effect an object, which by his own arms he could not accomplish. He immediately despatched two emissaries, a British sergeant and one Ogden of New Jersey, to the dissatisfied troops, with written instructions, that by laying down their arms and marching to New York, they should receive their arrearages and depreciation in hard cash, and should be well clothed, have a free pardon for all past offences, and be under the protection of the British government, and no military service

should be required of them unless voluntarily offered. They were requested to send persons to meet agents who should be appointed by Sir Henry Clinton to adjust the terms of a treaty, and the British general himself passed over to Staten Island, having a large body of troops in readiness to act as circumstances might require.

The proposals from the enemy were rejected with disdain, and the mutineers delivered the papers to General Wayne, but refused to give up the emissaries, preferring to keep them in durance till their difficulties could be discussed and settled. A committee of Congress was appointed, who conferred with the executive council of the state of Pennsylvania, and by the latter authority an accommodation of the affairs with the revolters has been effected, by giving an interpretation favourable to the soldiers of the enlistments which were for three years or during the war, declaring them to expire at the end of three years. The insurgents now surrendered the two emissaries into the hands of General Wayne, on the stipulated condition that they should not be executed till their affairs should be compromised, or, in case of failure, the prisoners should be redelivered when demanded. They were eventually, however, tried as spies, convicted, and immediately executed. A board of commissioners was now appointed, of whom three were deputed from the revolters, authorized to determine what description of soldiers should be discharged. The result is that the soldiers have accomplished their views; the committee from prudential motives, without waiting for the enlisting papers, complied with their demands, and discharged from service a majority of the line, on their making oath that they enlisted for three years only. The enlisting rolls

having since been produced, it is found that by far the largest number of those liberated enlisted for the whole war. Thus has terminated a most unfortunate transaction which might have been prevented had the first complaints of the army received proper attention in due season.

The fear of Washington that the action of the Pennsylvania troops would lead others to do as they had done, was soon realized, for only a few days afterward (January 20, 1781) some of the New Jersey troops at Pompton, doubtless stirred as much by the success of the Pennsylvanians as by the sufferings they were compelled to endure, declared that they, too, were about to abandon the service. It was a critical time. The men had genuine wrongs, and what they were none knew better than the officers themselves; but desperate measures must be employed immediately or the army would be lost, so General Washington ordered a brigade of Massachusetts troops to go at once from West Point to Pompton. The soldiers quickly responded, and so unexpected was the arrival of the New England men that the revolters were surprised and gave up their arms without a struggle. Two of the leaders were condemned to be shot, and so by the prompt measures of Washington what threatened to be the greatest peril the American army had faced since the beginning of the war was quelled. The measures employed were harsh, but nothing but harsh measures would be appreciated at such a time.

During these years the sufferings of the American prisoners in the prisons of New York City were intense; but the men in the sugar houses and churches were almost in paradise in comparison with those who were confined in the prison ships. These ships were vessels of war

which had become unfit for service and were, accordingly, brought to New York and anchored near the city, where they were overcrowded with the poor fellows who had been so unfortunate as to fall into the hands of the redcoats. The ships were anchored near the present navy yard; and the *Whitby*, *Good Hope*, *Scorpion*, *Prince of Wales*, *Hunter*, *Stromboli*, *Falmouth*, and other vessels were by turn found there.

The worst of all the prison ships and the one most bitterly detested then and now was the old *Jersey*. At first she had been a sixty-four-gun ship, but becoming unfit for service was dismantled and anchored in the Wallabocht. The wretched prisoners every night heard the cry, "Down, rebels! down!" and then were driven by the guards into the hold, where the foul air, filth, and crowded conditions were almost indescribable. In the morning they were greeted with the call, "Rebels, bring up your dead!" Then the dead would be brought up, and if a blanket could be had the body was wrapped in it and buried in a shallow grave on the Long Island shore.

The food was insufficient and of horrible quality, the brutality of the guards was great, and the suffering of the poor prisoners was so severe that it is said more than eleven thousand men perished on board the *Jersey* alone. Of course there were numerous attempts to escape. One poor fellow, a young preacher, after having gained the favour of his guard, was taken ashore to get water one day. The guard watched, while the half-starved young prisoner brought the water in a heavy bucket from the spring to the skiff. Suddenly swinging the pail, he felled the guard and dashed toward the near-by woods.

The startled soldier rose to his feet and, discharging

his gun, gave the alarm to the near-by troops ; but fortunately he missed his prisoner, who meanwhile had gained the shelter of the woods. The pursuit was instantly begun, and the old story reads that at one time the young preacher encircled a huge tree, his would-be captor moving also about it without discovering him. When he gained the road, he was compelled to conceal himself for hours at a time behind stone walls, in old barns, among the trees, or in any place that promised him a brief shelter. Once when he applied at a house for aid he was almost recaptured. But moving on, at last his strength almost gone, he applied at a Quaker's house for food. The good wife listened to his tale and then insisted upon putting him in bed while she *baked* his filthy rags, and on the following morning her husband carried the wretched man to Sag Harbor, where he found a boat and was taken across the Sound to the Connecticut shore and was safe.

Another party of four got away by seizing a skiff in which some visitors had come to the prison ship, and though they were fired upon, managed to escape. Still another party tried to escape on the ice, but, although a few did get away, others were so weak they could not run, and their *frozen bodies* were soon afterward found.

But escape was infrequent, and the guards on shore were so strong that almost every attempt resulted in failure. Then, too, there were frequent visits of the British recruiting officers, who not only urged the men to enlist under the banner of the king, but told them how the Americans were being steadily defeated, and as the wretched prisoners had no other means of learning how their countrymen were faring, it is small cause for surprise that some listened to the appeals and sought relief

or the opportunity to escape by enlisting among the redcoats. But to the credit of the great body of these suffering men be it said that only a very few forgot their country or their honour.

Of late years there has been a movement to honour the memory of the prisoners on the *Jersey* and the other ships by the erection of a monument, and certain it is no men deserve one more. They could not be exchanged, they would not abandon the cause for which they had begun the war, and though they had no share in battle, still their heroic and patient endurance of suffering is among the best parts of our heritage.

"They also serve who only stand and wait."

MRS. SCHUYLER FIRING HER CORN FIELDS ON THE APPROACH OF THE BRITISH

(From a painting by A. Leutze)

CHAPTER XXX

THE STRUGGLE IN THE SOUTH

In the closing years of the Revolution, although the suffering and trials of the people in the Northern colonies became steadily more intense, the most of the active fighting was done in the South. The British had tried to conquer the New England people, and had failed. They then tried to overcome the men of the Middle states, but found them as determined in their resistance to King George as the Yankees had been. The very victories the armies of the king had won, instead of crushing the spirits of the people, had, to all appearances, only made them the more determined to fight on to the end.

The British were, however, just as strong as the Americans in their unwillingness to abandon the contest into which they had entered, and now they transferred their efforts to the South, hoping that they might accomplish there what they had failed to bring to pass in the North. The scattered hamlets and the fact that there were but few cities in the South, and the hope that the slaves might be induced to rise against their masters, were strong inducements of themselves, as well as the fact that there was a large number of Tories in some of the Southern states.

The intensity of the feeling among the men of the South, no matter whether they were Tories or Whigs,

seemed to increase the bitterness of the struggle, and although the British were victorious in the most of the battles, the very fact of the defeats served only to rouse the anger and increase the zeal of the men who were fighting for their freedom. The natural result of all these things was that the war in the South became a terrible struggle, in which cruelty, robbery, and murder played so important a part that the record of those years reads more like that of the work of brigands and highwaymen than it does like that of a sober struggle between men of the same race.

The trouble began in the autumn of 1778, when two bodies of Tories and refugees advanced swiftly and unexpectedly from East Florida into Georgia, one party moving by boats toward Sunbury, while the other marched overland upon the little garrison at Midway. When the enemy arrived at Sunbury, they summoned Colonel M'Intosh, who was in command there, to surrender; but the doughty colonel sent back the messenger with the rough statement that "if the redcoats wanted the place, they must come and take it."

Not thinking they were in sufficient force to do this, and perhaps not expecting such a reply to their summons, the refugees, like the famous man who marched up the hill and then marched down again, decided to return to the place from which they had come. The other party, though constantly annoyed by the fire of the militia that followed them, at last arrived at the Ogeechee River, where they found two hundred Continentals waiting and ready to dispute their passage. Then they too turned back when there came a report of a force of angry patriots already on the way from South Carolina; but being strong enough,

they stopped at Midway, burned every house there, destroyed the crops, and carried away all the negroes, horses, and valuables upon which they could lay their hands, while the frightened planters fled to South Carolina, glad to have escaped with their lives.

General Robert Howe, the leader of the patriot forces, determined to retaliate, and accordingly led to St. Augustine a force of two thousand men he had assembled, resolved to carry the war into the enemy's country. No sooner, however, had he approached the town than a terrible sickness broke out among his soldiers, and he was obliged to retreat at once in order to save his men from a peril worse than that of bullets.

The British commander-in-chief now decided to move actively against the South, and resolved that Savannah should be the first place to fall into his hands. Accordingly he ordered General Prevost, who was in command of East Florida, to advance with his men upon Savannah, and at the same time Colonel Campbell was to come from New York with a force of twenty-five hundred men whom Sir Hyde Parker was to carry to the South on his fleet. On December 23d the fleet arrived in the river, and six days afterward with little or no difficulty the redcoats were landed.

General Robert Howe was the sturdy American leader who was to try to defend and protect Georgia, but he had only a small force of about 600 Continentals and perhaps 250 militia to assist him. However, not in the least dismayed by the great odds, he with his men took a very excellent position which was surrounded on every side, save one, by the river or by deep and impassable swamps; and believing that his little force was strong enough to keep

back an enemy that could approach his position only on the front, he awaited the issue with considerable confidence.

His plans were all upset, however, by the treachery of a negro slave, who, knowing of a path that led through the swamp to the rear of the place held by the Americans, informed the British of the approach, and himself led the way for the redcoats, who followed him while their companions pretended to make an attack in front. The scheme was very successful, and the Americans, though they fought desperately, were caught in the trap and were almost annihilated, for more than 100 of their men were killed, while 453 became prisoners, and the guns, ammunition, and stores fell into the hands of the victorious and elated redcoats. The few Continentals who did escape fled into South Carolina; but Georgia was in possession of the British, who now made their headquarters at Ebenezer and Augusta, and from these places sent forth their trusted men to attempt to arouse the Tories of all the adjacent regions. What made the Americans feel even worse was the knowledge that at the very time when Savannah fell, two thousand true men from North Carolina were marching to aid them.

The efforts of the British to summon the Tories to their aid were successful, and several hundred of them, including many of the criminals and desperate men who are ever quick to seize the opportunity which the lawless times of war present, were soon under the command of Colonel Boyd, marching along the western border, where they were committing crimes and doing deeds that cannot be described.

Their actions served to rouse the Whigs still more, and brave Colonel Pickens with a band of picked men from

the district of Ninety-Six fell upon the banditti, for they were nothing less, and after a fight that lasted almost an hour, succeeded in driving them from the field, leaving their leader and forty men dead behind them.

Aware of the British designs, General Lincoln had been placed in command of the American troops, and after receiving the little remnant of Howe's force and being reenforced by the North Carolina men, he had about twenty-five hundred under him. At the same time the British were strengthened by the arrival of the redcoats from St. Augustine, and, elated by their easy conquest of Savannah, planned an expedition against Port Royal Island. There they landed, February 3d, 1779; but Moultrie was there to meet them, and so savagely did he and his men resist that the redcoats, after losing nearly all their officers and a large number of men, were completely routed. These successes were not great, but they were encouraging, and surely encouragement was needed, for little but defeat was to be faced for some time to come. The anger of the Whigs had been so aroused by the action of the Tories that seventy of the latter were condemned to death, though on sober second thought only five of the leaders were executed. Perhaps if they had stopped for a third thought, no one would have been so treated, for about all that was accomplished was to increase the hatred already almost too bitter to be borne.

As the British had been extending their posts up the river, Lincoln ordered General Ashe with fifteen hundred of the North Carolina militia, and the few that were left of the Georgia Continentals, to advance upon that part of the country. When Ashe went into camp at Brier Creek, General Prevost determined to attack him. Pretending

that he was about to advance upon Charleston, and by the trick preventing Lincoln from coming to the aid of his comrade, and at the same time leading Ashe to believe that he was about to attack him in front, he swiftly crossed Brier Creek with a large force of men, and gaining the rear of the Americans fell upon them with great fury. The American militia were so frightened that they fled without firing a shot. For a time the hardy Continentals stood their ground, but what could they do against so many? In a brief time 300 of them were shot or prisoners, and only about 450 made their way back to join Lincoln, for the most of the militia that escaped had fled to their homes.

Although he had lost about one-quarter of his little army, Lincoln was not ready to give up. Had he not been in the army that had beaten boastful John Burgoyne? He had seen too much to be discouraged now, and after his little army had been somewhat strengthened by the coming of reënforcements, he left one thousand to garrison the camps, and with the four thousand now left set forth late in April, 1779, to attempt to regain what had been lost.

General Prevost, with 2400 redcoats and many Indians, set forth from his camp, and as Moultrie, who was to oppose him, was not able to check the advance, he retired toward Charleston, burning or destroying every bridge as he went. Thus, having been delayed, when Prevost appeared before Charleston and demanded the surrender of the town, the people were somewhat prepared to resist, and aware as they were that Lincoln's army was coming to their aid, held out until the American general was near, when the British, fearful that they would be caught between the two fires, crossed the Ashley and went into camp on some of the near-by islands. Lincoln did not desire a battle, for

he was fearful his militia would not stand. When Prevost started back toward Savannah, Lincoln attempted to take the British post at Stono Ferry; but his plan failed and 179 of the 1200 Americans engaged in the attempt were lost. With the remainder of his army Lincoln withdrew to Sheldon, near Beaufort, while the redcoats hastened back to Savannah, and nothing of importance had been accomplished.

So matters remained, each army watching the other, until September, when the French Count d'Estaing, with his fleet of twenty sail of the line, two fifty-gun ships, and eleven frigates, arrived. His coming put fresh courage into the hearts of the struggling patriots, though they were again to find that their boasted allies were little to be depended upon, and as soon as possible after they came Lincoln prepared to march upon Savannah. Many of the militia had rallied at the call of Lincoln, but the British in Savannah, well aware of what was going on, had been working night and day to strengthen their defences, and to make matters still worse, after d'Estaing had demanded a surrender of the place, during the twenty-four hours' grace he had granted about eight hundred men from Beaufort succeeded in making their way into the town and joined the redcoats. Then Prevost declared that he would defend Savannah to the very last.

It was October 4th when the batteries of the besiegers opened upon the town, but when several days passed and no signs of a surrender appeared, the eager-hearted and over-confident militia clamoured for an assault to be made. The attacking party seemed to be very strong, for it had 3500 French troops, some 600 Continentals, and about 350 militia, and for a time they did make a great fight; but at

last they were beaten back, after more than 600 of the French soldiers had been killed or wounded and more than 240 of the Americans had been lost. It was in this attack that Count Pulaski, the Polish noble who had come to fight for the freedom of the colonies, fell, and his death, as well as the terrible losses of the troops, so disheartened the militia that the most of them went back to their homes, and d'Estaing, with his troops and fleet, set sail from the Western world.

It was a very discouraging outlook for the Southern patriots, but they were yet to learn that their best promise of success lay not in attempting to meet the well-drilled soldiers of King George in the open field, but in the swift and daring attacks made by their own smaller bands. Indeed, at this very time, while Savannah was being besieged, Colonel John White, with only six men as bold as he, captured five British armed vessels which had anchored in the Ogeechee River, about twenty-five miles from Savannah. In the night of September 30th he kindled fires at various places along the bank, and by pretending that there was a large encampment there frightened the men into surrendering to save themselves from what they thought to be an overwhelming attack. In this manner he secured about 140 British prisoners.

And there was need of such boldness, for in the preceding May about 2000 soldiers and 500 marines had been sent by Clinton to Portsmouth, and such of the vessels there as the Americans could not burn fell into the hands of the redcoats. Elated by their easy success, the British had then gone on to Suffolk, Kent's Landing, Gosport, Tanner's Creek, and other places, burning and plundering on their way, and it is said that before the raid

GEN.L SULLIVAN
COL. BARTON
GEN.L WOOSTER
GEN.L VARNUM
COL.L HUMPHREYS

was ended and the marauding redcoats had returned to New York, 130 of the little American vessels had been seized or destroyed by them.

As soon as Sir Henry Clinton in New York learned that d'Estaing had really departed from America, he decided to go South himself and assist in quickly completing the work which had been so well begun by his forces in Georgia. Accordingly, he left the Hessian general, Knyphausen, in command of the forces in New York, and he himself sailed for the South; but he had a stormy passage, some of his fleet was lost, his horses were drowned, and when at last on February 11th he landed on John's Island, about thirty miles from Charleston, it hardly seemed as if he was ready for work. But he was, nevertheless, and the South Carolina Assembly broke up as soon as he came, and General Lincoln, who with the little remnant of his army had returned to Charleston, began to labour hard to strengthen the defences of that town. Many (600) of the negro slaves were set at work, and Lincoln, who was expecting reënforcements from the North, now began to pluck up heart.

Clinton had no mind to wait, however, and in a few days he moved up nearer the town, and the little fleet of American boats, unable to resist such a force as Sir Henry had, was speedily divested of its guns, which were taken into the town and added to the defences there. By this time Clinton had sent word to Lincoln that Charleston must be surrendered, that the town was invested by land and sea, and to attempt to hold it would mean only a great and unnecessary loss of life.

Lincoln, however, sturdily refused, and then the real tug of war began. The lines of the British were steadily drawn tighter, parties that tried to come to the aid of the

patriots were cut off, and meanwhile three thousand additional redcoats had come from New York to Clinton's aid. At last, on the 12th of May, 1780, the American general agreed to surrender. Help had not come to him, the guns of the British were creating havoc and suffering, and there was no way of retreat left. To fight on would be murder.

Naturally, the redcoats were delighted over the easy conquest and the fact that the Americans had lost the little army they had in the South. Clinton at once took measures to complete his work. There were many Tories in the state, and they speedily came to the front. Clinton was very fond of proclamations, and he at once began to issue them, promising protection to all Whigs who would return, and also offering many inducements for the Tories to organize and help keep order in the state.

The infamous Tarleton was sent out with a force of horse and foot to assist the Tories, and to check the patriots who were said to be coming from North Carolina. A force of these was, indeed, on its way, led by Colonel Buford. This band Tarleton met and defeated easily, and after the men had surrendered, his brutal soldiers, with bayonet or sword, killed nearly all the prisoners. "Tarleton's quarter" became a proverb and did much to rouse and hold the desperate Whigs together, and his dastardly deeds in the raids he made are a lasting disgrace to his king and the cause he represented.

South Carolina was strangely quiet, however, after the fall of Charleston; and Clinton, misled by the calm, decided to leave Cornwallis with four thousand men in the state while he sailed back to New York to command the army there, and also to keep an eye on "the old fox," as Washington was called by the redcoats. The regulars were

posted in various parts of South Carolina, and all the enemy felt confident that the region was subdued.

The quiet was like that before a storm, not that of despair. Bands of determined men joined their leaders, and the most savage and terrible part of the war followed. At the head of these forces were men like Sumter, Francis Marion, Williams, and others as brave and determined as they. Sumter rallied his men across the line in North Carolina, and when his followers numbered six hundred, resolved to start on his errand, which was to attack and cut off small detachments of the redcoats wherever they could be found. He began his work July 10th at Williamson's Plantation, where he drove off a large force of the British with only about 133 men. Next, with 600 men, he attacked the British at Rocky Mount, but as he had no cannon he failed to dislodge them. Then at Hanging Rock he so fiercely attacked the British and Tories posted there that he almost annihilated the regiment known as that of the "Prince of Wales."

Meanwhile Congress was resolved to aid, and ordered the Maryland and Delaware troops to go to South Carolina. Baron de Kalb had been in command; but as he was a foreigner and not acquainted with the men or the country, it was deemed wiser to make Gates the leader, but the little dandy soon proved that he was not large enough for the task. When Gates assumed the command July 27th, 1780, the army already was in South Carolina, and he decided to advance at once upon the British at Camden. Disregarding the advice given him, he led the way through a barren region that did not seem to produce much except Tories, and, though some of the Virginia militia joined him, their presence only served to decrease the

supplies, and "starvation" became a common word in the camps.

When Gates halted, on the 13th of August, about thirteen miles from Camden, his forces numbered about thirty-six hundred men. Cornwallis himself was at Camden with about two thousand men; and as many of his soldiers were sick, at first, particularly as the Whigs of the region had risen at the coming of Gates, he did not desire to chance a battle. But to retreat would be worse, so he decided to fight; and on the night of the 15th led his forces out of Camden, hoping to surprise Gates in the darkness. The American general, however, had sent away his sick and wounded, and at that very time was advancing toward what he thought was a better position; in the darkness the two armies met, each almost as surprised as the other.

At first the American militia began to give way, but their courage returned, and until morning both armies held their ground, and then a fearful struggle began. When the redcoats advanced with a loud shout, the frightened Virginia militia fled; but the Continentals held their ground and fought desperately, and even with a prospect of success; but after the flight of their friends, they were soon surrounded, and as they broke, the cruel Tarleton chased them for more than twenty miles with his cavalry. Nearly three hundred American prisoners were brought back to Camden, and the patriots had lost all their baggage, artillery, and field pieces as well; and among the many killed was Baron de Kalb.

Sumter, who seemed to be "always everywhere" before the battle of Camden, had sent word to Gates that he had found out that a large convoy of supplies for the British was on its way from Charleston for Camden, and declared

that if Gates would send him four hundred men, he could and would capture it. Gates did as he was requested, and Sumter promptly took all the stores and three hundred prisoners as well; but hearing that Gates had been defeated at Camden, he began to retreat up the Wateree with his spoil. Tarleton's legion was sent after him, and at Fishing Creek, near Catawba Ford, rode straight into the camp before Sumter could do anything to defend himself. Tarleton easily retook the stores, and almost as easily killed or wounded more than three hundred of the men, seized all the artillery, and drove the soldiers he could not shoot into flight.

Gates, meanwhile, had rallied what was left of his army at Hillsborough; but so many of Cornwallis's soldiers were ill that the British general dared not follow up his victory — which was extremely fortunate for Gates. Angry at the rising of the Whigs, the British commander sent forth some new proclamations, and ordered "that every militiaman who had borne arms with the British and afterward joined the Americans should be put to death."

His order only served to make the desperate patriots still more determined, and if they must die they resolved to make their death costly to the redcoats. Colonel Ferguson had been ordered by Cornwallis to cut off a force which Colonel Clarke had led against the fort known as Ninety-Six, and while the British officer was trying to do what he had been told to do, the patriots from the mountains of Virginia and North Carolina had been rallying, and now were marching upon Ferguson himself. The British colonel heard of their coming and started swiftly for Charlotte (North Carolina), where Cornwallis and his army were. The militia were so rapidly increasing in

numbers, however, that soon there were 3000 of them, of whom 1600 were mounted and were experts with the rifle.

With all Ferguson's efforts, he could not get away; so, taking what he thought to be a good position at King's Mountain, he waited for the Whigs to come. And they came. In three divisions they fell upon the redcoats, and though the British fought desperately and with bayonets for an hour, Ferguson at last was killed, and then his men quickly surrendered. So 1500 stand of arms and 800 prisoners fell into the hands of the Americans, while 150 redcoats lay dead upon the field, and as many more were wounded. The loss of the Americans was small, although some of their best officers fell in the fight. King's Mountain became a rallying-cry from that day.

Sumter, although his force had been scattered by the savage legion of Tarleton, was in no wise discouraged. Soon he had another band of hardy followers, and, by constantly changing his position, at one time he would be heard of at the Broad River, then at the Enoree, and then again at the Tyger. Force after force was sent against him, but Sumter not only managed to escape, but even drove Tarleton from the field when that brutal leader was sent to attack him.

Francis Marion and other leaders were also engaged in a similar line of work. Daring and fearless, they would dash from their hiding-places upon some detachment of the redcoats or a band with stores, and the redcoats lived in a state of perpetual uncertainty if not of fear, not knowing where next, or upon whom, these silent bands would fall. If South Carolina was "subdued," as Clinton had declared it to be, it certainly had a very strange manner of showing it.

When Cornwallis heard of the defeat at King's Mountain, he withdrew with his troops into South Carolina; but when he went into winter quarters, to his surprise and disgust he discovered that Sumter and Marion and the various other "marauders" had not the slightest intention of following his very excellent example, for not one jot did they abate their midnight rides or raids.

CHAPTER XXXI

GREENE'S WORK IN THE SOUTH

THESE were dark days for the struggling patriots. The surrender of Lincoln at Charleston, the series of blunders and defeats which the boastful but incompetent Gates had suffered, the intense bitterness of the feelings of the Tories and Whigs in South Carolina, the prospect of any end to the war being very dim indeed, the apparent lack of action on the part of the armies in the North, and, above all, the want of money, would have disheartened any but the most determined of men.

There were not very many men of wealth in America, but a few of these came to the aid of the army with loans of their own, the most notable of whom was Robert Morris of Philadelphia, as stanch a friend of Washington as he was of liberty itself. Some loans also at this time were secured from France, or made by other countries after France had promised to become responsible for their payment; but where so much was required, even these considerable sums were little more than "a drop in the bucket."

Early in the year 1779 young Lafayette had returned to France, and so eloquently had he pleaded the cause of the little nation that at last it was decided to send to America a fleet of seven ships of the line, and three frigates, and a force of six thousand men. Of the troops, Count Ro-

GEN: MORGAN
GEN: MAULTRY
GEN: LINCOLN
GEN: HOWE

chambeau was to be in command, and the Americans were to find in him a friend indeed as well as the friend in need. Admiral de Ternay was in command of the fleet, and it was understood that all men and officers were to be placed under Washington's direction, and so it was hoped that the irritation that had attended the former relations of the two countries would now be prevented. It was to meet and consult Rochambeau at Hartford that Washington had gone when the plan of Benedict Arnold to betray West Point was to have been put into execution, but the return of the American commander sooner than Arnold had expected had thrown the traitor's plans into confusion, and had compelled him to flee for his life.

In July, 1780, the French fleet and troops arrived at Newport, and not only were the hearts of the Americans rejoiced at the coming of their allies, but they were cheered by the promise of still more men and vessels yet to come. But the British were yet to be reckoned with, for with their own stanch vessels they prevented the additional troops from setting sail for America, and for a time kept the French fleet at Newport "bottled up," so that it did not dare to leave the shelter of the harbour; and so the Americans were compelled to rely again upon their own efforts, though the time was soon to come when the French would really be of great assistance to them.

In South Carolina the bitter struggle we have described was still to continue, though a new aspect was to be given affairs by the coming of General Nathanael Greene. Like others of the leaders, Greene had been so angered by the petty attacks of some of his enemies in Congress that he had decided to give up his place; but Washington, who well knew the true worth of his friend, appealing to his

honour and friendship, induced him to accept the command in the South in place of Gates, and on the 2d of December, 1780, Greene arrived at Charlotte and at once took the position. Baron Steuben, who had come with him, was left in Virginia, where Arnold, with 1600 bitter New York Tories, had been sent to inflict all the damage in his power; and as Arnold was intensely bitter himself now against his former friends, the amount of "damage" he did must have satisfied even the most intense of the Tories or redcoats.

Two of the men who came with Greene by the direction of Washington were Henry Lee (Light-Horse Harry), the dashing cavalry leader, and Kosciusko, the able engineer who was soon to prove so valuable an aid to the resolute leader. General Leslie, with 3000 of the choicest of the British troops, had been in Virginia burning and plundering by Clinton's orders, and as soon as he started for the quarters of Cornwallis, Benedict Arnold had taken his place; and with Leslie's coming and the arrival of other reënforcements Cornwallis found himself in command of an army of 11,300 well-drilled and well-equipped men.

When Greene took the field he had only 2300 men, and of these some 1200 were raw and inexperienced militia. Whatever success was won was due to the ability of the generals and the unconquered spirit of the men in the apparently insignificant little force. And the very first thing Greene did was to divide his little army, already too small to face the force of Cornwallis.

But Greene understood what he was doing, and soon the country did as well. He sent Morgan, with a detachment numbering about 500, to watch the British at Camden and to obtain such provisions as he could secure for the

army. Francis Marion was told to bestir himself at the same time in the lower part of South Carolina, and then General Greene with his troops left Charlotte and marched to the Pedee River, and the war was on.

Late in December, 1780, Morgan had sent Colonel William Washington, a dashing cavalry leader and a distant cousin of the great commander, with his dragoons and 200 militia toward Ninety-Six, where a force of advancing Tories was surprised, 40 prisoners secured, a large number of horses taken, and 150 of the enemy left killed or wounded.

Cornwallis, after the arrival of Leslie and his men, had decided to advance into North Carolina and "subdue" that state also; but the work of Morgan's men made him afraid to leave that daring force behind him, so he soon decided that Morgan must be beaten and the people restrained by his defeat. Tarleton was the man he wanted for this purpose, and so that bold and brutal leader, with 1100 picked men, was sent against him.

As soon as Morgan heard of Tarleton's swift approach (for whatever his faults may have been Tarleton was a man of great energy), aware that he was outnumbered almost two to one, and that he was in no condition to meet his enemy, he began a quick retreat. But quick as he was, Tarleton was quicker; for he hardly allowed his men to sleep, so eager was he to push forward, and soon Morgan found that he could not get away. He could fight if he must, however, and fight he did. He drew up his men on a field near the border of the two states known as the Cowpens, and placing Colonel Washington and his riders as a rear-guard, he stationed the regulars in the second line and placed the untried militia in front,

so that if they should be driven back, as seemed probable, they might perhaps make a stand if they should find themselves well supported.

Tarleton led his troops into battle as soon as he saw what Morgan had done. The militia did not fire until the redcoats were within fifty yards, and then fell back before the rush of the British. Confidently believing the Americans were retreating, the redcoats dashed forward. For a time they seemed to gain, but suddenly the militia rallied and with the regulars made a charge upon the enemy, at the same time when Colonel Washington led his little band of riders against them. Surprised and startled, the redcoats gave way, and "Tarleton's legion" was also making most excellent time as they strove to leave the field. Many of the infantry were captured, and so sharply did Colonel Washington pursue Tarleton that he himself gave that hated officer a sharp sword-cut on the hand. But the most of the "legion" escaped to tell Cornwallis of the battle of the Cowpens (January 17th, 1781), where the Americans killed 110 of their enemy, wounded 229, secured more than 500 prisoners, 800 stand of arms, 100 dragoon horses, 35 baggage wagons, and 2 standards. What rejoiced them as much as anything, however, was the retaking of the two cannon which Burgoyne had given up at Saratoga and Cornwallis had recaptured at Camden. The loss of the Americans was only 12 killed and 60 wounded.

Morgan, delighted and perhaps surprised by his victory, at once sent the prisoners with the militia toward Virginia, and then followed with the rest of his men; but Cornwallis, angry and determined, was speedily on his track, and then such a chase followed as has seldom been heard of. Eleven

days after the battle of the Cowpens, Morgan's men had just crossed the Catawba when Cornwallis appeared on the opposite bank. A hard rain kept the British general from crossing, and for two days he waited for the swollen stream to subside, but by that time the prisoners were too far away to be followed.

Morgan had called out all the Whigs of the region to his aid, and was preparing to fight the British should they try to cross the river; but on the last day of January General Greene himself suddenly appeared in camp, having ridden 150 miles to lead Morgan's men to join the rest of the army.

When Greene tried to prevent the British from crossing, the militia failed him, and the redcoats were soon on his side of the river and in swift pursuit, for the armies were so near that the van of one and the rear of the other were often in sight of each other. The wily Greene, almost as great a "fox" as Washington, led his force across the Yadkin, and again when the British tried to cross, the rain descended and the floods came, and they were compelled to march far up the river to a ford. It is no wonder that the Whigs of the region were cheered and declared that Providence had held back the redcoats.

Greene kept on his way and at Guilford Courthouse joined his army. Cornwallis was now desperately in earnest. He had failed to scatter Morgan's men, but he hoped to cut off Greene before he could get back into Virginia, and at the same time cut off the reënforcements that it was understood were marching to aid Greene. The American general, as his force was so much smaller than that of the enemy, did not desire a battle; but he did wish to keep Cornwallis back if possible, so he ordered seven

hundred men, among whom were Light-Horse Harry Lee and Colonel William Washington, to bother the British. And "bother" them they did, and so successfully that when at last with his usual good fortune Greene arrived on the bank of the Dan, he succeeded in securing all the boats there, and crossed the river once more just as the van of Cornwallis's men appeared. The river was too deep to be forded, there were no boats to be had, and the position held by Greene was strong, so Cornwallis marched on to Hillsborough. The retreat of the Americans had been for more than two hundred miles, and forty miles had been covered in the last day. What the armies suffered no one can portray.

At Hillsborough, Cornwallis tried to get the Tories to join his forces, but the Tories were not quite so much in evidence as formerly they had been. However, several companies were formed and marched toward the camp of the British. Tarleton was to meet them on their way, but Light-Horse Harry Lee and Pickens with some of their followers had learned of the movement, and within a mile of Tarleton's force, at a place known as Bloody Pond, they fell upon the Tories, the most of whom were Scotchmen, and many were killed or taken. Some of those who escaped were met by Tarleton's legion, who had heard the firing, and mistaken by them for Continentals were again fired upon *by their own friends*. No wonder is it that that Tory force came to be spoken of as "the lost regiment."

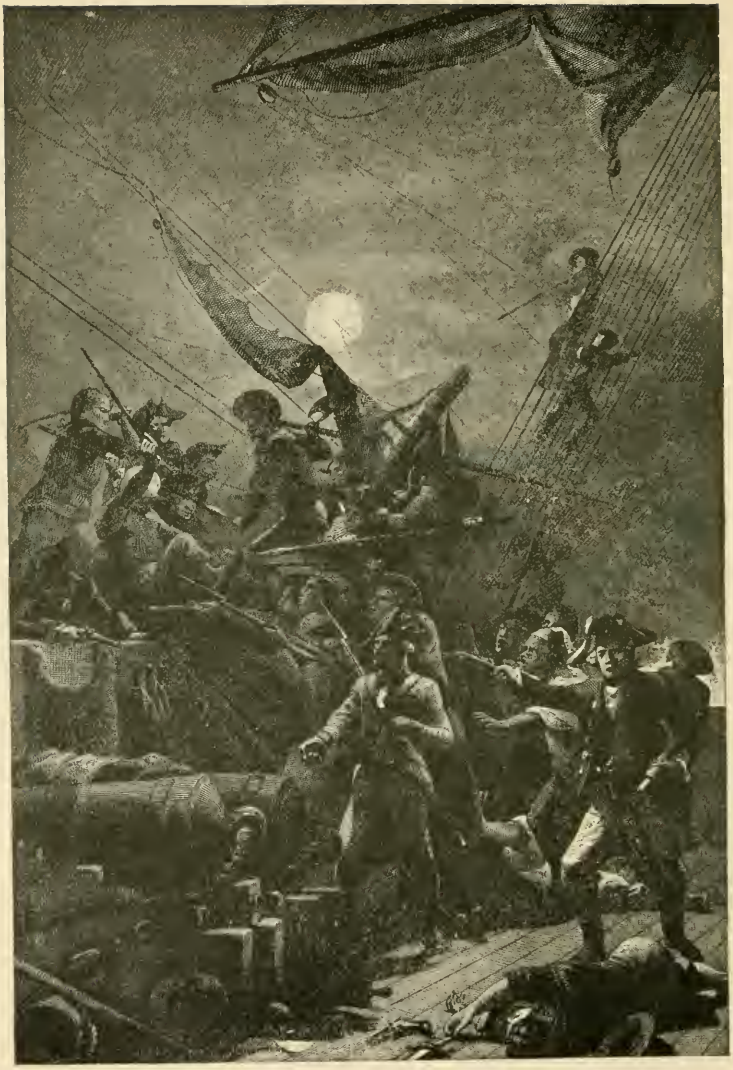
Late in February Greene crossed back over the Dan, and for three weeks devoted his time and efforts to cutting off the supplies of Cornwallis, and to avoiding an open battle, and in both efforts he was very successful. At length, about the middle of March, Greene having been

reënforced by the coming of militia until he had about 4200 men, took a position at Guilford Courthouse, where the ever ready Cornwallis met him with a veteran force of 2400. The engagement was fierce, and for a time the raw American militia did nobly, but after an hour and a half, when the redcoats seemed to be cutting off the possibility of a retreat, Greene ordered his men to leave the field, where 400 of their comrades had fallen and more than 600 of the British were killed, wounded, or missing. Cornwallis claimed a complete victory in this battle of Guilford Courthouse, March 15th, 1781, and soon issued one of his favourite proclamations, in which he offered to pardon all the "rebels" who would return, and called upon all loyal subjects of King George to assist in restoring good government. If the British did win, it was a peculiar and costly victory, for within a few days Cornwallis departed from the region, leaving nearly 80 of his wounded soldiers and officers behind him.

Greene had thought Cornwallis would fight again, but as soon as he learned that the British were departing he changed his plan and began to follow them, which must have seemed like a very great relief to him; but Greene stopped when his army came to Deep River, though Cornwallis kept on until he arrived at Petersburg, Virginia.

Quickly changing his plan and course General Greene rested his army, let many of the militia go home, and then on the 5th of April started on a swift return toward Camden (South Carolina), where Colonel (Lord) Rawdon was in command of the British force which had been left there. Francis Marion, Pickens, Lee, and various other leaders with their quick-moving bands were sent into different parts of the state to cut off supplies for the British, to

attack the numerous small posts they had established, and in general strive to keep the redcoats scattered and to inflict all the damage on their enemies it was within their power to do. By the 24th of April Greene had led his army to a place within a mile of Camden; but, as he was not strong enough to attack Colonel Rawdon, who was in command of the British there, the American general tried to get Rawdon to come forth and give him battle. Ready for the fight, the redcoats started forth, and on the morning of April 25th, 1781, began to attack Greene's little army, which had been posted with great care on Hobkirk's Hill. At first the advantage seemed to be very decidedly with the Americans, and Colonel Washington had secured about two hundred prisoners; but then for some unaccountable reason two of Greene's companies began to give way, and soon, in spite of all that the leaders could do, the entire army was retreating, and the British had won the victory. The Americans were moving back in fairly good order, however, and had a few prisoners along with their ammunition and stores, but the redcoats kept following until about four o'clock in the afternoon, when Colonel Washington with his horsemen charged upon the British cavalry, and by scattering them put an end to the fight of the day. Each army had lost about 250 men, and though the redcoats had won, they were in no condition to follow up their victory. However, when a few days had passed and Rawdon had been reënforced, he tried to surprise Greene by attacking his camp at night; but when he came close to it, he thought better of his purpose and his army went back to Camden, where it remained until the 10th of May, when Rawdon set fire to the town and departed south of the Santee.



PAUL JONES CAPTURING THE *SERAPIS*

(From a painting by Chappel)

The scattered bands of the Americans were now doing just the work that had been expected of them, and post after post fell before their attacks. In this way Orangeburgh, Fort Motte, Nelson's Ferry, Fort Granby, Silver Springs, and other little garrisons were taken, and though the victories in themselves were not important, they helped to keep up the courage of the Whigs and also kept the Tories and redcoats in a constant state of alarm, as they did not know where next these hidden foes might appear. Augusta, or Fort Cornwallis, as the place was then called, fell before the united attacks of Lee and Pickens, and Francis Marion compelled the redcoats to abandon Georgetown.

General Greene with his little army laid siege to Ninety-Six, where Colonel Cruger was in command of the five hundred British soldiers holding that fort. Aided by Kosciusko, they erected batteries and dug mines till they were within six feet of the walls of the fort, and were confident that the long siege would speedily be ended; but just then word was received that Rawdon with strong reënforcements was coming to the aid of the sadly beset garrison at Ninety-Six, and Greene knew that he must either assault the fort at once or leave the region, for he had too few men to hope to stand before the oncoming British. An assault was therefore determined upon, but though the patriots fought desperately, the attempt failed, and Greene began another of his famous retreats that seemed to injure the British more than their successes in the field could do them good.

Rawdon was close by when Greene's men started from Ninety-Six and turned to pursue them as far as the Enoree; then, believing that his foe had left South Carolina, he

divided his force and left a part at the Congaree. Just as soon as Rawdon did this Greene instantly changed his own plans and advanced. The first information that Rawdon had of the whereabouts of his "defeated" foe was the news that within a mile of his camp Lee had cut off a foraging party and with forty captive horsemen had succeeded in rejoining his leader. This was almost too much, and Rawdon straightway marched his men to Orangeburgh. Greene, however, was close upon him, and on the 12th of July tried to draw him into battle, but Rawdon declined and instantly sent word to Ninety-Six for Cruger to come to his aid.

General Greene tried to prevent the approach of Cruger's soldiers, but failed, and then after crossing the Wateree and Congaree collected his entire force of two thousand men, and instead of continuing a retreat resolved to attack. The British moved back and took a position about forty miles from Charleston near Eutaw Springs. Greene was in no condition at the time to take advantage of his enemy's backward movement; but after Francis Marion had joined him with his hardy men, it was decided to attack the British on the following day, September 8th, 1781.

The American forces were very skilfully arranged by their able leaders, and when they were on the march they drove before them the British, who had come forth from their camp. The fight soon became general. Though the British at first had been driven back, they made a stand near a large three-story brick house, and though the Americans fought desperately, they could not dislodge their foe. Hand to hand, with guns clubbed, the soldiers had fought, but the stubbornness of each side was as great

as that of the other, and at last, unable to drive the redcoats, the Americans withdrew to the nearest place where water could be had, and the British declared that the battle was theirs. In one sense this was true, for they had not been driven from the field, but in killed, wounded, and prisoners they had lost more than eleven hundred men, while the loss of the Americans was only about half that number. At all events, on the following day the redcoats hastened back to Charleston, and their anger was shared by all their Tory sympathizers. Indeed, the hatred of the Tories and Whigs was now fearfully intense, and many were the evil deeds they inflicted upon one another.

One of the most celebrated of these deeds was the hanging of Colonel Isaac Hayne, a man respected by all the people of the state. He had been made a prisoner by the British at the siege of Charleston (he was then serving as a private in the ranks), and they had permitted him to return to his home on parole on the condition that he should not again take up arms. In this year (1781), however, he had been told that he must enter the British service or go to Charleston. He did the latter, and was then informed that unless he would declare his allegiance to King George and take up arms for him he would be cast into prison. There was severe illness in his home, and upon being informed that he would not be compelled to serve in the king's army he agreed to the proposition, and then hastened to his home.

Soon, however, he received word that he must enter the king's army. He thought if the British had broken their promise he was not compelled to keep his, so he entered the army of the patriots instead, was soon taken prisoner, placed in irons, given a mock trial and condemned to be

hanged. His friends, his little children, the ladies of Charleston, all begged that his life might be spared, but in vain. Remarking calmly, "I set out for immortality," he was led to his death August 10th, 1781, by his brutal captors. His murder only served to increase the rage of the people, and throughout the state such deeds followed his execution as cannot even be described.

CHAPTER XXXII

STORIES OF THE WAR IN THE SOUTH

ALTHOUGH apparently defeated in almost every battle, General Greene had, by his constant efforts, so weakened the British that practically he was now in control of almost all of South Carolina and Georgia except Charleston and Savannah, and there he kept the redcoats "bottled up" until the end of the war. The character of the struggle, the loyalty and sufferings of the people during this time, may perhaps best be understood by relating certain incidents recorded by some of the earlier writers.

In Johnston's "Traditions and Reminiscences of the American Revolution," the well-known story of Marion's invitation to a British officer to dine with him and then offering to his guest some roasted sweet potatoes, is thus told by one who heard it soon after the occurrence. "The young Englishman had first been invited by Marion's aides to dine with them and had accepted the invitation; but being also invited by the general, he requested an excuse from the aides, among whom he would probably have fared better. The general with his usual tact had perceived that the young man was sensitive and concluded to try him by a *ruse*. The potatoes were served up as represented by all [those who have told the story], but when the general had peeled his potatoes he did not throw away the skins as others usually do, but left them on one side

of his plate. They had been roasted and brought on by Oscar, his foster-brother, who was therefore from infancy always called 'Budde' (brother) by the general when he spoke to him.

"After dinner the general said, 'Budde, bring us something to drink,' and Oscar brought a gourd full of water, of which the officer was first invited to drink; the general then drank heartily from the same gourd. He then called Oscar to bring up his horse Roger, and Roger was led up to his master, who handed to him the potato skins, all of which were eaten by the horse from his master's hand — not one of them was lost.

"The young officer, whose name I do not recollect to have heard, returned on the completion of his mission deeply impressed by the scene he had witnessed. He afterward resigned his commission with a determination never again to draw his sword against men who so bravely and conscientiously opposed his king and government — suffering privations and wants of every kind; without pay, clothing, forage, arms or ammunition; compelled to reside in sickly swamps without tents to shelter them; with nothing to drink but water, nothing to eat but roots, and feeding their horses on the skins — the refuse of this homely and scanty fare.

"After this adventure, General Marion obtained a very fine blooded horse by defeating a party of Tories commanded by Captain John Ball. This fine animal was called Ball thenceforward, after his late owner.

"At one time, when the British were in possession of Georgetown (South Carolina), the immediate vicinity was kept in a constant state of alarm by Swamp Fox, the name by which the Tories called the hated Marion. On one

occasion, one of Marion's men left some provisions with a woman and her daughter who were known to be friends of the 'rebel' cause. Immediately after the departure of Marion's man, a party of British stopped at the house, made a search, and discovered the hidden supplies. They charged upon the mother the fact of their being designed for the rebel army. She prevaricated, and the officer in command insisted that she should have them hauled to the river and shipped to Charleston. The old lady said she would have them hauled as directed, but could not be responsible for them after they left her premises; that some of Marion's men were constantly scouting about there, and would watch and seize them as soon as they should be removed. Taking advantage of this hint, the British scouts resolved to carry off with them all that they could bear away, and ordered her to have the remainder shipped immediately. With this intent they proceeded to examine the supplies. The daughter watched them, determined, if possible, to defeat their object. Retiring from the house a few minutes, she hastily returned and, in apparent alarm and agitation, exclaimed, '*Marion and his men are coming!*' The British beat a hasty retreat, and before nightfall the provisions were removed by a patriotic band to a place of greater security.

"Marion always enjoined upon his men, whenever they fell in with the enemy or heard of them, that they should obtain all possible information of their numbers, position, object, and destination. On one occasion one of his men (named Ravenel), when absent from the camp, met a considerable British detachment, from which he escaped with difficulty, but had no time to observe their numbers or description. It was his duty to report, but what was he to

say? He had escaped into the woods, but now determined that he would return toward their track, ascertain their strength, and follow them to their encampment. He accordingly rode through the woods until he reached the head of their line; then climbed into a tree, counted their numbers accurately as they marched past him, and when they encamped, he passed on and reported to his general."

Among the most active and daring of Marion's men were Robert Simons and William Withers, two young men equally inconsiderate. They had been sent together on some confidential expedition, and while resting at noon for refreshment, Withers, a practised shot, was examining the pistols to see if they were in prime condition for any emergency, while Simons sat near him, absorbed in thought.

"Bob," said Withers, "if you had not that bridge on your nose, you would be a likely young fellow."

"Do you think so?" said Simons.

Withers, for want of something else to do, was pointing his pistol at different objects to steady his hand and practise the grasp, weight, and level of his favourite weapon. At last, as Simons sat sideways to him, he was again attracted by the prominent bridge of his nose.

"Bob," said Withers, "I think I can shoot off that ugly bump on your nose."

"Ah," said Simons.

"Shall I shoot?"

"Shoot!" and crack went the pistol.

The ball could not have been better aimed. It struck the projecting bridge and demolished it forever — all of which shows that Marion's men were not only bold and reckless, but at times foolhardy as well.

One of the deeds of the South Carolina "boors," as the

ENTRANCE OF THE AMERICAN ARMY INTO NEW YORK, NOV. 25TH, 1783

redcoats termed the farmer soldiers, was that of one of the men with Lieutenant Slocumb, who was under the command of Colonel William Washington. He, with twelve others as bold as he, had been sent as scouts near the camp of Cornwallis. The lieutenant, when they came near the British camp, sent a man named McKenne to spy out the land. McKenne, on reaching the vicinity of Lord Cornwallis's post, concealed his horse in a thicket and advanced under cover of the wood to the skirts of the plantation. There he saw a square mile covered with the tents, baggage, and artillery of the best-equipped and disciplined army which had ever visited America.

The sight was one to impress the rude soldier, but as he looked he saw an officer come within range of his rifle. Without a thought of his own peril, the daring man raised his gun and fired, and the scarlet-clad officer fell to the ground. Instantly quitting his place of concealment, McKenne ran for his horse, leapt upon his back, but had hardly started before he was aware that the British troopers were in swift pursuit. In the mad race across the sand-hills, McKenne held his own for a mile and a half, when the foremost of his pursuers fired at him but missed. A second shot, however, brought his horse to the ground; and before the soldier could recover from his fall, two of the troopers dashed past him, each giving him a sword-cut as he went. The third came up more leisurely, and passed his sword through his body near the shoulder, and was about to give the final *coup de grâce*, when his own sword-arm was almost severed, and he rolled on the ground near his enemy. The second dragoon now returning, fell with his head and helmet cleft, and the third at once surrendered to those who had come to McKenne's aid. The half-dead "boor" was carried to

camp, where his wounds were dressed, and he afterward recovered.

At this very time Lieutenant Slocumb's home had been invaded by Tarleton. He, with his legion, encamped on the plantation, and the leader had many a conversation with Mistress Slocumb, who was intense in her patriotism. At the word of Tarleton she prepared a dinner for him and for some of his officers, but while they were eating, the sound of guns in the distance was heard, and the leader of the redcoats demanded of Mrs. Slocumb whether any part of Washington's army was in the vicinity or not.

"I presume," replied the lady, "that it is known to you that the Marquis and Greene are in this state, and you would not be surprised at a call from Lee or your old friend, Colonel Washington, who, although a perfect gentleman, it is said shook your hand (pointing to the scar left by Washington's sabre) very rudely when you last met."

The angry Tarleton ordered his troop to form, and commands were issued for the Tories to patrol the neighbourhood. As soon as the intrepid woman heard this order, fearful for the safety of her husband, whom she knew to be near, she sent an old negro slave, ostensibly to a neighbouring mill for meal, but really to warn her husband of his peril. The negro, delighted with the redcoats, lingered among the tents on the lawn, and when he turned to his duty was horrified to behold young Lieutenant Slocumb and a few friends entering the place, all unaware of the presence of Tarleton's legion. A cry from the slave warned them of their danger, but it was too late to turn back, for already their retreat was cut off; so straight ahead they dashed through the garden, leaping the canal and into the woods beyond, followed by the shots and cries of the

baffled redcoats. When the lieutenant at last approached his hiding-place, he was horrified to discover a man hanging by the neck from a halter attached to the overhanging branch of a tree. Instantly cutting him down, he found him to be a Tory prisoner recently taken. So the cruelty was not confined to one side only. Lieutenant Slocumb with two hundred neighbours followed the retiring redcoats and harassed them until they crossed the Roanoke. Perhaps this instance affords as good an insight into the character of the war as any could do.

In the year 1777–78 Charleston was blockaded by various British cruisers. At one time three of these were particularly troublesome. There was but one armed (American) vessel in port, and she was not more than a match for any one of the three British vessels. Alexander Gillon volunteered to go out against the three with this single vessel if the governor would sanction his attempt and supply him with a suitable number of marines in addition to the crew of the vessel. The proposal was accepted, and the marines were drafted from the regulars in the service of the state.

Gillon disguised his vessel by means of tarpaulins and a change of rigging to look like a merchantman. He went to sea while the enemy were in sight, though they were at some distance from him and were somewhat scattered. In his assumed character Gillon pretended to run away from the British cruisers, and concealed all his men under the windward railings. One of the enemy pursued him and thus was placed at a still greater distance from his comrades. When he came up with Gillon's vessel, he ran alongside with the greatest confidence. Gillon then threw his grappling irons on board and at the head of his marines boarded

the British vessel, and captured her with very little loss on either side. Gillon then divided his prisoners between the two vessels and secured them under the hatches. He also divided his officers and men between the two, and considered himself a match for the two remaining blockaders, and felt able and willing to fight them if fighting should be necessary; still he proceeded in disguise. He kept the British flag flying on his prize and reversed the American on his own vessel, over which he hoisted a British flag to indicate that his had been captured and not the other. The two then made easy sail toward the British vessels. On coming up with the first, he ran alongside in her comrade which had just been captured, and surprised her by boarding without firing a gun. The third blockader, seeing no fight and hearing no firing, suffered herself to be surrounded, before she could suppose they were her enemy's vessels; but when their flags were, at a given signal, displayed in form, she found that escape was impossible and resistance useless; she therefore surrendered, and Gillon returned into Charleston in triumph with his prizes.

The people dwelling upon a large plantation on the Catawba were startled one morning by the report brought by a country lad that a detachment of British light-horse with a long train of empty baggage wagons was coming to seize provisions for Cornwallis. The women and children were quickly sent to the neighbours', while the men armed themselves and had hardly time in which to conceal themselves before the redcoats appeared. The British finding the plantation apparently deserted at once began to plunder and load their wagons. Twelve of the hardy Whigs by this time were assembled, and, stationed by twos on the borders of the place, were angrily watching the red-

coats and waiting for them to retire. In the doorway of the house, with a hand resting on each side of the casing, stood the leader laughingly watching the men as they plundered the place. Some of them had upset the bee-hives, and the angry little insects were driving men and horses all about the lane in confusion. The sight seemed to delight the leader, and he was laughing uproariously, as indeed were his followers, whose attention had also been drawn to the antics of their comrades.

"Boys, I can't stand this," said one of the watching farmers in a low voice. "I take the captain. Every one choose his man and look to yourselves."

The sharp reports of the rifles rang out; the captain, nine of his men, and four of his horses fell dead or wounded. The bugle immediately sounded a recall, but by the time the dragoons had formed, a straggling fire from another place to which the farmers had run was heard. The swamps, thickets, and woods along the road to Charlotte seemed to the redcoats to be filled with their concealed enemies, and at last their hounds were let loose in pursuit. Followed by the redcoats the dogs took the trail, but one of the hounds was killed as he tried to seize one of the men, and his companions, stopping to sniff at the body of their dead comrade, howled and refused to go on with the chase.

By this time many of the neighbours had come to the aid of the few patriots. Some more of the dragoons were shot, horses were killed, and a scene of indescribable confusion was on every side. At last the foragers, cutting loose many of the horses of the baggage wagons, made their way back to camp; but the survivors declared "there was not a bush on the road that did not conceal a rebel."

The family of Martins in Edgefield was remarkably conspicuous in the war. There were seven brothers in this family, and all took an active part, and all survived save one, who fell at the siege of Augusta. The women of the family were as brave and daring as the men. Understanding that important despatches were to be sent up the country near them, the wives of William and Bartly Martin dressed themselves in their husbands' clothes, took their muskets, and compelled the courier when he appeared to surrender his letters, which they at once sent on to General Greene, who at the time was retreating from Ninety-Six.

From the many incidents recorded by Garden in his "Anecdotes of the War," the following selections will serve to illustrate the character of the struggle and the hardihood and bravery of the men and women.

In a pocket-book of Sumter was found an accurate list of the houses he had burned and also a list of those he intended to destroy. Cornwallis, writing at this time to Tarleton, declared, "I shall be glad to hear that *Sumter* is in no condition to give us further trouble — he certainly has been our *greatest plague* in this country."

In a letter dated August 14th, 1780, Baron de Kalb writes to the Chevalier de la Luzerne: "You may judge of the virtues of our small army from the following fact: we have for several days lived upon nothing but peaches, and I have heard no complaint. There has been no desertion."

Strict orders were given the soldiers against pillaging. On one occasion a soldier of the line was found with a turkey gobbler in his possession, and when he was asked as to the manner in which he had obtained it, said, "In his

gobbling this saucy bird so often called me '*Tory! Tory! Tory!*' that I killed him to prevent further insult."

"But," said the inquiring officer, "you have a hen turkey also. She does not gobble — why was she brought?"

"Oh, an' please your honour, as an *evidence*. She heard the insult, and if she had not been smothered by her close confinement, might have told how much I bore before I could persuade myself to do the rascal an injury."

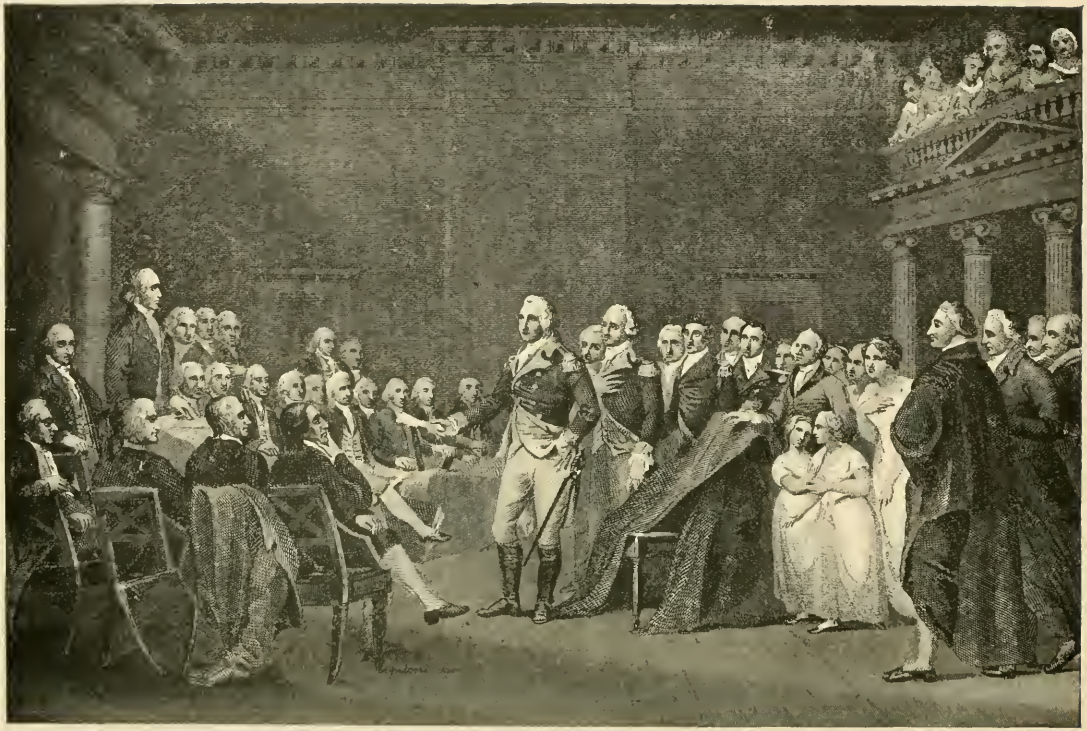
The soldier kept his prizes.

At the battle of Eutaw, when Marion's brigade was deploying in face of the enemy, Captain Gee, who commanded the front platoon, was shot down and supposed to be mortally wounded. The ball passed through the cock of the handsome hat he had recently procured, tearing the crown very much, and in its progress his head also. He lay for a considerable time insensible; the greater part of the day had passed without a favourable symptom; when, suddenly reviving, his first inquiry was after his beaver. When this was brought him by a friend, at the same time lamenting the condition of his head, the captain exclaimed: "Oh, never think of the head; time and the doctor will put that to rights. But it grieves me to think that the rascals have ruined my hat forever!"

When Colonel Lee informed Mrs. Jacob Motte that her beautiful home must be burned in order to compel the British garrison there to surrender, she instantly replied, "The sacrifice of my property is nothing, and I shall view its destruction with delight if it shall in any way contribute to the good of my country." When the British had seized the place, they at first had permitted Mrs. Motte and her family to remain; but when the patriotic band of Lee

approached, they told her that she and her people must leave the place. Departing, they had taken with them a quiver filled with arrows, the former present of a slave. When Colonel Lee was seeking for means by which to set the house on fire and compel Major M'Pherson, the commander of the British, to surrender, Mrs. Motte herself brought forth this quiver. A burning arrow was soon fired upon the roof, which, as it blazed up at the same time when the six-pounders of Lee spoke, compelled the redcoats to surrender. So little Fort Motte fell into the hands of the patriots.

At the battle of Eutaw, after the British line had broken, and the *Old Buffs* (British), a regiment that had boasted of the extraordinary feats they were to perform, were running from the field, young Lieutenant Manning in the enthusiasm of the moment sprang forward in pursuit, directing the platoon which he commanded to follow him. He did not cast an eye behind him until he found himself near a large brick house into which the York volunteers commanded by Cruger were retiring. The British were on all sides of him and not an American soldier nearer than 150 or 200 yards. Lieutenant Manning did not hesitate an instant, but springing at an officer who was near him seized him by the collar and exclaimed, "You are my prisoner!" At the same time he wrested the officer's sword from his grasp and dragged the man from the house, all the time keeping his prisoner in front of him and so protecting himself from the heavy fire from the windows as he slowly moved backward to join his fellows. Lieutenant Manning afterward frequently related how that his huge prisoner at the very moment when his captor naturally expected him to make a break for liberty, with great solemnity had said, "I am Sir



WASHINGTON RESIGNING HIS COMMISSION, AT ANNAPOLIS, DEC. 23D, 1783

(From a painting by Trumbull)

Henry Barry, Deputy Adjutant General of the British army, captain in the 52d regiment, secretary of the commandant at Charleston."

"Enough, enough, sir," said the lieutenant. "You are just the very man I was looking for! Fear nothing for your life, for you shall screen *me* from danger, and I will take special care of *you!*" The incident has greater force when it is known that the young lieutenant was a small, slight man who made up by his courage for what he lacked in stature.

From "Domestic History of the American Revolution" and various other reliable sources the following instances of the zeal and courage of the patriotic women are taken.

About two hundred men commanded by Colonel Clarke, hearing that a large body of Tories were seizing horses for Ferguson, determined to rout them. On their way they stopped for refreshment at the house of Captain Dillard, who was with them, and after having been fed on milk and potatoes resumed their march, and at nightfall went into camp at Green Spring. That very evening Ferguson and a party of his men stopped at Dillard's and made inquiries concerning Clarke and his band. Upon being informed that they "had been gone a long time," they ordered Mrs. Dillard to prepare supper for them. As she passed back and forth from the kitchen she heard enough of their conversation to make it clear that they knew where Clarke's men were, and were planning to surprise them. She hastened her preparations for the supper, and as soon as the officers seated themselves at the table, she slipped out of the house, went to the stable, bridled a young horse, and started swiftly for Green Spring. All night long she rode, and about half an hour before daylight approached the

spot and was seen by the vedettes, who conducted her at once to Colonel Clarke, and her story was told. Her word came just in time, for hardly were the patriots under arms before the Tories were upon them; but the salute of the guns was more than a surprise, for in a brief time the attacking party had been driven off and scattered. The "liberty men" were bold, but the women were no less bold.

Emily Geiger was a young girl who also made a desperate and successful ride for the cause she loved. When Greene was retreating from Ninety-Six, he was very desirous of getting word to Sumter, but the intervening region was filled with Tories, and it was almost impossible to find a man to undertake the perilous ride. Emily, however, volunteered and Greene accepted her offer; and after receiving from him a letter, and also verbal instructions for Sumter, the young girl rode forth from the camp. On the first day she was not molested, but on the second she was seized and a woman was ordered to search her. Before the Tory matron came, Emily tore the letter into bits and swallowed them. As nothing suspicious was found upon her person she was permitted to resume her journey, and after a long and circuitous ride she arrived at Sumter's camp and delivered her message by word of mouth. And Sumter soon afterward joined Greene's forces at Orangeburgh. It is a satisfaction to know that Emily Geiger afterward married a rich planter and dwelt for many years on the shore of the Congaree.

Nancy Hart was another bold woman (she was known as the "war woman"), who dwelt near War Woman's Creek. Large, red-haired, cross-eyed, she apparently was in no fear of the Tories, whom she hated with a perfect hatred.

Her husband and a few of his neighbours were in hiding in the swamp near the house, and a conch shell was used to give the signal in case of danger or of the need of the men at the house. One day a party of five Tories rode up to Nancy's home, and after making inquiries concerning a young rebel, whom the war woman boldly declared she had helped escape, they dismounted and after killing the one turkey left on the place, ordered her to cook it for them. Demurring at first, she afterward consented, and she and her little daughter waited upon the "visitors," who seated themselves at the table. While they were busy at their feast, Nancy bade her little girl go down to the spring and give the signal with the conch shell that the presence of her husband and his neighbours was required at the house.

Meanwhile as she waited upon her guests she contrived to pull out some of the pine chinking between the logs of which the house was built, and through the opening thus made succeeded in dropping three of the guns which the Tories had leaned against the wall while they themselves were busy with the turkey and the "jug" which Nancy had brought up from the cellar at their command. As the bold woman took the fourth gun and tried to drop that also out between the logs, her actions were seen and the angry Tories started from their seats. Quickly bringing the gun to her shoulder, Nancy ordered them not to advance a step nearer, and, as has been said, the war woman being not only large and strong, but also cross-eyed as well, every man held back, as he was positive she was aiming directly at him. Even the strong nerves of Nancy Hart could not have endured the strain long, but relief came when suddenly the sound of guns was heard, the room was filled with smoke, and three of the Tories fell dead as Hart and

his neighbours dashed into the place. The remaining two Tories were taken out into the yard and hanged from the branch of a tall tree.

What terrible times they were! The hand of neighbour was raised against his neighbour, and with the passing days the hatred became more and more intense. No man, no house, was safe. But through it all, the women tilled the fields, cared for the wounded, ofttimes defended themselves against the Tories and redcoats (not that they were always successful), boldly made their way to the British pens in which husband, son, or brother was confined; carried word to the scattered bands of Sumter or Marion of the doings of the enemy, and in every way kept up the courage of those who were striving to protect themselves from the invading foes. The history of the war in the South is almost like some romance, but the terrible suffering and peril of the times doubtless did not seem to be very "romantic" to the desperate and struggling people.

CHAPTER XXXIII

THE BEGINNING OF THE END

It becomes necessary now for us to turn and follow some of the movements of the traitor Benedict Arnold, to whose ravages in Virginia reference already has been made. Before Arnold and his legion had set sail from New York he had been making his quarters in that city in lower Broadway, next to the house occupied by Sir Henry Clinton. Well aware that the British had no respect for him after his desertion — for no matter how much they might hate their enemies they nevertheless had a strong feeling of honest admiration for many of the "rebel" leaders, a feeling they could not have for one who had been a traitor, though his treachery had caused him to join their own ranks — Arnold knew how he was also despised by his former comrades.

And his feeling was well grounded, for even Washington himself, as well as many others, was trying to think of some plan by which the traitor might be secured and a punishment visited upon him that would serve as a terrible warning to others who, it was commonly reported, were also preparing to follow the desertion of Arnold.

While the army was at Tappan (1780) a plan, among the many presented and tried for securing possession of the traitor, was suggested to, and approved by, Washington himself. The general sent for Major Lee, in whom he

had unbounded confidence, and after talking over the matter it was decided that Lee should select some trusty man from his own legion, who, to all appearances, should desert and join the redcoats in New York. With letters to two friends of Washington, he was to keep in communication with the Americans and to form some plan by which Arnold was to be secured and sent to his former friends, but under no considerations was Arnold himself to be killed.

Lee selected Sergeant-major Champe for the difficult and delicate task, and that young officer in spite of his patriotism at first naturally rebelled against the apparent desertion; but at last he yielded to the united persuasions of his leader and of Washington, and at eleven o'clock on the night of October 20th, 1780, with three guineas in his pocket, the gift of Lee, and a few personal belongings, secretly started on horseback from the camp. He had been gone but a few minutes before his desertion was discovered, and in spite of Lee's efforts to delay his angry soldiers, the pursuit was so sharply followed that Champe just barely contrived to escape and was received on board of one of the British galleys. The captain after listening to his story gave him a letter to Sir Henry Clinton, by whom he was cordially welcomed, and soon after he was assigned to the "American" legion Arnold was then raising among Tories and deserters — the very thing Champe desired most of all.

He carefully laid and carried out his plans, and his arrangements were completed for secretly seizing Arnold and bearing him to Hoboken, where Lee and a small party were to be in readiness to receive them. Lee's party was ready at the appointed place and time, but though they

waited long neither Champe nor Arnold appeared. The cause of the failure, not understood until long afterward, was due to a sudden change Arnold made in his quarters so that he might better look after his troops, which even then were embarking for the expedition which the traitor was to lead in Virginia. So it came to pass that not only was Arnold not captured but Champe himself had to sail with him and be one of the army which was to lay waste his own land. When Champe at last succeeded in escaping, as he did before many weeks had passed, his return to his friends, when they understood what he had been trying to do, was hailed with delight and the young soldier was covered with honours. But as it was known that if he should be made a prisoner by the British he would be hanged without mercy, he was discharged from the service, though not before his great commander had richly rewarded him for his daring.

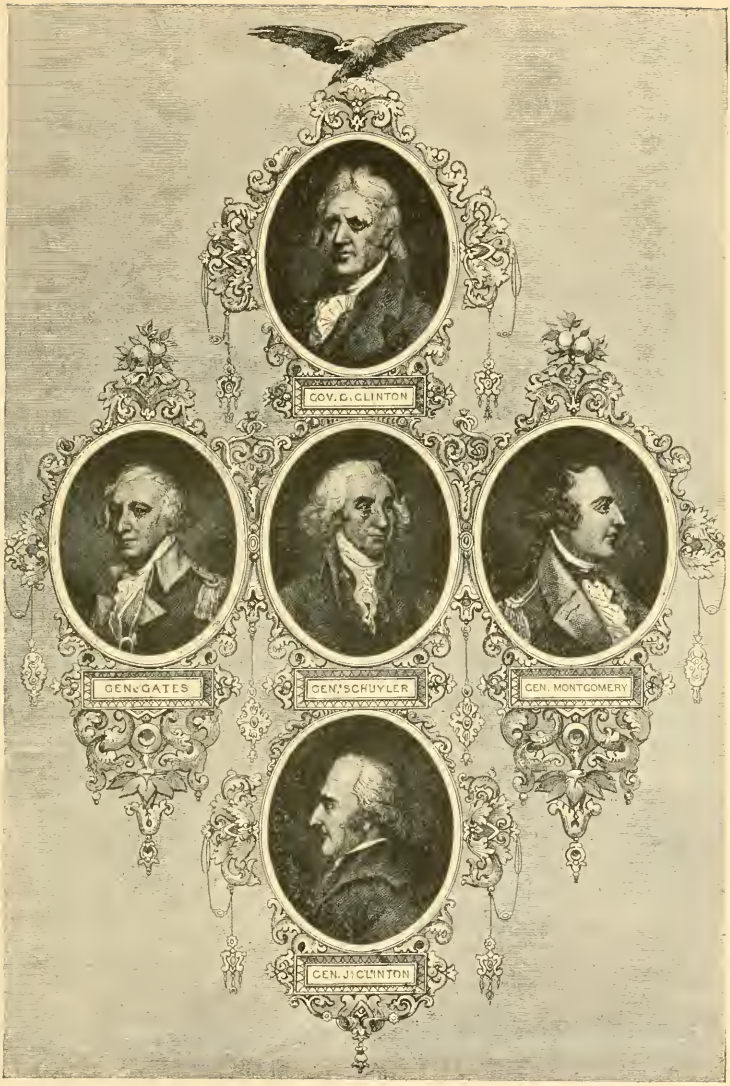
Arnold, meanwhile, had landed in Virginia with 1600 men, and soon marched upon Richmond, where he destroyed much salt, tobacco, and other valuable stores. From Richmond he went to Portsmouth, and making that town his headquarters, began to send forth small detachments in every direction, which destroyed so much public and private property and committed so many outrages that Washington ordered Lafayette with the 1200 men, with whom the Marquis was marching to join the Southern army, to stop in Virginia and try to check Arnold's evil deeds. There was renewed hope now that the traitor might be secured, and Washington wrote Rochambeau and Destouches at Newport, urging them to send the entire French fleet and 1000 men to help Lafayette. But Destouches sent only one ship and two frigates, and when they arrived off the Virginia shore they found

Arnold so strong that they *straightway sailed back to Newport*, though they did manage to capture a fifty-gun ship, the *Romulus*, on their way.

Washington, however, was not ready to give up his hope of taking Arnold, and on March 6th he, with other officers, held a conference with Rochambeau and others at Newport, the result of which was that it was decided to have the entire French fleet convey 1100 of Rochambeau's men to Virginia. But the French admiral delayed, and when at last he arrived off Cape Henry, March 16th, he found the British admiral, Arbuthnot, there ready to give him battle. For an hour the French fought and then withdrew, and on the following day started back for Newport!

A few days afterward General Phillips, with 2000 redcoats, came from New York and joined Arnold, and both marched to Petersburg, after causing untold suffering in the region, where Baron Steuben with his little force could not resist them. On May 20th, Cornwallis arrived at Petersburg and, as General Philips had died of a fever, he took command of the entire body of troops, which had also been increased by the coming of 1500 more men from New York.

Lafayette was to oppose this great force; but his little body of troops was composed mostly of New Englanders, who did not like the warm weather nor the country in which they now found themselves, and began to desert in such numbers that the poor young commander (Cornwallis always spoke of him as "the boy") was almost in despair. Finally he made an appeal to their patriotism by telling them of the full danger of what he was trying to do and at the same time urging them to stay and fight with him.


GOV. G. CLINTON
GEN.L GATES
GEN.L SCHUYLER
GEN. MONTGOMERY
GEN. J. CLINTON

He also raised some money on his own credit in Baltimore and purchased some clothing, of which the soldiers were in dire need, with the result that only a few more men deserted from the ranks.

Cornwallis soon afterward crossed the Pamunkey River, and dividing his forces sent the hated Tarleton with one division to capture the Assembly, which at the time was in session at Charlotteville. Tarleton, whatever his failings may have been, was a man of energy, and he almost succeeded in this project, for he captured seven of the members of the Assembly and destroyed all the stores the Americans had been collecting at that town. The other force of redcoats also did great damage, but did not succeed in getting possession of the stores at Point of Fork, for the patriots, rallying, succeeded in saving a part of them.

Word had now come to Lafayette that Mad Anthony Wayne, with eight hundred men of the Pennsylvania line, was on his way to join him, and if ever a man rejoiced, it was the Marquis when he heard of the coming of this ally. "The boy" had moved his stores from Richmond to Albemarle Old Courthouse, and as the redcoats were of course not ignorant of what the Americans were doing, Cornwallis moved up and took a position between Lafayette and his stores. "The boy" followed after the redcoats, and was close to them when the place where the stores were kept was only a few miles distant. Cornwallis was now greatly elated, for he held one of the two roads leading to the place and did not believe Lafayette would dare to take the other, as it would lead him into trouble.

But while the British general was chuckling over his cleverness, suddenly "the boy" made his way by night through a road the British had considered "impassable,"

and so the redcoats, giving up all thought of trying to get the stores, marched back to Richmond. Meanwhile, Baron Steuben's men and some of the patriot farmers of the region had joined Lafayette, and soon the little American army numbered four thousand.

Cornwallis, thinking the number of his enemies to be greater than it really was, was not ready for a fight, and he was still further bothered by a demand which had come from Clinton in New York for him to send a part of his troops back to that city, for he (Clinton) had just discovered that the Americans were planning a combined attack upon that town. Clinton had learned this, as he had many other things, by letters written by Washington and sent by messengers whom the American commander took pains to have fall into the hands of the redcoats. In this manner he kept Clinton in a constant state of alarm, not daring to move from the city for fear that the moment he departed, "the old fox" would be ready to steal a march upon him or attack the town when it was defenceless. At this time, however, there is no doubt that Washington was seriously thinking of making a movement of some kind against the redcoats in New York.

On the 4th of July Cornwallis with his troops marched from Williamsburgh to a ford in the James River (they used to call it "James's river"), and a part of his force was led across to the opposite shore. In the three days that followed, the most of the baggage and supplies were carried across, and Lafayette, who now was only nine miles away, naturally supposing that the bulk of the British army was on the opposite shore and only a small rear guard had been left behind, at once made preparations to attack it. This was the very thing that Cornwallis had

believed the young Frenchman would do, and he had in reality left and arranged the main body of his troops to receive this very attack, and the little American army very nearly fell into the cleverly contrived trap.

The British outposts fell back before the attack, which was led by Mad Anthony Wayne, just as they had been told to do, and the first thing Wayne knew he was facing the main body of the British, who, previously concealed by the woods, were now advancing to meet him. Wayne did not believe he could retreat safely, and so, perhaps remembering what sheer boldness had won for him at Stony Point, he now with his eight hundred men fiercely charged upon the approaching enemy. For a while the hottest kind of a fight took place, but Lafayette having arrived by this time and having discovered the true state of affairs, succeeded in helping Mad Anthony and his men withdraw with the other troops behind a deep swamp.

It would have fared badly with the bold Americans if Cornwallis had followed up the advantage he thus gained, but he was fearful that his enemy was trying to lead him into the same kind of a trap he himself had been preparing for them, and so he took his entire army in the night across the river, and soon afterward marched to Portsmouth. There he had the troops which he had been ordered to send to Clinton in New York embark, but just before they were ready to set sail he received another message from Clinton, instructing him to hold all his men and to select some safe post where he could act with the fleet which was soon to be sent to his aid. Clinton also explained that now he was afraid of neither Washington nor Rochambeau.

At first Cornwallis thought of taking his army to Old

Point Comfort, but finally decided upon Yorktown, on the York River, and accordingly marched to that place, where, as soon as the army arrived, it began to fortify the camp. Cornwallis had received word that the British fleet in the West Indies was coming to his aid, and so all he planned to do was to keep off the little American army that was near and wait for the coming of his allies. As soon as these should come he would be in a condition to make Virginia suffer as South Carolina already had suffered, and, confident of the outcome, the British general fondly believed that all he had to do was to exercise patience, and the entire South would soon be at his feet.

It must have been a shock when the French Count de Grasse with a fleet of twenty-eight sail suddenly appeared in the Chesapeake August 30th, and word was soon received that the combined armies of the Americans and French were advancing from the north! The rumour soon gave place to a definite report, and the report soon became a fact from which the overconfident and startled Cornwallis could find no escape.

CHAPTER XXXIV

WASHINGTON'S MARCH AND ARNOLD'S RAID

It is necessary, in order to understand the events which now swiftly followed, to turn to the north and follow the plans and movements of Washington. Doubtless no one had chafed more over the policy of long delay which he had been following than did Washington himself; but if one cannot act wisely, it is better not to act at all. But there was a method in all of the great commander's work; and, as we know, he had long since decided that his one and only hope lay in tiring out the British rather than in conquering them in open battle, unless some rare opportunity should present itself. At Trenton and Princeton he had, indeed, been wonderfully successful; but the opportunity presented there had not been repeated, and his troops practically had been defeated in every other battle into which he had led them.

But no Whig who chafed over the enforced idleness of the army could have regretted the delay more than did Washington, who, whatever else he was, was certainly a man that loved action; and what he suffered under the complainings of the people none can ever know. In the spring of 1781, however, he began to think that some decisive action might be had in the immediate future; and at Wethersfield, Connecticut, he had had a personal interview with Rochambeau, in which it was decided to make an attack upon New York; which, if it should do nothing more,

might at least induce Clinton to send for a part of the army that was then with Cornwallis, and so make the contest then going on in South Carolina and the surrounding region a little more easy for the sadly beset Greene and others.

The French and the English were having a struggle at this time, as we have already learned; and there had been much fighting going on among the West Indies. The plan now was for de Grasse, who was in command of the French fleet in the West Indies, to come to the aid of the combined armies in America.

About the middle of August, word came from de Grasse that he would bring his fleet as far north as the Chesapeake; but the armies, if they wanted to work with him, must come to him rather than expect him to come to them, for he must return to the West Indies very soon. Washington had now also received word from Virginia that Cornwallis had practically "bottled himself up" at Yorktown, and the great commander suddenly decided to take his combined army to that very place and fight Cornwallis before aid could come to that general. The French troops were now with Washington; and if only Clinton with his troops could be kept in New York, and the Americans could make their way to Virginia before aid could be brought Cornwallis, there was every prospect that no one would longer have an opportunity to declare that the army was not doing anything but waiting.

How to hold Clinton's army in New York was the first problem to be solved. This had to be accomplished by stealth, and several methods were employed, among them being the old and common trick of having "intercepted" letters reach Sir Henry. One of the bearers of these letters

was a young Baptist preacher named Montagnie, who was a faithful soldier in Washington's army on the Hudson. After having made careful inquiries as to the man, Washington summoned the young preacher into his presence and told him he desired him to have some despatches sewed inside the lining of his coat, and bade him go through the Ramapo Pass to carry them to Morristown. This Ramapo Pass was a long, narrow defile among the Jersey hills, having a broad, swift-running brook on one side and steep cliffs on the other side of the roadway that led through it. At this time it was considered a very dangerous spot, as the "cowboys" made it a place where they carried on many of their evil deeds.

Young Montagnie was aware of all this; and though he readily accepted the duty to which Washington called him, he nevertheless ventured to suggest that he was familiar with the entire region, and could easily go to Morristown across the country, and so avoid the peril of capture at Ramapo Pass. In pretended anger, Washington stamped his foot and declared that "the duty of the young man was to obey, not to suggest plans to his superiors," so there was nothing else to be done. A gang of cowboys did seize the preacher when he entered the defile, just as he had feared and as Washington had hoped; and he was carried to New York and shut up in the old sugar-house prison. Of course the concealed letters, meanwhile, had been found and taken to Sir Henry Clinton.

Mr. Montagnie, when he found himself a prisoner in the foul sugar-house, naturally was indignant at Washington; but a day or two afterward, when he was shown a copy of Rivington's *Gazette*, in which a long account of his capture was given and also it was declared that from the letters

taken on his person Sir Henry had learned of the plan of Washington and Rochambeau to attack New York at once, and that the British general was doing all in his power to prepare his men and the city to withstand the proposed attack, then he saw it all in its true light and probably admired his commander as much as just before he had murmured at him.

The American army now moved swiftly. By various routes different parts advanced to Trenton, the French soldiers marching by the way of Newark, Elizabethtown, and Perth Amboy. At the last-named place they built ovens and pretended to make plans to attack Staten Island and New York, all of which so completely deceived the British that the first inkling they had of what Washington was planning to do came when the allied armies were already across the Delaware and marching rapidly toward Elk or Elkton. It was only then that the American soldiers themselves understood what was going on, for the utmost secrecy had been maintained from the start, but the elation of the most of the men was great when the truth became known. The people, too, of the country through which they were advancing, now aware of the project, shared in the enthusiasm and cheered the soldiers and leaders and shouted, "Long live Washington!" as the long line of hardy and determined men passed their homes.

The consternation of Sir Henry Clinton when at last he became aware of what "the old fox Washington" was doing was great. He was too far away to be pursued, and the British fleet from the West Indies had not yet come, so he could not go to the aid of Cornwallis by sea. When the American army arrived at the Head of Elk, Washington, together with Knox, Rochambeau, and a few others,

hastened to Virginia, arriving at Williamsburgh on the 14th of September, and immediately began to form their plans with an anxiety words cannot picture. So many things were likely to happen to spoil it all! On the 25th of September the soldiers, brought by boats from the Head of Elk, arrived, and the most serious part of the work began.

Though Sir Henry had not been able to do anything to aid Cornwallis directly, he did try to aid him indirectly. If something could be done to cause Washington to turn back or to feel that his presence was absolutely necessary in the North, it might result in being of as great help to his perplexed comrade in arms as if he himself had come to Yorktown with large reënforcements. The plan he adopted was a cruel one and probably did as much to increase the bitterness of the Americans as any one event of the entire war.

Benedict Arnold had come north after Cornwallis had arrived in Virginia, and Clinton's plan now was to send him with a force against New London, Connecticut, the very region in which the traitor's boyhood had been passed, for he had been born in Norwich (Connecticut), January 3d, 1740, and there had learned to be an "apothecary." So bright and able was he that the men under whom he was trained gave him the money ($2000) with which to begin business for himself. In 1763, however, he went to New Haven and carried on the business of "apothecary" and bookseller in that place. In his boyhood he was known as one who never "took a dare," was athletic and very bright, but he was as cruel as he was quick-witted. After his treachery there was no part of the country where harsher words were spoken of him than in

the region where he had been known years before, and the resentment in Arnold's heart made the expedition upon which Sir Henry Clinton sent him one into which he could enter with all his might, mind, and strength.

It was the morning of September 6th, 1781, when the startled people of New London beheld the fleet of twenty-four sail of the enemy bearing down the harbour. In two divisions the invaders landed, Colonel Eyre having command of the force on the Groton side, and Benedict Arnold himself being the leader of the force on the New London side. In each division there were about eight hundred men, — Tories or Hessians for the most part, — and from their own experiences and feelings the most ready of all to do cruel and evil deeds.

The few militia at New London at first tried to make a stand against their foes, but soon aware that they could do nothing, they speedily abandoned Fort Trumbull (on the New London side of the Thames) and crossed over to the Groton side to assist Colonel Ledyard in trying to hold Fort Griswold, which was on that side of the river. Arnold was therefore left free to vent his ill-will on his old-time friends. Houses, stores, the vessels at the wharves, the entire town, were soon in flames, and it is said Arnold watched it rejoicing. The people were not permitted to save even their furniture, and the redcoats plundered and pillaged on every side. All together it is said that thirty-one stores, sixty-five houses, eighteen shops, the court-house, jail, churches, and many other buildings were destroyed.

But alarm guns and the words of couriers were summoning the angry people of the region, and soon these became so numerous that Arnold deemed it wise to

return to the boats, though a number of his followers were shot on the way.

Arnold had ordered Colonel Eyre to seize Fort Griswold, so that any vessels trying to go up the river (fifteen did succeed in escaping) might be seized or destroyed. When Eyre demanded the surrender of the fort, Colonel Ledyard refused, and then followed one of the most desperate struggles of the entire war. With guns, spears, and clubs, the little garrison kept off the attacking force of eight hundred. The British colonel fell, and the major, as he tried to enter the fort, was pierced by a spear (it is said a negro did the deed). Two officers and 46 privates of the British had been killed, and 8 officers and 139 men wounded, when at last Colonel Ledyard decided that the only hope for his brave little garrison was in surrendering.

"Who commands this garrison?" shouted Major Bromfield (a Tory from New Jersey), as he led the redcoats into the fort.

"I did, sir, but you do now," replied Colonel Ledyard, as he held forth his sword.

The enraged Tory snatched the sword and ran it through the body of the brave man who had just surrendered. His example was instantly followed by his men, and before the massacre had been completed, 70 of the brave Americans had been killed and 35 terribly wounded. And all this was after they had surrendered!

Not satisfied even with the murders they had committed, the vile Tories and Hessians took some of the wounded prisoners and, placing them in a cart at the brow of the hill, gave the cart a push and sent it headlong down the steep side toward the river! Above the noise of the conflagration — for the little place was set on fire — rose the

cries of the suffering men. Not even a drink of water was given them. Such brutality, such inhuman cruelty, was not exceeded elsewhere, and it all was due to the intense hatred which the Tories had come to have for their former friends and comrades.

In the night, the traitor commander, with his force and forty prisoners, sailed back to New York; but his cruel raid had not served to stop Washington or to cause the great commander to turn aside from the one purpose upon which he had now started and in which he was so terribly in earnest, — the cutting off and capture or defeat of the British regulars with Lord Cornwallis at Yorktown in Virginia. Not even the threats Clinton made to invade New Jersey with his army or to go up the Hudson against West Point had any effect now, though if the British general had acted as he threatened to do, doubtless he would have inflicted great damage upon the American cause. But he, too, had his troubles.

CHAPTER XXXV

THE SURRENDER OF CORNWALLIS

Before Washington arrived in Virginia a part of the French fleet had blockaded the York River, and the remainder of it was anchored at Lynhaven (or Lynn Haven) Bay, after thirty-two hundred French soldiers had been landed to join the force of Lafayette. Count de Grasse had been eager to attack the British and had urged Lafayette to join him in making one; but the prudent "boy" wisely declined to act until Washington himself should arrive and decide what was best to be done.

At sunrise on September 5th, the presence of a large fleet off Cape Charles was discovered, and the French admiral at first supposed it to be the vessels of his friend de Barras, who was expected to arrive at almost any moment from Newport. When he was convinced that the ships were those of the British admiral Graves, he sailed forth to meet them; though some slight engagements followed, no real battle took place during the five days in which the opposing naval forces watched each other.

Word soon came that de Barras had arrived with his fleet (some have conjectured that de Grasse was merely waiting for his coming and was holding his enemy in a position where he could do no damage), and de Grasse sailed back to his former position. There was now no hope of escape for Cornwallis by sea unless the British

fleet came to his relief, and on land a line of troops cut off a retreat in that direction.

Three days after the arrival of Washington, he, with General Knox, Rochambeau, and others, paid a visit to de Grasse on board the *Ville de Paris*, the flagship of the French fleet. The admiral having had word that the fleet of the British admiral Graves had been strengthened by the addition of the vessels under the command of Admiral Digby, de Grasse was for going to sea at once and meeting his foes. Such a departure would mean that Cornwallis would no longer be blockaded and might escape by sea, and the heart of the great commander must have been heavy as he thought of the possibility of all his plans and labours being blasted by this mistake. However, the Frenchman was at last persuaded to remain, and as soon as the army from the Head of Elk arrived, as it did September 25th, plans were at once made for an attack on the intrenchments of Cornwallis.

Opposite Yorktown was Gloucester Point, where Cornwallis had stationed Colonel Tarleton with about seven hundred men. The French general de Choisy, with some of the Virginia militia, was to hold this detachment where it was, while the main body moved forward upon the post held by Cornwallis.

On October 6th, the Americans had moved up within six hundred yards of the English lines, and in the night time, working silently and with desperate haste, their first parallel was begun, and when daylight appeared they had erected earthworks that were strong enough to protect them. On October 9th and 10th, the batteries of the Americans and French were firing, and so terrible was the effect that one of the British gunboats and three of the trans-

ports were burned, and many a redcoat lost his life. Under the cover of the darkness and the protection of the firing, the busy Americans had dug the trenches and thrown up the embankments which formed the second parallel and were now within three hundred yards of Cornwallis's works.

The British, however, were still true Britons, and had not been idle ; for they had advanced their redoubts in front of their works, and the toiling Americans were greatly harassed by the fire that came from them. To put an end to this trouble it was determined that these positions should be taken, and on the evening of October 14th, Lafayette led an American detachment toward the left of these redoubts, while Baron de Viomenil led a similar detachment of French soldiers against the one on the right.

Captain Aaron Ogden of New Jersey led the van of the division commanded by Lafayette. Not a gun had been loaded, but with fixed bayonets the men leaped over the abatis, climbed the palisades, and within two minutes, so desperate was their charge, the redoubt was taken and all the British there were prisoners. Viomenil and his followers also succeeded in taking the other redoubt, though the Baron lost almost one hundred men in the assault, whereas Lafayette had lost but a few. Batteries were now placed in the captured positions and the guns turned upon the British.

The plight of Cornwallis was becoming desperate, but he was not yet ready to give up. About four o'clock on the morning of October 16th, he sent a detachment under Colonel Abercrombie to assault two of the batteries that were guarded by the French troops. The assault was made with the fury of desperation and at first was success-

ful, for the French soldiers were driven back; but the fire from the trenches upon the redcoats became so furious that they in turn were driven back to their comrades, and the attempt to cut their way through their enemies had failed. Still Cornwallis was not ready to give up.

His next plan was to leave the sick and wounded in the camp and cross by boats to Gloucester Point. A hundred cannon were by this time pounding at his position. No fleet had come to his aid, and his situation was desperate indeed. A few boatloads of his soldiers had already crossed to Gloucester Point; but a sudden and severe storm arose, the boats were scattered, and the second attempt to escape had failed.

On the following day still more guns were in action, and Cornwallis was almost in despair. At ten o'clock that morning (October 17) he sent word to Washington, begging for hostilities to cease for twenty-four hours. Washington replied that he too was eager "to spare the further effusion of blood," but he refused to stop action for more than two hours. He had no thought in that terribly anxious hour of permitting Clinton to come to the aid of the desperate force he was attacking, and he was fearful any moment of learning that such aid had come.

Cornwallis then submitted his propositions, and Washington made a rough draft of the things he should require, and the suggestions of the two commanders were enough alike to lead Washington to decide to suspend hostilities through the day and night. Colonel Laurens and Viscount de Noailles were to be the commissioners for the Americans, and Colonel Dundas and Major Ross were to serve in a similar capacity for the British. These commissioners met in the house of Mrs. Moore, which was near the right

of the American lines, on the morning of October 18th, but they were not able to agree fully as to terms. Again Washington, fearful that the British were fighting for time, was compelled to be decisive, and on the early morning of October 19th, 1781, he sent a written draft of the rough outline of the terms he required and also a letter in which he declared that he "expected" the terms would be signed by Cornwallis before eleven o'clock that morning. The articles were signed, the British troops marched out of the town, and General Lincoln received the surrender which had been granted on the very same terms he himself had received from Cornwallis at Charleston. The American army was drawn up on the right side of the road over which the surrendered British were to come, and the French were on the left, the two lines extending for more than a mile. At the head of the American line was Washington mounted on a white horse, and Rochambeau on a bay horse was at the head of the French. A great crowd of the country people had also come to see the proud Cornwallis surrender to his enemy; but the conquered general was too "ill" to appear and so sent General O'Hara in his stead. That officer was directed to give the sword of Cornwallis to General Lincoln, who after receiving the sword gave it back to the general who had surrendered it.

Twenty-eight British captains now advanced, each bearing a flag in a case, and the same number of American sergeants advanced to receive the colours. When the order was given for the British captains to give up the flags, they hesitated. Colonel Hamilton, who was the officer of the day, at once rode forward to inquire into the meaning of the delay, and was informed that they did not like to give up their colours to non-commissioned officers. Hamil-

ton politely ordered young Ensign Wilson of Clinton's brigade (he was but eighteen years of age) to receive the colours, and then to hand them to the waiting sergeants, which was done.

All the redcoats then grounded their arms and laid aside their accoutrements, and were marched back to their lines. The *New Jersey Gazette*, in its issue of November 7th, 1781, in a description of the surrender has also the following: "The British officers in general behaved like boys who have been whipped at school; some bit their lips, some pouted, others cried; their round, broad-brimmed hats were well adapted to the occasion, hiding those faces they were ashamed to show. The foreign regiments made a much more military appearance, and the conduct of their officers was far more becoming men of fortitude."

The seamen and the shipping were assigned to the French, but the 7000 soldiers became the prisoners of the victorious Americans. Of the British, 552 had been killed or wounded in the siege of thirteen days, and about 300 of the Americans and French had fallen. The artillery of Cornwallis, his arms, ammunition, and stores, formed a rich prize for the conquerors; but the glory and the moral effect of the victory were far greater. Once more the large-mindedness of Washington appeared, for he permitted Cornwallis to send the *Bonetta* to New York to Clinton with the message of the surrender, and on board of her went many Tories who had been with the British at Yorktown, and were fearful of falling into the hands of the Americans. The prisoners were led to Winchester, Virginia, and Fredericktown, Maryland, and some of them were afterward sent to Lancaster, Pennsylvania. Corn-

wallis himself and some of his principal officers were paroled and sent to New York.

The surrender had been made at just the opportune time for the Americans, for on the very day when Cornwallis surrendered, Clinton had set sail with 7000 of his best troops to come to the aid of his friend. Five days afterward, when the fleet arrived off the Virginia capes, word was received of the fate of the army of Cornwallis, and though the British delayed for a few days, it was apparent that they had come too late to accomplish anything; accordingly, on the 29th of October, Sir Henry Clinton and Admiral Graves sailed away for New York, sadder and doubtless somewhat wiser men than they previously had been.

The surrender of Cornwallis produced the greatest joy in the American camp. Special praise was bestowed upon Lincoln, Knox, Lafayette, du Portail, and Steuben of the American army, and upon Rochambeau and others of the French army. If any soldiers were under arrest, they were ordered to be set free, and a time of general thanksgiving was held.

Washington sent his aide, Colonel Tilghman, post haste to Philadelphia with the news, and at midnight, four days after the surrender, so excellent was the time the officer made, he rode into that city. The excited messenger rapped so loudly on the door of the house in which Thomas M'Kean, then president of the Continental Congress, resided that the night watchman almost decided to arrest him. "Cornwallis is taken!" however, became too strong a message to be set aside, and soon every watchman in the city was calling out the joyful tidings as he proclaimed the hour of the night.

Congress assembled at an early hour, and when the letter of Washington was read, the staid statesmen huzzaed and acted generally like a band of boys just out of school. However, they voted their thanks to Washington, Rochambeau, de Grasse and others; presented each of these two Frenchmen with two of the captured cannon; gave two of the stands of colours to Washington in the name of the United States, and did various other deeds, notable among which was the gift to Colonel Tilghman, who had brought the message, of a sword and a fine horse. December 13th was appointed as a day of thanksgiving and rejoicing, and the pulpits, societies, and the people of the little nation rejoiced as perhaps never they had done before.

The French afterward calmly claimed the victory as one which they had won. Fairness compels us gladly to admit that their aid was great, but the plan and victory belonged to Washington and the patriots who had fought with him.

Soon after Cornwallis surrendered, Washington tried to induce de Grasse to go to South Carolina to the aid of General Greene; but the French admiral declined to do so, and was not willing even to go to help the little force which Colonel Craig then had at Wilmington, North Carolina. So strongly did Washington feel about the matter that he not only wrote a letter to de Grasse, but he also paid him a long visit in the *Ville de Paris*, the flagship of the French fleet. But the admiral was obstinate and would not even carry the troops to the aid of Greene.

We must remember, however, that the French were in America not so much to aid the Americans as to hurt Great Britain, and de Grasse had his own plans and orders as to how this was best to be done, and believing as he did that

his chief work lay in the region of the West Indies he is not to be blamed for going there, especially as he was afterward soundly whipped there by the English fleet. The most that can be said is that though the French had aided the Americans at Yorktown, they did not deserve all the credit they took to themselves for the victory which was won. Count de Grasse did, however, consent to cover the transporting of the soldiers from the country east of Pennsylvania to the Head of Elk, and then quickly set sail for the West Indies.

The French troops under Rochambeau, however, remained in Virginia, and that sterling leader was most gratefully remembered by all who knew him. In the following summer (1782) his men joined the Continental army on the Hudson, and in the autumn proceeded to New England, and embarking early in December at Boston, sailed away for sunny France.

General Washington himself, as soon as he had arranged all his plans at Yorktown, made haste to go to Eltham, where Mr. Custis, the son of Mrs. Washington, lay dying. The general arrived before the death of the young man, and remaining a few days after his decease, then made his way back to his army. It is interesting to know that he himself adopted two of the four young children who survived their father, Mr. Custis.

Washington's ride through the country was everywhere made the occasion of great rejoicing; and at Philadelphia, where he remained a few days, all classes united to do him honour. When he went to the State House, where Congress was in session, a congratulatory address was made by the president of that body, and doubtless the heart of the great soldier was then amply repaid for the

many misunderstandings and the long period through which he had patiently waited for the end to come.

General St. Clair, with a body of troops, was sent to aid Greene, and marching by the way of Wilmington, North Carolina, he drove the enemy from that place; and soon, as far as an open enemy was concerned, both Virginia and North Carolina were free.

Mad Anthony Wayne with a body of troops went to Georgia, where he had several engagements with the redcoats and the Tories and Indians; but the hearts of the Americans were bold now, while those of their foes were cast down, and at last the British evacuated Savannah, in July, 1782, and when Wayne took possession of that town the war in Georgia was ended.

In South Carolina there were some skirmishes and minor engagements, which were then fought with exceeding bitterness, though the numbers engaged were comparatively few. Charleston was evacuated by the British December 14th, 1782, and when Wayne with his five thousand troops entered the town, South Carolina, too, was rid of her open enemies, though the Tories were still as bitter as ever.

The last engagement of the war was an attack on the British stationed on John's Island, near Charleston, and though the Americans were driven back and their leader, Captain Wilmot, was killed, the result did not affect the outcome of the war. This was in September, 1782, and by many, as has been stated, the action has been looked upon as the last engagement of the Revolution, and Captain Wilmot as the last patriot to give up his life for his country in battle.

CHAPTER XXXVI

THE STRUGGLE ON THE SEA

In this account of the contest waged by our fathers not much has been made of the war on the ocean. This does not mean that no fighting occurred on the sea, but is the rather due to the fact that the Americans, having been colonists up to the time of the beginning of the war, had had no navy of their own, and for protection had been accustomed to depend upon the war-vessels of the mother country, which then, as she is now, was very strong in her fleets.

This weakness was recognized early in the war, however, and late in the year 1775 Congress had given orders for a fleet of fourteen vessels to be built as a "navy," and in December of that year Ezekiel Hopkins of Rhode Island was appointed commander-in-chief of the fleet. He was sometimes called "admiral" and sometimes "commodore," but his title did not seem to amount to very much, anyway, for less than half the vessels destined to form the fleet ever succeeded in putting out to sea. Indeed, the new "admiral" had a hard time of it; for when, in April, 1776, he, with three small brigs and two sloops, attacked the British sloop of war *Glasgow*, he was defeated in the struggle. His failure so angered his countrymen that a "vote of censure" was passed upon him by Congress in October of that same year, and he was soon afterward dismissed from

the service; and after that time the country had neither "admiral" nor "commodore."

One of the captains under Hopkins, however, after fighting the British tender, *Edward*, for an hour off the coast of Virginia, succeeded in taking her, and so was the first to capture a vessel of the enemy in the Revolution. His name was John Barry, and after a brave and useful service throughout the war, he became the "commander-in-chief of the navy"; that is, as far as the navy could be said to have a commander.

With their privateers, however, — that is, with vessels owned by private persons, but commissioned by the Continental Congress or the Congress of one of the states to capture British vessels, — great work was done. The idea of a navy was not entirely abandoned, but Congress had so little money and the British vessels off the American coast were so strong that it was almost impossible to do much, and the few vessels that were built were either taken by the strong and fleet ships of the British navy or were burned in the Hudson or the Delaware River to prevent their seizure by the enemy.

After Benjamin Franklin, in 1778, had succeeded in making an alliance with France, he was given a large number of blank commissions which he was to fill out as he deemed wise, and he was quick to use the permission, for he purchased many vessels in France which went forth as privateers, manned by crews in which the Americans frequently were outnumbered by the motley collection of men that made up their rolls. Just how many prizes were taken by the Americans will never be known. The number, however, has been stated as seven hundred, while those taken by the British exceeded that number by two

hundred or more, which certainly is not a poor showing for a weak and poverty-stricken country engaged in a war with the nation that was the most powerful on earth in its fleets.

Even before Franklin had made the alliance with France, however, some work had been done, for two of the best of the privateers, the *Reprisal* and the *Revenge*, in 1777 had been cruising among the British isles, and so great was the damage they did that the English merchantmen were almost afraid to set forth from their ports or to try to go to sea. It is not pleasant to relate that after his successful work, Lambert Wickes, the captain of the *Reprisal*, with his gallant ship and all his crew, was lost off the Newfoundland coast in a storm.

Of the work (and the romance) of Gustavus Conyngham in the *Revenge* and the *Surprise*, we have already learned ; the part which the devoted wife of the "arch rebel," as the British called him, took in saving the life of her husband is not the least interesting of the events in the career of the daring young sailor.

John Paul Jones, however, was probably the ablest, as he certainly was the most daring, which is saying much for him, of all the American sailors engaged in the war of the Revolution. Though he was a Scotchman by birth, he had been so many times to America, and had come to feel so much at home there, that two years before the breaking out of the war, he had made his true home in Virginia. He was a young man (as were most of the leaders), but he made up in daring what he lacked in experience, and in 1778 in the *Ranger* he had not only captured or burned many British merchantmen, but had even taken the British sloop of war *Drake ;* and the angry Englishmen were

ready to hang him as a traitor from the yardarms. But they had to take him before they could hang him, and that they soon found was a problem very difficult to solve.

The great work of John Paul Jones was done in the year 1779. Franklin, in France, fitted out a fleet of five vessels, and the command was given to this daring little sailor. His work was mapped out to be done off the coast of Great Britain, for it was hoped that by inflicting some damage there the British vessels might be induced to return from America, where they were free to destroy or plunder the towns on the coast. Only one of the vessels was of any respectable size, and, as that was old and so rotten as almost to be unseaworthy, it did not promise to be of any great service. The ship was the *Duras*, formerly engaged in the India merchant service, but the Frenchmen bought and fitted it up, changing the name to *Bon Homme Richard*, as a compliment to Benjamin Franklin, who was as popular in France as he was among his own countrymen.

Although Captain Jones had a crew of 380 men, only about 100 of them were Americans, the others having been gathered from almost anywhere and everywhere. The other four vessels of his fleet were the *Pallas*, the *Vengeance*, the *Cerf*, and the *Alliance*, the last-named being really an American-built ship and named in honour of the newly formed alliance between the United States and France. To make this recognition of the friendship between the two nations still stronger, the *Alliance*, which happened to be in France at the time, was placed in command of Captain Landais, who, as it proved, could not manage his own ship and would not listen to John Paul Jones, who he affected to believe was not very much of

a sailor. Indeed, the captain of each vessel was almost as "independent" as the independent United States of America, and the wonder is not that Jones did not do more, but that he ever could have done as much as he did. Even the crews were "independent" of their officers, and all together it was a strange "fleet" of which young Paul Jones had "command" when he set sail for the British coast in September, 1779.

For a time the fleet kept the eastern coast of Scotland and England in alarm. Towns were threatened, some prizes were taken, and as some Spanish vessels at the same time were also threatening the same coast, the people were in a continued state of fear.

At last on September 23d, 1779, Jones fell in with two British frigates, the *Serapis* of 40 guns and the *Countess of Scarborough* of 22 guns, off Flamborough Head. The frigates were the convoy of a fleet of 40 merchant vessels that stretched out in a long line from the Head, and as soon as Jones saw the sails he signalled for a chase. The frightened merchantmen were instantly thrown into confusion, but the two British frigates approached ready for battle. Captain Landais of the *Alliance* immediately fled; but while the other vessels of his fleet engaged the *Countess of Scarborough*, Jones, with the *Bon Homme Richard*, advanced upon the *Serapis*. It was near evening, and the twilight had just disappeared when the action began, — an action which proved to be one of the most desperate and bloody of all recorded sea-fights. In many ways the *Serapis* in her equipment as well as in her crew was the superior of Jones's vessel, but nothing apparently daunted the young captain.

Each vessel suffered fearfully from the fire. At last,

when the bowsprit of the *Serapis* ran between the poop and the mizzenmast of the *Bon Homme Richard*, in the endeavour of Captain Pearson to gain the advantage in position, Captain Jones instantly caused the two vessels to be lashed together, which made the contest almost a hand-to-hand one. With pikes, with pistols, with cutlasses, the sailors fought more like demons than human beings. The two twelve-pounders of the *Bon Homme Richard* had been silenced, and water was pouring into her from the holes made by the eighteen-pound balls of the *Serapis*. Three nine-pounders still kept at work, and the sailors stationed in the rigging were pouring a destructive and continuous fire upon the men on the deck of the *Serapis*. After fighting for two and a half hours, some cartridges on the *Serapis* were ignited by a hand grenade thrown by one of the American sailors, and in the explosion that followed many of the British crew were blown into atoms. Each vessel was on fire three different times during the fight, and the decks were covered with the dead or wounded or with fragments of human bodies.

At this time the *Alliance* approached and delivered several broadsides, by which not only did the *Serapis* suffer, but eleven of the crew of the *Bon Homme Richard* were killed and one officer mortally wounded. It was declared that Captain Landais had fired upon the American vessel deliberately, believing that she would be compelled to surrender, and then, the *Serapis* being damaged as she was, he thought he might easily retake both and thus receive a double honour. He was afterwards charged with this crime, but as many believed him to be insane, his only punishment was dismissal from the service.

The flag of the *Serapis* had been nailed to the mast, but the struggle was now hopeless. The American vessel was almost in as bad a plight as her enemy, and the one hundred British prisoners on board were working at the pumps to prevent her from sinking. At last with his own hands John Paul Jones fired two of the cannon, and the mainmast of the *Serapis* was about to fall. The vessels were cut apart, and Captain Pearson with his own hands struck his colours and surrendered the frigate to Lieutenant Richard Dale, the sturdy helper of Jones, who was the first to board her. All night long men from the other vessels of the fleet worked desperately to keep the *Bon Homme Richard* afloat and put out the fires, but at ten o'clock on the following morning she sank. The fearful conflict, in which fewer survived than fell, was ended, and John Paul Jones had won one of the most glorious victories in all the history of naval warfare.

As the English had declared they would hang him if he should be taken, he had an unusual motive, born not only of the love for America, but also of his hatred for England, that had made him fight as he did.[1] It is said that when Captain Pearson gave up his sword, he said to Jones, "I cannot, sir, but feel much mortification at the idea of surrendering my sword to a man who has fought me *with a rope round his neck*."

To which Jones, after the sword was returned, replied, "You have fought me gallantly, sir, and I hope your king will give you a better ship."

Afterward, when John Paul Jones heard that King George had knighted Captain Pearson for his desperate fight, the gallant commander of the *Bon Homme Richard* is said

[1] This story has been denied by some historians.

to have remarked, "He deserves it, and if I fall in with him again, I will make a lord of him." The value of the prizes taken by Jones in this September cruise has been stated at $200,000.

The wounded had been placed on board the captured *Serapis*, but not many hours afterward she too sank, and then Jones, with what was left of his fleet, arrived safely off the coast of Holland. The British demanded that he and his crews and vessels should be given up to them; but the Hollanders had no love for the English, and John Paul Jones was enabled to escape to France. In the fall of 1780 he sailed for America, and after one or two minor engagements, arrived at Philadelphia in February, 1781, where he received a welcome that did him honour. But the Americans were not the only ones to do him honour, however; for already the rulers of France, Russia, Denmark, and Holland had bestowed marked honours upon him, given him pensions, and done many other things that might well have turned the head of the young hero. Eight years after the battle the American Congress (they had previously voted him the thanks of the nation) ordered a gold medal to be presented to "the Chevalier John Paul Jones." He was placed in command of the *America*, of seventy-four guns, but he had no opportunity to display his prowess, for the war being virtually ended, Congress made a present of the new vessel to France. Afterward John Paul Jones entered the naval service of Russia, but it is sad to record that he died in middle life in Paris in poverty and neglect.

In June, 1779, the British were engaged in erecting a fort at Penobscot (Castine), Maine. The force engaged in the work had come from Halifax, and General McLean was in command of the men. It was resolved in July of that year

that an expedition should be sent from Boston to demolish this fort and prevent the enemy from gaining a foothold there. It was expected that fifteen hundred men would go, but the response to the call was not generous, and probably not more than nine hundred men started, and some of these only under very strong pressure. The land forces were under the command of Generals Lovell and Wadsworth, while Saltonstall was in command of the fleet, which was composed of nineteen armed vessels and twenty-four transports.

The leaders of the militia and the commander of the fleet did not agree very well, and there were many things, such as head winds, etc., that had hindered the movement. However, as McLean was in no condition to withstand a vigorous attack, probably if Lovell had acted promptly, the place would have been taken. He had demanded the surrender of the fort upon his arrival, but of course his demand was refused. Then Lovell began to erect a battery 750 yards from the fort, but when at last he was ready to act his cannonade was harmless from such a distance.

Plans were then made to storm the place, and McLean, who had received word of the doings of his enemy, prepared to withstand the attack; but at the time when the assault was hardly begun he was astonished to discover that the militia had left their works and gone on board the fleet. The reason for this sudden change became apparent when it was learned that Sir George Collyer had arrived with six large armed vessels.

The American fleet at first made ready to fight, but courage failed, and in a brief time the vessels were scattered. Some had been blown up, others captured, and the remainder were set on fire by their own men as soon

as the troops landed, to prevent them from falling into the hands of the British. The whole affair was most disheartening, but the Massachusetts General Court made an investigation, in which the blame was placed upon the commander of the fleet, and both General Lovell and General Wadsworth were commended for the parts they had taken.

The soldiers and sailors, after landing on the desolate shore, made their way in small bands through the wilderness, suffering fearful hardships; but after a march of a hundred miles through the pathless forests, they arrived once more among their friends.

In the last three years of the war only two American frigates were in the service, and they were too small to be a serious menace to the powerful British navy. The French fleets, with the exception of the aid given at Yorktown when Cornwallis was captured, had practically done nothing on the American coast.

But though the Americans had no navy, they had skill and determination; and the account of the daring deeds of the privateers of the Revolution reads almost like a romance. Large vessels and small "whaleboats," little sloops, and boats of various kinds all along the coast were constantly attacking the stronger vessels of the enemy, and many a time were successful. At least something of their boldness may be understood when, as was said at the beginning of this chapter, nearly seven hundred prizes were taken from the British; and though more of their own vessels were lost than they captured of the ships of the enemy, still the result, all things considered, was most remarkable for the American sailors.

In the second war with England, the War of 1812, Great

Britain was astonished at the power of the despised American navy ; and the victories won on the sea in that war in a measure atoned for the many defeats on the land. But that, after all, was only the harvest of the seed sown in the earlier days.

CHAPTER XXXVII

PEACE

With the surrender of Cornwallis, the most serious part of the struggle was ended. The news of his fall made heavy hearts among the supporters of the king, and his advisers in England; while the friends of the colonies were correspondingly elated. Feeling ran high, and the speeches in Parliament were among the most eloquent in England's history; for strong excitement among the people is as necessary as great emotion in a speaker to produce a truly eloquent speech. The opponents of the war kept steadily pressing their measures; and though defeated at first, still on every vote the number of the majority decreased, until at last the victory had been won, the ministry resigned, commissioners from each side of the ocean were appointed to agree on the terms of peace, and hostilities were to cease.

In America the people waited, but not with all the patience to be desired at such a time. A struggle lasting for so many years had increased the bitterness of the feeling between the Whigs and Tories, until it is probable in all the war there was not more suffering among the scattered homes than at this time. Raids and counter-raids were common; and where there was no central power and no one knew just what the laws were or were to be, the lawless elements naturally abounded.

However, in 1783 the final treaty of peace was made. The United States of America were acknowledged to be a free and independent nation. Canada was to be the boundary on the north, Florida (which then extended to the Mississippi River) was to be the boundary on the south, while the Mississippi River itself was to form the western bound.

What the war had cost in money and lives can never be exactly known. As the debt of Great Britain was increased $610,000,000 during that period, something of an estimate of the price she paid can be made. The estimate of the money it had cost the United States was $135,000,000.

Nor is it possible to know just the numbers of men engaged in the struggle. Probably not more than forty thousand redcoats were ever in the field at any one time, and the Continentals numbered about the same. This, of course, is exclusive of the militia and the scattered Whigs, who fought many a fight to preserve their homes and to protect their families. All together, the number of Continentals provided by each state during the war is stated as follows: —

New Hampshire	12,497	Delaware	2,386
Massachusetts	67,907	Maryland	13,912
Rhode Island	5,908	Virginia	26,678
Connecticut	31,939	North Carolina	7,263
New York	17,781	South Carolina	6,417
New Jersey	10,726	Georgia	2,679
Pennsylvania	25,678		

The feeling against the Tories, many of whom were doubtless as sincere in their devotion to Old England as were the Whigs to the new country, became so bitter and

intense that most of the states passed laws confiscating their property. Thus deprived of their possessions and fearing to remain among a people whom they hated and who hated them, when the redcoats left the country, most of the Tories left too. To the British possessions in the West Indies went the Tories from the southern states, while those from the north for the most part went to Canada or to Nova Scotia.

Their poverty, however, was not so great as was that of the Americans who had fought for so many years in the army. Business, if they had had any before the war, was gone, and for a time the struggle for existence became intense. The leaders, or at least many of them, were in this respect no better off than their followers; but the country was new and the demands of life not many, and the resolute will with which the men of the new nation set to work in a brief time brought marvellous results to pass.

It is interesting to remark that the first bloodshed had occurred in North Carolina and the last conflict was in South Carolina. These engagements were among the minor incidents of the war, but they are worthy of note as marking the beginning and the end of the war of the American Revolution.

Against the dark background of the long struggle stand forth the names of men whom all the world delights to honour. Washington, Greene, Adams, Hancock, Knox, Jefferson, Morris, and a host of others respond to the roll call of American heroes, but we must not forget that among the people there was a spirit as true and a courage and determination as high as that which moved the leaders. Sometimes we have been prone to exalt the one at the

expense of the other, but both are worthy of honour and remembrance.

It was not merely the freedom of a people that had been won, but freedom of thought as well. This ideal of free men crossed back over the sea after the war and wrought revolutions in other lands. It penetrated even the darker regions, and to-day there is scarcely a civilized nation in all the world that does not owe much to those fathers of ours who rebelled, not so much against Great Britain, as against certain ideas of a small part of the English people.

Indeed, the quarrel was much like that which sometimes occurs between brothers. They may differ much the one from the other, but when an outsider ventures to molest either, he is reasonably certain to feel the resentment of both. The ideals and aims, the customs and laws, the schools and religion, of the two nations still show the common heritage of both; and though each nation is now independent of the other, still both, forgetting the intense bitterness of the famous conflict, though never forgetful of its heroes and heroism, stand upon a more nearly common ground than do any other two nations on earth.

The troubles of *General* Washington were almost at an end, though those of *President* Washington were not yet begun. The poor American soldiers, paid with promises that were for the most part unfulfilled, with trade or business gone, many with wives and children dependent upon them, were almost desperate as the end of the time of their service drew near. Congress had not only used up all the money it had received, but had made so many promises that it seemed hardly possible they ever could be fulfilled; but it is pleasing to record the fact, even in the midst of the prevailing gloom, that the soldiers who now made

trouble, as a rule were not those who had served through the long and weary years of the war, but were those who had been the last to be enrolled. The fear was prevalent that Congress would disband the army without attempting to pay the soldiers the sums that were due them.

Nothing spreads more rapidly than fear or a panic, and soon some of the men were ready for desperate measures to compel Congress to do them justice. The members of Congress, many of whom had already suffered the loss of all things for the sake of their country, had no disposition to rob the poor soldiers, we may be sure; but as it is said to be impossible to extract blood from a stone, so from an empty treasury is it impossible to obtain gold.

In October, 1780, Congress had passed an act granting the officers of the army half pay for life; but nine of the states had failed to approve this measure, and as the end drew near, the poor officers, or rather some of them, their possessions as well as their time and labours having been given to the struggling country, sent a petition to Congress begging that the half pay for life might be changed to full pay for five years, together with all the money due them at the time.

Fearful, as Congress delayed to act upon the request, that their reasonable demand was to be refused, a movement was started in the camp at Newburgh which made it appear that if Congress did not do them justice by its own free will, the soldiers would compel recognition of their rights by some acts of their own that would be unmistakable.

Again the greatness of Washington shines forth; for, being at the time in the camp, he assembled the desperate men and talked to them so calmly and with so much sym-

pathy and evident appreciation of their sufferings and feelings, that the men yielded to his desires. Then Washington wrote Congress a letter in which he urged the justice of the pleas of the army, and it was voted to grant the requests of the soldiers.

Again trouble arose in Philadelphia. Congress, in October, 1783, declared that the soldiers in the army were to be discharged on the 3d of December. Once more fear seized upon the men at Lancaster that they were not to be treated justly, and about eighty of them proceeded to Philadelphia, and there, with others, marched to the State House, where Congress was in session, and placing guards armed with bayonets at the doors to prevent the escape of the members, sent in a message that if their demand for pay was not granted within twenty minutes they would compel action by force of arms. Surely the lot of a Congressman in those early days was not a happy one.

For three hours the members of Congress were held as prisoners; but then being let go, they fled to Princeton. As soon as Washington learned of the trouble, he sent a strong force of soldiers to Philadelphia; but the storm had subsided before they arrived.

On the 25th of November, the British evacuated New York, having previously abandoned all the other places they held except the forts north of the Ohio River, which they steadily refused to give up until twelve years more had passed.

As soon as the British had departed, the American army entered and took possession of the city of New York. Crowds of assembled people cheered, the roar of cannon added its volume to the sound, and the delight of the multitude apparently knew no bounds. A dinner was

given the officers by Governor Clinton at Fraunce's Tavern, and in the evening the city was ablaze with bonfires and rockets.

On Thursday, December 4th, 1783, the prominent officers were again assembled at the tavern of Samuel Fraunce, this time to take leave of their great commander, who had led the army to its final victory. When Washington entered the room, it was evident to all that he was strongly affected. All the hardships, struggles, bitterness, disappointments, and victories and defeats were things of the past, and yet were to be a living, lasting part of the life of every soldier in the room.

At last Washington said: "With a heart full of love and gratitude I now take leave of you. I most devoutly wish that your latter days may be as prosperous and happy as your former ones have been glorious and honourable. I cannot come to each of you to take my leave, but shall be obliged to you if each will come and take me by the hand."

General Knox, who was standing nearest him, instantly turned and grasped the outstretched hand of his commander. Both were in tears, as was almost every one in the room. In the midst of it all, Washington turned and kissed his faithful friend. Indeed, it is said that every officer was thus accosted in that parting scene.

The farewell having been spoken, Washington left the room, and, solemnly silent, walked down to Whitehall, a vast concourse of people following him all the way, and there entering a boat, was ferried across to the Jersey shore and departed on his way to Annapolis, where Congress was in session, in order that he might resign the commission of commander of the army of America

into the hands that had given it to him so many years before.

He remained for a few days in Philadelphia, and it was the twentieth day of December, 1783, when he informed Congress at Annapolis of his purpose. It was voted to make the occasion a public one, and the eager people assembled in great crowds. The house was filled, and in the gallery were Mrs. Washington and many other ladies.

When Washington entered, he was led to a seat, and then Thomas Mifflin, the president of the body, arose and said to him that "the United States in Congress assembled were prepared to receive his communications."

George Washington then arose, and though his deep feeling was evident to all, in a dignified manner he spoke as follows: —

"Mr. President: The great events on which my resignation depended, having at length taken place, I now have the honour of offering my sincere congratulations to Congress, and of presenting myself before them, to surrender into their hands the trust committed to me, and to claim the indulgence of retiring from the service of my country. Happy in the confirmation of our independence and sovereignty, and pleased with the opportunity afforded to the United States of becoming a respectable nation, I resign with satisfaction the appointment I accepted with diffidence; a diffidence in my abilities to accomplish so arduous a task, which, however, was superseded by a confidence in the rectitude of our cause, the support of the supreme power of the Union, and the patronage of Heaven. The successful termination of the war has verified the most sanguine expectations; and my gratitude for the interposition of Providence, and the assistance I have received

from my countrymen, increases with every review of the momentous contest. While I repeat my obligations to the army in general, I should do injustice to my own feelings, not to acknowledge in this place the peculiar services and distinguished merits of the gentlemen who have been attached to my person during the war. It was impossible the choice of confidential officers to compose my family should have been more fortunate. Permit me, sir, to recommend in particular those who have continued in the service to the present moment, as worthy of the favourable notice and patronage of Congress. I consider it as an indispensable duty to close this last act of my official life by commending the interests of our dearest country to the protection of Almighty God, and those who have the superintendence of them to His holy keeping. Having now finished the work assigned me, I retire from the great theatre of action, and, bidding an affectionate farewell to this august body, under whose orders I have so long acted, I here offer my commission and take my leave of all the employments of public life."

Washington then handed his commission to President Mifflin, who made a suitable reply, and the simple ceremony was completed.

The ovation which Washington had received from the time when he left New York now followed him and his wife as they journeyed toward their home at Mount Vernon. Salutes, militia, music, and the cheers of the people greeted them on every side; but at last, after an absence of eight years, during which we have, in these pages, followed him and his devoted fellow-patriots, he was once more in his own home.

But now he had a country as well as a home, and the

price which had been paid for it, paid in blood, and tears, and suffering, will never be in vain so long as true men and brave-hearted women cherish the memories and follow after the ideals of those who changed the American Colonies into the United States of America.

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